THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

EDITED BY

THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RETROSPECTIONS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

"Croyez le si voulez, si ne voulez, allez y voir."—*Rabelais.*
"Ridentem dicere verum."—*Dictionary of* NEW *Quotations.*

THERE is, in this season of the year, a something that predisposes a man to be grave; and is too apt to induce on the gayest temperaments "a lovely dejection of spirits and a delightful slow fever." Nor is this much to be wondered at. To say nothing of the fogs, and the winds, the sleets, and the cold thaws, and passing *sub silentio*, as things too awful to be trifled with, the Christmas bills, which even to a solvent debtor are by no means good for the digestion,—the very fact of its being the close of the year is enough to shock nerves of any ordinary susceptibility. The end of anything (no matter what) is typical of mortality, and the bare sound of that dreary monosyllable "last" is pregnant with blue devils. But the end of the year, the closing of a solar revolution, bears so especially a resemblance to the end of life, that there is no resisting the suggestion. The tradesmen themselves, the least imaginative of the human race, whose ideas extend not beyond "you owe me," or "I owe you," are led by its *memento* to take stock, call in their monies, set "their house" in order, and prepare for a new life in the year to come. There was much wisdom, therefore, in the "wisdom of our ancestors" when they made the winter solstice the epoch of a high festival, in order that, by eating and drinking, they might keep up the radical heat, "drive dull care away," and set storms and duns at defiance. It is a pity the pious intention should so often be frustrated, that there should be no surmounting the depressing influence of the season, that beef and pudding should only be provocatives to somnolency, and that wine and wassail should stupify in place of elevating: but so it is. Do what you will with it, Christmas is inherently dull; and the family parties it assembles round "the festive board" are as formal as a Dutch garden, and as dreary as cake and wine at a funeral.

Perhaps, however, it will be said, that there is more of fancy than of fact in this picture, that Christmas has its cheerful frosts and its woodcock-shooting, that tradesmens' bills may be put in the fire, and that, as for the last day of the year, it is a mere matter of convention. As far at least as the glass can penetrate, no material boundary is discovered on the highway of time; there is no physical and corporeal turnpike in the heavens (if Mr. Herschell may be trusted) to separate old Anno Domini from his heir apparent. The year, it will be also urged, does not begin at the same season with all nations; and even in Old England, there is no lack of old-fashioned persons who have a mortal antipathy to the

new style,—for which, *en passant*, they ought to be sent to *New-gate*. We admit the force of this objection,—that is to say, stoically and cynically; but humanly and naturally, no. There is no arguing away a sensation, nor breaking up an inveterate association; so that, reason as we may, Christmas is, was, and ever will be a bore, and its kibed heels and rheums detestable. The only good thing about it (barring the school-boy's holidays, and the servant maid's misletoe) is, that it 'comes but once a year."

But leaving this matter, as it respects mankind in general, to be carried out to a Q.E.D by those whom it may concern, there is no denying that the beginning of a new year is a very serious piece of business to the editor of a magazine. It is at this season that he is especially called upon to conciliate his old customers, and to look out for new. Purchasers dislike to begin their subscriptions with a broken series, and disapprove of Horace's mode of rushing *in medias res*; neither do they care to close with a journal in the middle of a volume. But, at the beginning of the year they are their own masters, perfectly free agents, released from the necessary cessation of titles and indexes, and they can drop you, or take you up, as whim, taste, or a desire for novelty may happen to dictate. This, then, is the season for magniloquent promises, and for ultra-active endeavours to carry such promises into execution, and to make head against the fascinating prospectus of new-born rivals, and renovated competitors. Woe to the periodical that opens the year with a bad number. On any other month, our *Bonus Homerus* may indulge in his nap with comparative impunity. In March, he may be cold as the east wind; in July, as languid and (as Horace Walpole calls it) as *wet-paperish* as St. Swithin himself, with all his *sirocco* vaporosity about him; or, in November, he may be as foggy and obscure as a back parlour in Milk-street,—that is, provided he takes up "in our next," and does not suffer his fault to grow into a habit. But in the January number, he must have all his wits about him. That is "the thing wherewith to catch" the countenance of the public, and he may well say with Hotspur, "sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect the life-blood of our enterprize."

To those of the craft, then, New Year's Day is no joke, and "the compliments of the season" little better than a bitter irony—Heaven send *us* a good deliverance. Every recurrence of the season adds also to the difficulty of the task. We must not content ourselves with our average excellence, however high that may have been. We must "out-do our former out-doings," or folks will give us up as "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" and because they are satiated with good things, and have "supped full" of clever articles, they will call but the more loudly for fresh stimulation. Is there, then, such a thing *in rerum naturâ* as an infinite series in writing? and is everything sublunary to have its limits except Magazines? The devil take the wits of the last ten years; they have cracked our best jokes, told our best stories, and seized on our best subjects; and all this infernal plagiarism is suffered to pass without censure. Well, no matter; we must only make a virtue of necessity, and retaliate on the scoundrels, by serving them the same trick. Exchange is no robbery, and tit for tat is fair fighting; all we ask from the town is a clear stage and a short memory; and so, here goes.

But before we open our account with the new year, it may be as well

to wipe off old scores with its predecessor. Poor old 1836! rest its soul, for it had little rest enough while it was with us. Night and morning, late and early! it has an immensity to answer for! What with religion and politics, heresies and *schisms;* revolutions, and counter-revolutions; actions, and reactions; bad harvests and pecuniary crises; a rise in iron and a fall in stocks; and, above all, the eternal wrangling and jangling of newspaper editors (who, for want of other matter, are compelled to fill their overstretched columns with mutual abuse, till epithets have lost their vituperative force), it had scarcely one peaceable day in the 365. Oh! the misery of a modern newspaper! Formerly, a quick reader might finish one with his egg at breakfast; but now, the day is not long enough to skim through it; and all because the public insist upon purchasing by Mr. Spring Rice's superficial inches. The "Times" alone will exceed in quantity a moderate octavo volume.

But, to return to 1836 and its concerns, the worst of the matter is, that this, its immoderate stir and bustle, was a mere much ado about nothing. For with all its note of preparation, its spirit-stirring promises, it left the world pretty nearly where it found it. Did it not lay itself under a formal obligation, in the shape of non-intervention, to put an end to the fighting in Spain? and are they not at it there, ding-dong, worse than ever? Did it not undertake to shoot King Louis Philippe flying? and "*le petit bon homme vit encore.*" Did it not enter into an engagement with Mr. Bunn to revive the national theatre, and bring back the palmy days of play-going? and is not the stage more than ever dependent on foreign authors and foreign artists? and as for play-going, orders won't draw a house!

But of all the broken promises of 1836, the most flagrant, is that concerning the march of intellect, and the schoolmaster abroad. We have looked over very attentively the annals of 1836, and must fairly own that, so far from progressing in intelligence, the condition of the defunct year afforded a good case for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.*

First we have to offer against the sanity of 1836, the doings in Exeter Hall, and the whole humbug of sectarian polemics which have filled the year! To what purpose has the last century passed over the heads of mankind—to what purpose have the great reformers lived and written—and the lights of a brighter philosophy, and a purer religion, been shed upon the world, if it is still to be carried away by the "hypocrisy and nonsense" of the lowest mountebank pretenders to authority, and frightened from its propriety by knaves, fit only for the stocks and the whipping-post? To what purpose are "peace on earth and good will towards men" revealed to mankind, if we are to suffer ourselves to be turned aside from the text of revelation by the comments of incendiaries; and professing tolerance, and protesting against human authority in matters of faith, to render ourselves the instruments of persecution, uncharitableness, and injustice. In Heaven's name, let us have our party politics and our party hates (if so it must be)—let us abuse O Connell or decry Lyndhurst, *ad libitum*—but let us not brutalize ourselves and debase our intellects, by polemical disputes *a propos des bottes*, or stoop to the meanness of a lie, by passing our political wickedness under the respectable garb of religious zeal.

If these things be not decisive against the sound reason of 1836, what shall we say of its dabbling in Homœopathy? What can be urged in

behalf of intellects that can swallow the nonsense of infinitesimal doses? —doses that would not be felt in the œconomy of a microscopic water-lion. Rochester is said to have once appeared as a mountebank in a country town, and to have sold empty phials, curiously sealed, as inclosing an invisible essence; but that was not in 1836. The patients of St. John Long had the satisfaction of visible and tangible evidence of the potency of his remedies, in the shape of a well-excoriated back. He, at least, did something for them, whether that something was profitable or not. They had some excuse, therefore, in believing in what they felt so acutely; but your gaping wonder-hunting Homœopathists believe in spite of evidence, and wisely look for effects in the precise inverse ratio of the causes. *Credo quia impossibile est* should be their motto. Most pregnant wiseacres—if one-millionth of a grain of anything works such miracles, what might you not expect from taking—nothing? How absurd, how farcical and extravagant is it, to boast of our universities and academies, of our professors, teachers, and education books, when the general intellect of the country is so cramped and unworked, that every charlatan—religious, political, medical, or scientific—is sure of an audience, and when no proposition is sufficiently monstrous to deprive its advocate of a following and a livelihood. We may know something of steam-engines; we may be able to calculate an eclipse, or to analyse a gas; but in everything that concerns a moral or metaphysical reasoning, we have an education to make; nay, we have retrograded considerably since the days of Locke, till we are scarcely capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood.

It is almost useless, however, to pursue the proofs of insanity further. 'Tis "a mad world, my masters;" and evidence starts up at every turn, if the observer be himself sane enough to acknowledge it. What, for instance, will be thought of the balloon fancy of 1836?—as if the earth were not wide enough to hold our follies. What are we to think of the thousands who stood for the livelong day in the rain, and who paid their shillings for seeing that which might have been equally well seen for nothing, from any given point ten miles round the metropolis? But these were wise in their generation, when compared with him—"*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*"—who volunteered to ascend, and paid a round sum for the very probable chance of breaking his neck, or, at best, for going up, like "John, King of France, with thirty thousand men," merely to come down again. As for the poor devils who ascend for bread, there are numbers who earn theirs by means equally dangerous and disagreeable. We have no right to accuse the Romans of brutality, on the score of their gladiatorial shows, when we force our hungry fellow-citizens to risk themselves in a thousand different ways for the mere indulgence of our idle curiosity—when we make children dance upon ropes, men swallow swords, and women go up in balloons, in the hopes of their giving a sensation to the torpid spectators. We were once involuntary witnesses of Mme. Garnerin's descent in a parachute. When she cut the rope that fastened the machine to the balloon, the fall was for many seconds as rapid as that of a stone; and when the instrument expanded, and the fall was arrested in mid air, the vibrations were so extensive that it is wonderful how the poor woman preserved her situation and was not pitched headlong. Fortunately she reached the earth in safety; but no thanks to the hundred thousands of *gobe-mouches* who

had urged her ascent, or to the government that permitted it. But to return to the Hero of Vauxhall, what delightful episodes were the umbrella and the money which he did *not* give to the poor sufferer! It is a pity she did not land his Highness on the moon to look for his lost sovereignty and his —— no, there, twenty Astolfos could not have served him. All ballooning voyages, it might be said, are not thus purposeless; and the great balloon and the voyage to Coblentz may be cited as an instance to the contrary. We have heard people express a wish to have been of the party, in extacies at the pleasures of the voyage. *Le joli chien de plaisir* to pass the night in the clouds, and in darkness, with nothing visible beyond the car of the balloon, except an odd star—without sense of motion, starving with cold, and with no sound to break the horrid silence, but the ticking of the watch, which marked the slow, slow passage of time;—and for what was all this encountered? To prove that a balloon will drive with the wind, and to frighten the poor citizens of Nassau out of their wits, who had never seen such an object in their lives! Inconceivable must have been the horror excited by the unwonted exhibition. Some mistook Mr. Mason for Faust, and his friend for Mephistopheles, bent on a trip to the Valpurgis; others thought it was the old gentleman in grey with Peter Schlemil's shadow; others mistook the whole thing for a cargo of transcendentals on its passage from vacuity to the university of Bonn; and even the Gross-Herzog himself thought at first that it was the French Revolution coming back again; and was much relieved when an old woman informed him it was only Lucifer *in propriâ personâ.*

It is a strange thing that there should be truths, mathematically demonstrable, which mankind resolutely refuse to admit. The impossibility of a perpetual motion, for instance, and of the giving direction to balloons. It must be clear to intuition that no machinery can be applied to a balloon for altering its course, whose weight would not increase the bulk of the ball, and consequently the resistance to its own action, in a tenfold proportion. Yet the notion is working in a multitude of brains, to the ruin of their soundness and the spoiling of many a good night's rest. It is high time that this bubble were burst.

Bubbles of another kind, but equally frail, are your temperance societies. How did it ever enter the head of man to talk down a natural appetite, or to reason man out of the beast that is within him? A room full of tea-drinking fanatics may look very pretty, but it proves nothing. Why, if there were any the slightest chance of putting down the vice of drunkenness, should we not have the revolt of the gin palaces, the agricultural interest in open arms, and its leaders in hysterics?—Nay, would not the very government itself take fright at so dreadfully revolutionary a symptom? to say nothing of the loss of revenue. Consols, however, are at 87, the revenue flourishes, and the distillers have nothing to fear.

Talking of consols, leads to a more serious evil,—the state of the currency, and the prospect of pecuniary crisis. If there were one point on which men's sensibilities might be expected to be alive, and on which experience would be available, it is that of the pocket. Yet we very much fear that our retrospections for 1836 will not justify any very brilliant anticipations for the future. The lessons of the past will not be more serviceable now than formerly the nation "*will* be ruined,

and nobody *shall* save it." A great outcry is made that the Yankees have turned goldsmiths, and will deal only for the precious metals; but what can that signify to us, if we do not, on our part, commence paper-makers? People do not usually part with their gold for nothing; they must either get goods for their cash, or pay their debts with it. If the Yankees want a larger supply of gold and silver than is thus attainable, they must pay a price for the commodity, which would soon drive them out of the market. The Rothschild creatures would take care of that. But the evil is not in America, it is at home, where money jobbing, joint-stock banking, and ruinous speculation are deluging the country with paper, and would drive gold to the continent, though the Yankees should become sellers, instead of buyers. In Ireland, where there is the least capital, fixed or floating, the quantity of paper thrust upon the market has been most extensive; and bankers, like the far-famed roast pigs of the land of Cockayne, run up and down the streets, not, indeed, with knives and forks in their backs, and crying "come eat me," but with their own notes in their hands, and discounting, right and left, for petty farmers and artizans, without a sixpence beyond the prospective profits of a coming harvest, or a job *in nubibus*. Accordingly, the first breath of suspicion, and before even the system was in full operation, brought on a panic, and the machine refused to work. Well, the money, the real money, not having yet been lost, the banks, though probably at considerable sacrifices, discharge their obligations: but the consequence to the public is not a wholesome warning; on the contrary, it is a renewal of blind confidence, and a desire to get hold of some share of what is going, no matter what may be the ultimate consequence. The mischief is not at an end.

If it be asked what 1836 has done for literature, we must answer—materially, a great deal; intellectually, little enough. The demand, indeed, for paper and type was never greater; and printing steam-presses toil after the market in vain. But the quantity in this case is not accompanied by a parity of increase as to the quality. Authors now work against time; if they slacken in their pace, they are sure to be anticipated,—the mass, moreover, having become readers, their tastes are to be consulted. The writer who gets the start of his age, or who soars above it, has no chance of a sale.

If such be our recollections of the past, what must be our anticipations for the future? If such has been 1836, need we apprehend that 1837 will set the Thames on fire? We, indeed, are not Milleniumites; but neither do we despair of our species. We are not Optimists; but we do not believe in the doctrine inculcated by Candide. We have found mankind hitherto in a progressive course of improvement *in some particulars;* and we hope for ameliorations yet to come in others. Still we do not set up for prophets, and have no ambition to make the "New Monthly" the successor of Francis Moore, Philomath. We are more confident, therefore, in our anticipations of what will not come to pass than of what will. We look not for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, nor expect to see the universal solvent, nor the cup that is to hold it. We do not count upon a panacea, nor on a unity of religious faith. We doubt very considerably of the advent of a pure republic in England, and of the prompt payment of the National Debt. The geological history of our planet shows a gradual and progressive develop-

ment of animal life on its surface: it is possible, therefore, that successive formations, yet to come, may produce a creature as superior to man as man is to a mastodon. But without some such elementary revolution, we do not look forward to a material reduction of naso ductility, or to the disappearance of quacks—medical, legal, or theological. Future generations, perhaps, may witness a suspension-bridge across St. George's Channel; but there is an immediate prospect of a political bridge between England and Ireland. A tunnel may hereafter pass under *La Manche;* but Frenchmen will, in all likelihood, be still Frenchmen, and John Bull continue to believe in *soup-maigre* and frogs. It is not probable that any mountains remain to be discovered in Holland; nor will there soon be a railroad across the Atlantic. To the best of our belief, the next century will not witness another Shakspeare, Milton, or Pope; but there may be more "Worlds before the flood," and "Roderick" may not be precisely "the last of the Goths" It is not impossible that a Raffaelle or a Michael Angelo may arise in England; but then, "by the Lord!" they will not be R.A.'s, even though they should not dabble in *aquafortis.* It is upon the cards, also, that architecture may revive once more in these realms; but we cannot believe (can you?) that Buckingham Palace can ever be exceeded! The coal-mines of Great Britain may possibly be some day exhausted, but its cullability never. We do not foresee that gravitation, or the circulation of the blood, will ever be disproved; but we will not undertake that they shall not go out of fashion. To conclude,—Parliament may be purified from bribery, cabinets from intrigue, law from uncertainty, and learned societies from cabal;—the Church may cease to have firebrands in its bosom,—the State may lose its pensioners,—literature may become independent of pretence,—science, of backbiting,—and universities may cease to be stationary. London may lose its fogs and its smoke,—Birmingham may become a cotton factory, and Manchester deal in hardware,—Bengal may trade in ice, and Lapland in pine-apples,—and, to sum up all, pigs may whistle, though it must be allowed by the impartial that they have rather an awkward mouth for the operation.

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THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
  My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
  All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
  And natural piety that lean'd to Heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
  Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly-cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;—
Nor leaving in thy turn: but pleased to glide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's heart, found room for ALL!

THE GURNEY PAPERS.

THAT portion of the late Mr. Gurney's memoirs which periodically appeared in this Magazine having been very favourably received by the public, I have been induced to continue my search amongst his manuscripts in order to afford its readers some further information connected with the annals of his family.

The concluding words of the final portion of his papers which has been published are, "WE WERE MARRIED;" which words refer to his union with Harriet, eldest daughter of the Reverend Richard Wells, Rector of Blissfold in the county of Hants. After this event Mr. Gilbert Gurney, as every man when he marries should do, turned over a new leaf—in his common-place book; and I find a hiatus, "*valde deflendus*," of nearly two months in his memoranda. Love, I presume, left him no leisure for literature, at least there is nothing discoverable in the way of detail affecting either the celebration of the wedding, or the subsequent excursion which fashionable delicacy appears to have rendered indispensable upon such occasions; and the first resumption of his notes occurs on the first day of the year succeeding that in which he became a Benedick, and thus he writes:—

I begin a new year in a new character—I am now a married man. "Marriage," says Johnson, "is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, and politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim." Johnson was right.

Cuthbert's munificence has enabled me to establish myself in perfect comfort. He has made one stipulation—he desires to make our house his home; and when the young Falwassers, his wife's children, have their school vacations, they are also to pass their Christmas and Midsummer holidays here. This is all right and pleasant—a combination not very common in the affairs of this world. Cuthbert has an apartment of two rooms, consisting of a study and bed-chamber, allotted to him, which open to Harriet's flower-garden on the south side of the house; for his long residence in India has rendered him extremely sensitive as far as our capricious climate is concerned.

Fanny Wells is staying with my wife, to whom she was always an affectionate sister; and we are all as happy as we could wish, and perhaps even happier than we deserve to be. I feel myself snatched from the follies and frivolities of an idle vagabond life, and placed by Providence in a haven of security where nothing but quietness and comfort are to be found.

There was certainly something remarkably odd in the way in which I was inveigled into matrimony. My father-in-law's conduct might, in many other cases, have been attributed to interested motives, and his eagerness to conclude a matrimonial treaty between his daughter and myself, put to the account of his anxiety to get her off his hands, and settle her advantageously in the world; but that cannot be thought or imagined, the moment the smallness of my income is taken into consideration. What startles me most, and most powerfully excites my

gratitude to Providence is, that circumstances should have occurred not only to prevent distress and uneasiness, and perhaps worse calamities in my wife's family, and not only rescue us from the necessity of undertaking a voyage to India, but to place us in a state of most agreeable competency as that in which we found ourselves.

When Cuthbert first established himself at Ashmead—a somewhat pastoral " name" for my first " local habitation"—I was very much surprised at his absolute helplessness. His servant is qui-hi'd into his room every five minutes—lighting a taper or sealing a letter appear to be Herculean tasks to him, and the listlessness which pervades the conduct of his life, manifests itself so strongly when we are at breakfast or dinner, that I am sure if, amongst the innumerable classes of domestics with which India abounds, there were such an officer as an Eatabadar to be had, Cuthbert would have him at any price.

When we first met at Gosport, he was so evidently labouring under the effects of bad health and depression of spirits, that I could quite understand this abasement of animal exertion; and before I knew how nearly we were connected, felt the deepest sympathy for his unhappy case. Now, that feeling is changed into wonder and astonishment, that a being, who, by what he calls his own exertions, has contrived to realize a handsome fortune, should seem to possess no power of exerting himself upon any occasion whatever. His health is good, his spirits are recovering rapidly, but his torpor continues.

He is, I find, like our friend Nubley, afflicted with occasional fits of absence. I am afraid if Harriet were to speak truth, she and her sister Fanny would not break their hearts if the fit were permanent. He crawls or is wheeled out of his own rooms every day about noon, and seats himself in the drawing-room, in order, as he says, to amuse the ladies and the visitors who chance to call; and the ladies are forced to remain where they are, in order to amuse *him*. He talks to everybody with whom he meets, as if he had known them all his life; and I cannot conceal the fact from myself, that he talks about nothing in the world, let him talk long as he may.

Wells rather enjoys his peculiarities, and Nubley listens to him with the deepest interest. In short, strange as it may seem, I believe Cuthbert's anxiety that I should take this house was mainly attributable to his desire to be near his old friend and former partner. To Harriet, of course, remaining in the neighbourhood of her father and mother is extremely agreeable; but I see that poor dear Cuthbert, with all his kindnesses, conferred as they are, in the oddest manner, is a bit of a bore to the ladies of the circle. Harriet, disliking the formality of calling him brother-in-law, which, on account of the differences in our ages, she does not approve, and not venturing to address him as Cuthbert, has transformed him into a cousin, and "cousin" she always calls him. I heard Wells, after she had once used this endearing appellation, say to her, loud enough for me to hear it, " Harriet, don't you wish he was a cousin once removed?"

This naturally worries me. I am one of those few people in the world who see the faults and imperfections of my nearest relations and connexions, perhaps even more plainly than others; and I often wonder to myself, when I hear fathers extolling the eminent powers and abilities of their children, husbands puffing off the talents of their

wives, wives speaking of the prodigious merits of their husbands, and whole families swearing to the excellence of everything said or done by any individual member of them. Probably if the late Mrs. Cuthbert were alive, we should hear her talking of the beautiful serenity of her husband's mind—such a quiet gentlemanly man—or quoting him, in a comparison with somebody else, as a superior creature. Now, I can see, and can hear; and it is not because of our near connexion that I can shut my eyes to his failings.

One day I had been over to the Rectory to see Wells; and on my return, as usual I found Cuthbert seated by the drawing-room fire, extended at full length on a sofa. Harriet and Fanny were working, and Mrs. Wells, who had come over to see them, was sitting, playing company, the family party having been increased by the arrival of Lieutenant Merman, whose name I have had occasion to mention before, and who, I think, is caught by the bright eyes of my sister-in-law Fanny. Whether Wells is of the same opinion I cannot say, nor can I rightly calculate when the toddy-making season is likely to set in. He is a very constant visitor at Ashmead, or, at least, has been, since Fanny has been with us.

Contrary to my usual habit, for I contrive to make myself occupation of various sorts during the morning, I joined the little circle.

"Well, Gilbert," said my brother, stretching himself, as if to wake himself, "have you been out?"

"Yes, to the parsonage," said I.

"Ah!" replied Cuthbert, "very cold out, isn't it? Harriet, dear, just ring the bell—thanks—we have been very comfortable."

"I thought," said I, "you proposed a walk yourself."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "I did—I had my great coat put on and my shawl wrapper—and meant to call on Mrs. Nubley—but I met him—and I asked him if Mrs. Nubley was at home, and he said no; so I——I came back again—Ah!"

Here a servant entered the room, responsive to the bell.

"Oh!" said Cuthbert, "tell Hutton to bring me a pocket-handkerchief." The man retired. "So I came back again—because I knew it must be dull for the ladies to be left alone—and here, thanks to them, I am quite at my ease, and having nothing on earth to do, I cannot do better than show my gratitude to them. Fanny, dear, give me that eau de Cologne—Ah!"

"I am sure, Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Wells, "the girls ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"I think they are," said Cuthbert. "A man who has been abroad so long as I have has always something to communicate which is interesting. Oh—Hutton—get me my seal-ring. Harriet, love, I will beg you to seal that letter, which I got Nubley to write for me, about those air cushions. Capital invention that, Mrs. Wells."

"Very good, indeed," replied the lady.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "but what was I saying when Gilbert came in? Oh!—I wish somebody would recollect for me—it was——"

"About the horses running away with the post-chaise," said Lieutenant Merman, who had not heard the story fifty times before, which the rest of the present company had.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert—"so it was—it is one of the earliest events

of my life I can remember—you weren't born or thought of, Gilbert, then. I forget if I ever told you——"

"What," said I, "on Shooter's Hill?"

"Yes," replied Cuthbert, "that place beyond Blackheath, where there's the model of Severndroog—I never shall forget it—my poor father was with me. Something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away we went—down the hill at full speed—set the other horse off with him, and we thought—thought we should be dashed to pieces."

"And how did you escape, Sir?" said the lieutenant.

"Oh!" replied Cuthbert, "when they got to the bottom of the hill the horses stopped of themselves—Ah!"

I perceived that Cuthbert—having sent for his handkerchief, bathed his temples with eau de Cologne, begged me to stir the fire, and place the sofa cushions conveniently for his repose—was a fixture for the rest of the day; and as the story I did wait to hear was only the first of a series which he was in the habit of telling as regularly as the "Friar of Orders Grey" told his beads, I left the assembly, not without receiving a look from Harriet too distinctly expressive of her feelings to be misunderstood.

I have merely noted these few trifling facts, because I very much fear that the total want of sympathy, which unfortunately exists between Cuthbert and all those with whom he must constantly associate while staying here, will some day exhibit itself in a positive and unequivocal manner. What is to happen when the three Falwassers come from school I do not venture to premise. They have never had the advantage of maternal care; and, from the extremely undefined character of Cuthbert's conversation and remarks touching them, I have not been able to form any just estimate of their qualities. Somehow I begin to think the scheme of admitting any relation, however near, as a constant resident in the establishment of a married couple, is at best but hazardous—yet in my case it has been inevitable; but for Cuthbert I should not have had the house in which he requests to be an inmate—besides, he wants cherishing; a man at his time of life, returned to a country the manners and habits of which are totally different from those of the distant empire in which he has passed the prime of his life, would be lost if left to himself. Friends he has few, relations none, except myself; and if ever a momentary doubt of the entire success of our *menage* at Ashmead does cross my mind, it is speedily dismissed by the recollection of how much I owe him, and how essential my attention to his wishes is to his comfort.

There were many points in Cuthbert's history upon which I should very much have liked to be enlightened; but my hopes and expectations were vain. All the important features of his past life seemed either to be studiously concealed from my sight, or to have escaped his own recollection. His random records consisted of nothing but frivolous anecdotes which appeared to float to and fro upon the surface of his mind, while the serious facts had sunk "out of soundings."

I admit that I began to find Wells and his wife, and two or three other friends, getting fidgetty, and evincing much of dislike to be so overlaid—if I may use the expression—with poor Cuthbert, who having, fortunately for himself, evinced a passion for chess, discovered that

Mr. Sniggs, the apothecary, could place the pieces for him, and make the ordinary moves against him, suggested to the said Sniggs that he should be delighted to see him whenever his professional occupations permitted, and that there was always luncheon at half-past one, and so on.

This was quite right.—Why should not Cuthbert like chess?—Why shouldnot he ask Sniggs? No reason why—except that Mrs. Wells always thought that the flower of her flock, Adelgitha, lost her life through want of skill on the part of this very Sniggs; and they were consequently the bitterest foes. Cuthbert and Sniggs, the dearest friends—he not only played chess with him, and put the men all ready before they began, but having prescribed a sort of mawkish drink—a kind of sickly negus, powdered with "Mareschalle nutmeg"—compounded it for his friend, patient, and antagonist, and administered it *secundum artem.*

Sniggs literally did, that which many men, and even their observations, are said to do, he "smelt of the shop;" and when the atmosphere was heavy and the "scent lay," his entrance into the drawing-room, where Cuthbert, for the sake of making himself amiable, *would* sit, was the signal for the departure and dispersion of the little family coterie, who were up like a covey of partridges on his arrival, alleging as a reason that they were quite sure they should disturb the chess-players if they staid.

Sniggs was a character—in his way; he knew everything that was going on in the neighbourhood. The proverb, as Ray has it, says,

> "Children pick up words, as pigeons peas,
> And utter them again as God shall please."

Sniggs collected indefatigably, but most disinterestedly retained nothing. What he picked up in one house he let fall in the next, and so served as a regular gazette for the whole community—this was a great resource for poor Cuthbert, who, to keep up the simile of the pigeons, was as happy as any squeaker in the world to be crammed after Sniggs's fashion, however coarsely the aliment was supplied.

"Set the men, Sniggs," said Cuthbert, when the coast was quite clear—"any news?"

"You play with the red," said Sniggs, arranging the pieces accordingly—"no, Sir, not much news. Miss Wobberly, the pretty girl with the red hair, Sir—sits opposite to you at church—hear she is going to be married—sugar-baker in London—called there just now—stomach out of order—touch of dyspepsia—too many minced pies—quantity of bile in a minced pie, Sir—all meat, dirt, fat, plums, lemon-peel, and puff-paste.—She'll be well by Tuesday—the mother a charming woman—asked me to dine Thursday—a little touch of erysipelas, not worth mentioning—pleasant creature. Wobberly a vulgar man—always ailing—can't get gout to show itself—gentlemanly disease the gout—gout and short sight are not destined for the vulgar—once saw a hackney-coachman with spectacles—wrote a paper upon it in a first-rate periodical ——you begin, Sir."

"I move my king's pawn," said Cuthbert; "it saves trouble to take the usual course."

"Exactly so, Sir," said Sniggs; "that's what Major Frowsty says—an excellent patient of mine, who has a sort of hydrophobia—"

"Indeed—ah," said Cuthbert—"mad.—I'll push him on, another square."

"No," said Sniggs; "not mad: you don't see my fun. Hydrophobia—does not like bathing. I order a bath,—he says it is cold;—order it hot,—says he don't like it;—can't get him to wash;—nothing so good, Sir;—excellent gentleman the Major;—did you know him abroad?"

"No," said Cuthbert; "just move that knight for me, while I blow my nose. Where has he been?"

"Somewhere in your district," said Sniggs; "at Tunis, I think."

"I never was at Tunis," said Cuthbert.

"I think, between you and me, Sir," said Sniggs, "it would have been as well if *he* had never been there: he won't take medicine, do all I can; and if I say he is really ill, he talks about a physician. I believe, between you and me, Sir, that he ran away with the daughter of a Bey, or something of that sort, and nearly had his head cut off. But that's nothing to the affair of the Hackingtons, who live at the white house at the end of the lane—la bless you!—their second daughter,—of course this is *entre nous*,—is over head and ears in love with the ostler at the Cock and Bottle. Your move, Sir. And the way I found *that* out was, that Mrs. Widdles, at the corner—the library—told me that Jim Walker, the ostler in question, had been into her shop to buy a sheet of paper to write home to his mother, and got her to do the letter, in which the whole facts were stated. I have just sent Miss Hackington a pill and a draught; but as the poet says, I can't

'Minister to a mind diseased.'

So I made them quite innocent,—eh, Sir? Of course this goes no farther. Check to your king."

"I like to hear the news," said Cuthbert, "although I don't know the people."

"Lord bless you, Sir," said Sniggs, "I never let out these sort of things, except to you; now of course I know all about Lieut. Merman's *tendre* for Miss Fanny; but, *then*, as I say, that is totally a different story; here we are—titled—a family of consequence and respectability; mute as a mackerel,—not a syllable passes my lips,—delightful family the Wells's, Sir;—so clever Mr. Wells,—what a preacher!—makes me weep like a watering-pot when he comes out with a charity sermon;—don't you think he is a powerful man, Sir?"

"Your queen is in check," said Cuthbert.

"A thousand pardons," said Sniggs. "What's your notion as to tithes, Sir?—quite legal, constitutional, and all that; but don't you think,—just before I take the queen out of check,—don't you think something might be done in regard to that question? The law by which tithe is secured to the clergy, Sir, is just as good and as valid as that by which the first duke in the land holds his estates—eh, don't you see, Sir? But I think still something might be done to get rid, you see, Sir, of the objectionable part of the question. That's what I say to Mr. Wells. Mrs. Wells, I believe, is not so great a friend of mine; never goes beyond powders; rhubarb, and magnesia, or jalap and cream-o'-tartar are the extremes, and those only for the housemaids. Still I have a high regard for them all. I think the tithe system operates unequally, Sir. I take your rook;—you didn't see *that*, Sir. All clergymen are not alike. I recollect reading, Sir, that Dr. Prideaux,—I

don't know if you know much of him,—said that some men enter upon their cures with as little knowledge of divinity as the meanest of their congregation—eh;—heard the story of human felicity,—something inside of a pig,—forgive me,—but it is an apt illustration of the stupidity of a congregation.'

"Very stupid," said Cuthbert; "do me the favour to push my rook over to the side of your queen; there, where it is guarded by that pawn. Yes, I think you are quite right."

"And then, as I say, Sir," continued Sniggs, "the spirit—the public spirit of Mrs. Wells—that fancy ball and bazaar for the charity-schools—what a sight—dear young creatures exposing themselves in every way at the stalls, and selling things for fifteen shillings which they bought for five—passing them off, of course, for their own. Why now there's that Mrs. Fletcher,—I declare that woman ought no more to have gone out Tuesday week—Oh! Sir, such a state she is in—such a complication of disorders—of course this is *entre nous*—what I call death in the pot—never mind—people must die when their time comes. I have put her through a regular course of steel—done all I could. Don't you recollect, Sir, the story of the sick man at the watering-place, who was sent down to tone himself up—went to a boarding-house—ignorant creature—that sort of thing—took all sorts of things to strengthen himself and bring him round, under the advice of one of those refined physicians who pick up guineas from ninnies, as I should say; and having dined and supped with his fellow-boarders retired, as they did, to rest. In the middle of the night, the whole house was alarmed by noises much resembling those of a rabid dog, attended with a stamping of feet along the different passages of the house. This continued some time, but about two o'clock in the morning it subsided, and, as they say in the account of a naval action, 'the boarders had it all to themselves.'

"In the morning, complaints having been made to the matron, or whatever the female figure-head of such establishments is called, as to the row, she remonstrated with the patient, and begged to know why he disturbed the inmates of her else peaceable house? 'Why, Mam,' said he, 'I am ordered to do it by my physicians, for the good of my health; which is the thing for which I am come here'—mark the English, Sir. 'So,' says she, 'make a noise for the benefit of your health?' 'Yes,' says he, 'in conjunction with the wine which I drank at dinner. 'How is that?' said the lady, who doubted whether her guest was a knave or a fool. 'Yes,' said he, 'my doctor ordered me to come down here to take port wine at dinner every day, and bark every night; and so I will, let the consequences be what they may.' Don't you see, Sir? —eh?—bark——there's a mistake—your king's in check."

"That's a very good story," said Cuthbert; "not but that bark is a very good thing to strengthen people—as for port wine, I can't touch it, drinking it is to me like having a peppered birch-broom poked down my throat."

"Never tried, Highness," said Sniggs, "as the King of Prussia said to the soldier—ever heard that, Sir? The King of Prussia fond of music—hundred thousand men to sing one song—recollect—check——he once took a fancy to a brave grenadier—story of the bullet for the watch—that you have heard—never mind, *n'importe*. The King of Prussia says to the grenadier, 'Can you play the fiddle?' What d'ye think he

answered, Sir? 'Can't guess.' Never tried, Highness—new story that—ah, Sir! ——dear me, you have taken my knight."

"Just take it off the board for me, will ye?" said Cuthbert, wholly unable from habit to lift a piece of ivory so ponderous as that.

"Talking of knights," said Cuthbert, and looking at his horse's head, "did I ever tell you the story of my being run away with down Shooter's Hill, when I was quite a boy?"

"Shooter's Hill!" said Sniggs, with extremely well-acted curiosity; "no, I think not, Sir."

"Well, it was very remarkable," said Cuthbert. "My poor father and I were going in a post-chaise just by the place where there is now a sort of castle in imitation of Severndroog, and something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away he went; this frightened the other, and they went down the hill at a tremendous rate, and everybody thought we should be dashed to atoms, and—you never—ah!—saw such a sight in your life—ah!"

"Well, Sir," said Sniggs (who, like everybody else in the parish, had heard Cuthbert's pet story over and over again), "and what happened?"

"Why, ah!" said Cuthbert, nearly exhausted by the exertion of relating the adventure; "luckily, when they got to the bottom of the hill the horses stopped of themselves."

"Very lucky, indeed," said Sniggs; "disappointed the surgeon there, Sir——check to your king."

"Ah! that's a serious check," said Cuthbert; "I must think about *that.* Will you just ring the bell, Doctor—I must send for my snuff. Ah! and now you *are* up, do me the kindness to stir the fire."

"Check to *my* king," continued Cuthbert; "umph—so, so—Hutton, my snuff-box—see what o'clock it is—ah!"

"It is past four, Sir," said Sniggs, looking at his watch. "We shall scarcely have light enough to finish the game."

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "I am afraid we shall—I don't see how to get my king out of this scrape;" and hereupon the player fell into one of those lengthened reveries which are the characteristic of this noble game.

Hutton brought the snuff-box—he stood unheeded; at length Cuthbert, raising his eyes from the board with all the gravity of the automaton, looked vacantly at him for half a minute, until Hutton felt it necessary to recall him to a sense of his situation, and said, "The snuff-box, Sir."

"Oh!" sighed Cuthbert, "open it for me, Hutton—this is a puzzler—ah!" saying which he, with apparent difficulty, carried the pinch to its destination.

Franklin says, that by playing at chess we learn:—

"First. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity—considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, 'If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?'

"Secondly. Circumspection, which surveys the whole board or scene of action—the relations of the several pieces and situations—the dangers they are perpetually exposed to—the several possibilities of their aiding

each other—the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece; and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

"Thirdly. Caution—not to make our moves too hastily; this habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such as, 'If you touch a piece you must move it somewhere; if you set it down you must let it stand,' and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed; as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; and which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops and place them more securely, but must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

"And, lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs: the habit of hoping for a favourable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources."

As Sniggs watched the entire abstraction of Cuthbert from everything in the world except his jeopardized monarch, he could not avoid thinking of Franklin's description of the advantages derivable from the game; but having waited and watched, until it appeared to him that his amiable adversary had either dropped into a slumber, or, at least, a wakeful unconsciousness, burst upon him, by asking if he ever heard what Dr. Franklin said to Mr. Hancock, on the occasion of signing the treaty of American Independence,—"We must be unanimous in this business," said Hancock; "we must all hang together." "Indeed we must," said Franklin, "or else we shall all hang separately."

"No, never," said Cuthbert, "never; they wern't hanged, were they? Upon my word, Doctor, I cannot take the trouble to get this king out of his difficulty. Tell me what had I best do?"

"What, take council from your enemy, Sir," said Sniggs; "I should say——"

What we are not destined to know; for, at the moment in which the new adviser was taking a searching look at the state of affairs, Cuthbert, overcome by the difficulty to which he had subjected himself, gave a tremendous yawn, accompanied by an attempted change of position upon his sofa cushions; in performing which evolution, his right leg came in contact with Mrs. Gilbert's delicate table, on which they were playing, which was instantly upset; down went the board, the men, the eau de Cologne, and the snuff-box; knights and pawns were promiscuously scattered on the carpet, and Cuthbert, elevating himself, and leaning on his arm, gazed on the scene of destruction, while Sniggs sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes widely opened, his brows elevated, and his mouth contracted into the first position for whistling, looking at the vacant space before him, as spectators gaze on the slip whence a huge ship has just slid into what modern writers call her "native element," (in which she never had been before,) or the crowd in an enclosure after the ascent of a balloon from the middle of it.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" said Sniggs.

"To-day is Tuesday," said Cuthbert; "ring the bell, Doctor, let us have in some of the people to pick up these men and things—the snuff is spilt, so is the eau de Cologne; and Mrs. Gilbert is very particular about her carpet. Ah! what shall we do?"

"This, Sir," aid Sniggs, "is what you call turning the tables upon me."

"It did not fall on *you*, did it, Doctor?" said the unsuspecting Cuthbert

"No; no harm's done," said Sniggs, who forthwith restored the piece of furniture to its proper p'ace, and began picking up th scattered forces of the contending armies.

"Don't fatigue yourself," said Cuthbert, "you'll tire yourself to death, stooping about. Ah! dear me; what a flurry that has put me in."

Hutton made his appearance, and speedily restored order; however it was getting too dark to begin a fresh game. The casualties consisted of the fracture of one or two pieces, two squares cracked in the inlaid board, the snuff lost, and the eau de Cologne bottle severely wounded; and as it was getting late, Sniggs proceeded to gather up his hat and cloak, for the purpose of retiring.

"Hadn't you better dine here," said Cuthbert, "and let us renew our game in the evening—eh, do?"

"You are very kind," said Sniggs, "I shall have great pleasure; but I must just step to the surgery, to make up some few things for my patients; I will return at six."

"Come back as soon as you can," said Cuthbert, "I'll get Hutton to wheel me to my room, and dress me directly, so that I shall be here waiting for you."

"I'll be with you as soon as possible," said Sniggs, who took his departure and hurried home, in order to tell Mrs. Sniggs that she needn't have the fowl and bacon cooked, which had been ordered as an addition to the cold mutton, but make her dinner upon *that*, and keep the fowl and bacon for the next day when he did not "dine out."

"Well," said I, entering the room, as soon as I saw Sniggs departing across the lawn; "you have had a long spell with the doctor."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "such a misfortune!—upset the table—broke the bottle—played the very deuce!"

"What, in a fit of enthusiasm?" said I.

"No," said Cuthbert; "ah! dear no—in moving my leg."

"Well," said I, "that matters little. I am not sorry that Sniggs has moved *his* legs."

"You don't like Sniggs, Gilbert," said my brother.

"Indeed I do," replied I; "but *toujours perdrix* is too much of a good thing."

"But he is not a partridge, Gilbert," said my brother.

"No," said I, "nor a goose; but the very qualities for which you like his society, are those which make me less glad to see him than I otherwise should be. *You* like to hear all the gossip of the place, which he unquestionably gives you with point and precision; but whenever I hear h's anecdotes of patients, and details of their disorders, I always recollect that as he is universally agreeable, we, in our turns, with all our little foibles and failings, mental and bodily, become subjects of amusement for everybody else in the neighbourhood."

"Ah, well," said Cuthbert, "there is something in that to be sure that never struck me; but what have we about us that can be laughed at?"

"Oh, my dear brother," said I, "lay not that flattering unction to your soul; rely upon it we are just as good subjects for satire and caricature as our neighbours."

"Well, I don't see that," said my brother—"will you just ring the bell for Hutton? my shoe has come untied, and I want him to tie it for me. I am not conscious of saying or doing anything to be laughed at for."

I did as I was desired; for although the readiest way of saving my indolent brother the trouble of tying his own shoe would have been tying it for him myself, I knew enough of him to be aware that however importunate and continuous his demands upon the attentions of his servant might be, he would not permit me to inconvenience, or, as he would have thought it, fatigue myself by doing so.

Hutton came—tied the shoe—lifted the foot upon which it was worn into its proper place on the sofa—and retired.

"I am sorry now that I asked Sniggs to come back and dine," said Cuthbert.

So was I—not so much because although Sniggs was really an agreeable and entertaining companion, he was coming to break in upon what had become to me the delightful homeishness of a really family party, or because Cuthbert's giving invitations without communicating with me, or even going through the ceremony of asking my concurrence, however certain it was never to have been withheld, reminded me more forcibly than was quite agreeable, of the real position in which I stood with regard to him. I knew that the odd things which he occasionally did in this way resulted from no feeling but an apathetic indolence of mind, which induced him to make just as much exertion as might secure him a certain quantum of amusement. Poor fellow, he had no wife to comfort or console him, and I often thought the very sight of our domestic happiness, unconsciously perhaps, worried and vexed him. From what I had gathered of his lost lady, she certainly did not, in any one point of person or character, resemble my Harriet, but still there was the contrast continually before his eyes. I therefore made every allowance for his wish to break in upon our serenity, which he could not himself enjoy, by the introduction of what were to *him* enlivening visitors.

The Nubleys were almost always at dinner with us, or, if not, "came in the evening," and, to be sure, they were generally counteracted by the Wells's; but this system of intervention and counteraction had the effect of amusing Cuthbert at the expense of my own comfort.

Then there was another worry; where was the absolute necessity of having Lieutenant Merman so constantly with us? Mrs. Wells had discovered that he had an extremely rich uncle, and now that Harriet was married—for well do I recollect being threatened with this very Lieutenant—he appeared what mothers call an eligible match for Fanny. *Him* my wife undertook to invite; and if it were an eligible match for Fanny, and if she liked the man, and the man liked her, it was all very reasonable and natural that Harriet should like to encourage it, especially as her father never made any secret of his strong prepossession in favour of the anti-Malthusian system of early marriages; but still it was a great nuisance to *me:* I could not say so, because I knew the moment I raised an objection, Harriet would have sent Fanny away, and then, *she* would have been uncomfortable.

I remember travelling once in a stage-coach which runs from London

—no matter whither,—with two remarkably nice young ladies;—the one in all the sparkling bloom of beauty, a sweet freshness on her rosy cheeks, and love and laughter beaming in her eyes; the other pale and attenuated, her eyes languid and downcast, and her weakness such that she was literally lifted into the coach and laid, as it were, upon the seat opposite to that which her bright-eyed sister shared with *me;* she seemed to be kept alive only by cordial medicines, which were administered to her whenever we stopped to change horses. At the town where the rest of the passengers dined I got her some eau de Cologne, and her sister bathed her temples, and the sick girl looked grateful, and even wept; her pretty sister looked grateful, too, and I became extremely anxious to know more of their history.

At one period, as the day advanced, and the termination of our journey approached, the invalid sank into a slumber, of which I took advantage to inquire the nature of her complaint.

"Her case," said my fair companion, "is hopeless. She is returning to her native air, but it is rather to gratify a dying wish than with any probability of success."

"What," said I, in a half-whisper, lest I should disturb the sleeper, "what is she suffering from?"

"The physicians," replied my companion, "say that her heart is affected."

"What!" said I, "aneurism?"

"No, Sir," said my fair friend, shaking her head, "*a lieutenant.*"

I confess this non-medical description of the young lady's disease, partaking largely, to be sure, of "*scarlatina,*" startled me a little. However, I looked at her with different eyes afterwards, and endeavoured to convince her sister of the deep interest which I took in both of them. At a particular point of the journey I left them, and shook hands with them, not without wishing to hear more of them.

It so happened that I *did* hear more of them; and, although anybody who hereafter reads my notes may not care to hear it, it is satisfactory to myself to know that the poor invalid recovered, and by the next year was perfectly restored to health. Whether she arrived at this happy conclusion by putting herself under *a regime*, or into *a regiment*, I did not ascertain. As far as the simple fact goes, there it is.

My sister-in-law Fanny did not appear to me at all a likely subject for a similar complaint—her present turn was to laugh at her lover. Every woman has her own tactics in the great business of female life; and Fanny sought to win by smiles—at least if winning were her object—and I must say I never saw any man more resolved upon her eventually becoming Mrs. Merman than her venerable father, who was assiduously re-enacting the drama in which I and Harriet had unconsciously performed some months before.

These words bring me to a subject upon which I shall touch but lightly, because I may be disappointed; but as things look at present, it seems most probable that I shall attain to the dignity of a father "before four moons have filled their horns." A thousand new ties will then bind me—a thousand new duties devolve upon me. Well! I have thus early in life seen enough of the world to qualify me for a guardian and guide—to be sure, if I should have a son, he will not require much of my "guiding" for some years to come, and then I

may look more sternly at the world's "follies," and become a severe parent, as the young beau generally becomes an old sloven; but I think I shall be able to make my son my friend,—a course of education favourable to a boy who is born when his father is young.

There *are*, however, men—and I could point out a very remarkable instance—who cannot bring themselves to such a line of proceeding—who see in their sons, rivals for "golden opinions," and opponents in the race of life—who hear with no pleasure the shrewd remark, the pointed phrase, or witty observations of the youthful aspirant for fame and honour; but who, feeling as parents do towards their offspring, and would feel, if they lived to the age of Methuselah, that they are still children, endeavour to check and subdue the ebullitions of their genius, and keep them subject to themselves.

Towards daughters the feelings of father are totally different—there is no rivalry to be feared there, consequently there is no jealousy. The more lovely, the more accomplished, and the more attractive a girl is, the more delighted is the fond father. In some instances, mothers are found somewhat to partake of the feelings of fathers towards their sons, with regard to the young ladies. Many a poor creature has been embargoed into the nursery or the governess's room for at least four years after she ought to have been out, because she unfortunately happened to be born when her mamma was not more than seventeen, and who at three-and-thirty did not like to have a beautiful repetition of herself at that age, constantly associated with her, to induce comparison.

By Jove, Sniggs has arrived, and the second bell is ringing—so away with my papers, and,

"To dinner with what appetite we may."

CELESTIAL CONFUSION; OR, THE HEATHEN RULE OF WRONG.

Of Juno the shrew, Jove was husband and brother—
Minerva's papa, too, without any mother,
Thus playing the part of himself and another:
How strange!

Venus was Vulcan's half wife and half sister,
And proved to his breast a perpetual blister:
(Had he sold her, he ne'er, by the bye, would have missed her),-
How strange!

Such things are recorded in heathenish song;
Such things, we on earth say, to scandal belong;
But the Gods—oh! they're always *above* doing wrong:
How strange!

G. D.

THE ISLAND.

"Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet."
Prologue of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

A boon, O world! a boon of thee:
Now turn away thy face,
And from thy cold clasp loose mine hand,
And let me dream a space:
A little space! mine after years
May pay thee all the price in tears.

I crave it by thy forehead's crown,
Thine hand's concealèd dart,
The cloying honey of thy speech,
The fierce sting of thine heart:
Thy darksome palls from shining looms,
Thy mincing steps on hollow tombs.

Thy wreathèd frown of aconite,
Thy smile of poison worse;
Yea! by thy soft-toned benizon
That curseth more than curse.
Fair world! my dream shall cease to be—
And I have bitterer tears for thee.

My dream is of an island place,
The distant seas are folding;
And over which the only watch,
Those troopèd stars are holding.
Those bright, still stars! they need not seem
With more of brightness in my dream.

Hills piercing thro' the sky for light,
Ravines too deep to scan;
As if the wild earth mimick'd there
The wilder heart of man.
Only it shall be greener far,
And gladder, than hearts ever are.

More like, perhaps, some mount sublime
Of starry Paradise;
Disrupted to an hundred hills,
In falling from the skies—
Bringing within it all the roots
Of heavenly trees, and flowers, and fruits.

For, saving where yon spectral heights
Unsheath their rocky whiteness;
Or deep, dark fissures, miser-like,
Do hoard some fountain's brightness;
(And e'en in them—stoop down and hear—
Leap sounds with water in youre ar.)

Around, above, the plumèd trees
   Their gracious shadows throw,
Through whose clear fruit and blossoming
   When e'er the sun may go;
The ground beneath he deeply stains
As shining through cathedral panes.

And little needs the ground beneath
   That shining from above her,
When many Pleiades of flowers
   (Not one lost!) star her over:
The rays of their unnumber'd hues
Being refracted by the dews.

Wide-petal'd plants, that boldly drink
   Th' amneta of the sky,
That bells, all heavy with delight,
   Whose faces earthward lie.
I cannot count them; but between
Is room for grass and mosses green.

Nor think each archèd tree with each
   Too closely interlaces,
T' admit of vistas opening free,
   And sweet sun-basking places;
Upon whose sward the antler'd deer
May view their image long and clear.

Unless they fainer would behold
   That image on the seas,
Whene'er's a way, through shelving rocks
   And overbranching trees,
Whose doves, from half-closed lids, espy,
The green and purple fish go by.

One mateless dove is answering
   The waters every minute,
Thinking such music could not be
   Without *his* cooing in it.
So softly doth earth's beauty round
Infuse itself in ocean's sound.

My soul is bounding, strong in love,
   To meet the bounding waves:
There, close to them, I choose mine home,
   Within the coral caves;
And near me two or three may dwell,
Whom dreams fantastic please as well.

High caves and windings, not uncleft
   In all their sparry ceilings,
Through which the earnest stars may shine
   In prophet-like revealings:
On whose slant rays shall downward move
Smells from the flowers that grow above.

I said that two or three might choose
   Their caves beside mine own,
Those who would changè the din of man
   For Nature's nobler tone,—
Man's veering heart and careless eyes
For Nature's stedfast sympathies.

To all her faithfulness shall we
  Enact a faithful part;
Her beautiful shall ne'er surprise
  The monstrous at our heart.
Her musical shall ever touch
Some thought within us which is such.

Yet shall she not our mistress be,
  As is the moon of ocean;
Albeit swaying so our thoughts
  In shiningness and motion.
More like a harp of many lays,
Which moves its master while he plays.

* * * * *

* * * * *

No sod in all that island hath
  Been opened for the dead—
No island wind hath borne a word
  Of sorrow utterèd—
We cannot say by water clear,
Or spreading tree,—"I suffered *here*."

Our only "farewell" shall be breathed
  Toward the setting light;
When many a star the daytime hid
  Will make us love the night.
Our only use of tears—t'express
The weight of too much happiness.

Our fancies shall bright plumage take
  From all our island birds,
That shining dart from earth to heaven;
  And then in turn our words
Unconsciously shall take the dyes
Of those encoloured fantasies.

Yea! soon no consonant unsmooth,
  Our smile-tuned lips shall reach;
And softer far than Greek-like sounds
  Shall glide into our speech.
(What music did you ever find
So soft as voices glad and kind?)

And often by the joy without,
  And in us overwrought;
All voiceless we shall sit and read
  Such poems in our thought,
As Pindar might have writ if he
Had tended sheep in Arcady

Or Æschylus of the pleasant fields
  He died in, longer knowing—
Or Homer, had he heard no sound
  More loud than Meles, flowing—
Or poet Plato, had th'undim
Eternal God-light broke on him.

Choose me the loftiest cave of all
  To make a place for prayer,
And I will choose a praying voice
  To pour our spirits there.
How silverly the echoes run—
Thy will be done—thy will be done!

Gently, yet strangely-utter'd words!
  They lift me from my dream.
It perisheth—the island place
  That did no more than seem.
The streams are dry, no sun could find—
The fruits are fallen without a wind!

How oft the doing of God's will,
  Our foolish will undoeth!
Yet softly breaks that idle dream
  The morning light subdueth;
And happier 'tis to see the sun,
Than sleep and dream a brighter one.

Say ye mine happy island dream
  Was made of foolishness?
All human thoughts of earthly joy
  Are foolish not the less—
For *we* are sinners, Lord! With *thee*
Were innocence and agony.

We must endure; but not because
  The world imposeth woe—
Prayers hold a better power than dreams,
  And leave her far and low.
We cannot meet her cruel eyes
When ours are lifted to the skies.

We must endure; but not because
  The world imposeth woe;
But rather that Thine hands perform
  The thing appointed so.*
Those kindly-wounding hands did brave
  Themselves a deeper wound, to save.

Hide from the taunting world our tears,
  And teach us to the last
Thy will *beside thy cross!* that while
  Our hearts are bleeding fast,
The droppings of thy blood may fall
Still faster on them, cov'ring all!

That when thy lips, grown pale for us,
  Have said we dream in vain
Of happiness beneath a sun
  Which darken'd with Thy pain—
They still may tell us "You shall be
In Paradise, anon, with me!"

* Job, chap. xxiii.

BENIDEN DE BERG; OR, THE UNDERCLIFF.

A TALE OF THE VOYAGE OF HENDRICK HUDSON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"It is but an arm of the sea, as I told thee, skipper," said John Fleming, the mate of the "Haloe-Mane," standing ready to jam down the tiller, and bring-to, if his master should agree with him in opinion.

Hudson stood by his steersman with folded arms, now looking at the high-water mark on the rocks, which betrayed a falling tide; now turning his ear slightly forward, to catch the cry of the man who stood heaving the lead from the larboard bow. The wind drew lightly across the starboard quarter, and, with a counter-tide, the little vessel stole on scarce perceptibly, though her mainsail was kept full,—the slowly-passing forest-trees on the shore giving the lie to the merry and gurgling ripple at the prow.

The noble river, or creek, which they had followed in admiring astonishment for fifty miles, had hitherto opened fairly and broadly before them, though once or twice its widening and mountain-girt bosom had deceived the bold navigator into the belief that he was entering upon some inland lake. The wind still blew kindly and steadily from the south-east, and the sunset of the second day—a spectacle of tumultuous and gorgeous glory, which Hudson attributed justly to the more violent atmospheric laws of an unsettled continent—had found them apparently closed in by impenetrable mountains, and running immediately on the head-shore of an extended arm of the sea.

"She'll strike before she can follow her helm!" cried the young sailor in an impatient tone, yet still, with habitual obedience, keeping her duly on her course.

"Port a little!" answered the skipper a moment after, as if he had not heard the querulous comment of his mate.

Fleming's attention was withdrawn an instant by a low guttural sound of satisfaction which reached his ear as the head of the vessel went round, and, casting his eye a-midships, he observed the three Indians who had come off to the Half-Moon in a canoe, and had been received on board by the master, standing together in the chains, and looking forward to the rocks they were approaching with countenances of the most eager interest.

"Master Hendrick!" he vociferated, in the tone of a man who can contain his anger no longer; "will you look at these grinning red devils, who are rejoicing to see you run so blindly ashore!"

The adventurous little bark was by this time within a biscuit-toss of a rocky point that jutted forth into the river with the grace of a lady's foot dallying with the water in her bath; and, beyond, the sedgy bank disappeared in an apparent inlet, barely deep enough, it seemed to the irritated steersman, to shelter a canoe.

As the Half-Moon obeyed her last order, and headed a point more to the west, Hudson strode forward to the bow, and sprang upon the windlass, stretching his gaze eagerly into the bosom of the hills that were

now darkening with the heavy shadows of twilight, though the sky was still gorgeously purple overhead.

The crew had by this time gathered, with unconscious apprehension, at the halyards, ready to let go at the slightest gesture of the master; but, in the slow progress of the little bark, the minute or two which she took to advance beyond the point on which his eye was fixed, seemed an age of suspense.

The Half-Moon seemed now almost immoveable; for the current, which convinced Hudson there was a passage beyond, set her back from the point with increasing force, and the wind lulled a little with the sunset. Inch by inch, however, she crept on, till at last the silent skipper sprang from the windlass upon the bowsprit, and, running out with the agility of a boy, gave a single glance ahead, and the next moment had the tiller in his hand, and cried out, with a voice of thunder, "Stand by the halyards!—helm's-a-lee!"

In a moment, as if his words had been lightning, the blocks rattled, the heavy boom swung round like a willow-spray, and the white canvass, after fluttering an instant in the wind, filled, and drew steadily on the other tack.

Looks of satisfaction were exchanged between the crew, who expected the next instant an order to take in sail and drop anchor; but the master was at the helm, and, to their utter consternation, he kept her steadily to the wind, and drove straight on; while a gorge, that, in the increasing darkness, seemed the entrance to a cavern, opened its rocky sides as they advanced.

The apprehensions of the crew were half lost in their astonishment at the grandeur of the scene. The cliffs seemed to close up behind them; a mountain, that reached apparently to the now colourless clouds, rose up, gigantic in the increasing twilight, over the prow: on the right, where the water seemed to bend, a craggy precipice extended its threatening wall; and in the midst of this round bay, which seemed to them to be an inclosed lake in the bottom of an abyss, the wind suddenly took them aback, the Haloe-Mane lost her headway, and threatened to go on the rocks with the current, and audible curses at his folly reached the ears of the determined master.

More to divert their attention than with a prognostic of the direction of the wind, Hudson gave the order to tack; and, more slowly this time, but still with sufficient expedition, the movement was executed, and the flapping sails swung round. The halyards were not belayed, before the breeze, rushing down a steep valley on the left, struck full on the larboard quarter, and, running sharp past the face of the precipice, over the starboard bow, Hudson pointed out exultingly to his astonished men the broad waters of the mighty river, extending far through the gorge beyond—the dim purple of the lingering day, which had been long lost to the cavernous and overshadowed pass they had penetrated, tinting its fair bosom like the last faint hue of the expiring dolphin.

The exulting glow of triumph suffused the face of the skipper; and, relinquishing the tiller once more to the mortified Fleming, he walked forward to look out for an anchorage. The Indians, who still stood in the chains together, and who had continued to express their satisfaction as the vessel made her way through the pass, now pointed eagerly to a

little bay on the left, across which a canoe was shooting, like the reflection of a lance in the air; and, the wind dying momently away, Hudson gave the order to round-to, and dropped his anchor for the night.

In obedience to the politic orders of Hudson, the men were endeavouring, by presents and signs, to induce the Indians to leave the vessel; and the master himself stood on the poop with his mate, gazing back on the wonderful scene they had passed through.

"This passage," said Hudson, musingly, "has been rent open by an earthquake, and the rocks look as if they still felt the agony of the throe."

"It is a pity the earthquake did its job so raggedly, then!" answered his sulky companion, who had not yet forgiven the mountains for the shame their zig-zag precipices had put upon his sagacity.

At that instant, a sound like that of a heavy body sliding into the water, struck the ear of Fleming, and looking quickly over the stern, he saw one of the Indians swim away from the vessel with a pillow in his hand, which he had evidently stolen from the cabin window. To seize a musket, which lay ready for attack on the quarter-deck, and fire upon the poor savage, were the sudden thought and action of a man on the watch for a vent to incensed feelings. The Indian gave a yell, which mingled wildly with the echoes of the report from the reverberating hills; and, springing waist-high out of the water, the gurgling eddy closed suddenly over his head.

The canoe in which the other savages were already embarked, shot away like an arrow to the shore, and Hudson, grieved and alarmed inexpressibly at the fool-hardy rashness of his mate, ordered all hands to arms, and established a double watch for the night.

Hour after hour, the master, and the now repentant Fleming, paced fore and aft, each in his own quarter of the vessel, watching the shore, and the dark face of the water with straining eyes; but no sound came from the low cliff, round which the flying canoe had vanished, and the stars seemed to wink almost audibly in the dread stillness of nature. The men, alarmed at the evident agitation of Hudson, who, in these pent-up waters, anticipated a most effective and speedy revenge from the surrounding tribes, drowsed not upon their watch; and the gray of the morning began to show faintly over the mountains, before the anxious master withdrew his aching eyes from the still and starry waters.

Like a web woven of gold by the lightning, the sun's rays ran in swift threads from summit to summit of the dark green mountains; and the soft mist that slept on the breast of the river began to lift like the slumberous lid from the eye of woman when her dream is broken at dawn. Not so poetically were these daily glories regarded, however, by the morning watch of the Haloe-Mane, who, between the desire to drop asleep with their heads on the capstan, and the necessity of keeping sharper watch, lest the Indians should come off through the rising mist, bore the double pains of Tantalus and Sisyphus' ungratified desire at their lips, and threatening ruin over their heads.

After dividing the watch at the break of day, Hudson, with the relieved part of his crew, had gone below, and might have been asleep an hour, when Fleming suddenly entered the cabin, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. The skipper sprang from his berth with the ha-

bitual readiness of a seaman, and followed his mate upon deck, where he found his men standing to their arms, and watching an object that, to his first glance, seemed like a canoe sailing down upon them through the air. The rash homicide drew close to Hendrick as he regarded it; and the chatter of his teeth betrayed that, during the long and anxious watches of the night, his conscience had not justified him for the hasty death he had awarded to a fellow-creature.

"She but looms through the mist," said the skipper, after regarding the advancing object for a moment. "It is a single canoe, and can scarce harm us. Let her alongside!"

The natural explanation of the phenomenon at once satisfied the crew, who had taken their superstitious fears rather from Flemings' evident alarm, than from their own want of reflection; but the guilty man himself still gazed on the advancing phantom, and, when a slight stir of the breeze raised the mist like the corner of a curtain, and dropped the canoe plain upon the surface of the river, he turned gloomily on his heel, and muttered, in an under-tone, to Hudson, "It brings no good, skipper Hendrick!"

Meanwhile, the canoe advanced slowly. The single paddle which propelled her, paused before every turn; and, as the mist lifted quite up, and showed a long green line of shore between its shadowy fringe and the water, an Indian, highly painted, and more ornamented than any they had hitherto seen, appeared, gazing earnestly at the vessel, and evidently approaching with fear and caution.

The Half-Moon was heading up the river with the rising tide, and Hudson walked forward to the boom to look at the savage more closely. By the eagle and bear so richly embroidered in the gay-coloured quills of the porcupine on his belt of wampum, he presumed him to be a chief, and glancing his eye into the canoe, he saw the pillow which had occasioned the death of the plunderer the night before, and on it lay two ears of corn, and two broken arrows. Pausing a moment, as he drew near, the Indian pointed to these signs of peace, and Hudson, in reply, spread out his open hands, and beckoned to him to come on board. In an instant, the slight canoe shot under the starboard bow; and, with a noble confidence which the skipper remarked upon with admiration, the tall savage sprang upon the deck, and laid the hand of the commander to his breast.

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The noon arrived, hot and sultry, and there was no likelihood of a wind till sunset. The chief had been feasted on board, and had shown in his delight the most unequivocal evidence of good feeling, and even Fleming at last, who had drank more freely than usual during the morning, abandoned his suspicions, and joined in amusing the superb savage who was their guest. In the course of the forenoon, another canoe came off, paddled by a single young woman, whom Fleming recognized as having accompanied the plunderers the night before, but, in his half-intoxicated state, it seemed to recall none of his previous bodings, and, to his own surprise and that of the crew, she evidently regarded him with particular favour, and by pertinacious and ingenious signs endeavoured to induce him to go ashore with her in her canoe. The particular character of her face and form would have given the

mate a clue to her probable motives, had he been less reckless from his excitement. She was taller than is common for females of the savage tribes, and her polished limbs, as gracefully moulded in their dark hues as those of the Mercury of the fountain, combined with their slightness a nerve and steadiness of action which portrayed strength and resolution of heart and frame. Her face was highly beautiful, but the voluptuous fulness of the lips was contradicted by a fierce fire in her night-dark eyes, and a quickness of the brow to descend, which told of angry passions habitually on the alert. It was remarked by Hans Christaern, one of the crew, that when Fleming left her for an instant, she abstracted herself from the other joyous groups, and, with folded arms and looks of brooding thoughtfulness, stood looking over the stern; but immediately on his re-appearance her snowy teeth became visible between her relaxing lips, and she resumed her patient gaze upon his countenance, and her occasional efforts to draw him into the canoe.

Quite regardless of the presence of the woman, the chief sat apart with Hudson, communicating his ideas by intelligent signs, and, after a while, the skipper called his mate, and informed him that, as far as he could understand, the chief wished to give them a feast on shore. "Arm yourselves well," said he, "though I look for no treachery from this noble pagan, and if chance should put us in danger, we shall be more than a match for the whole tribe. Come with me, Fleming," he continued, after a pause, "you are too rash with your fire-arms to be left in command. Man the watch, four of you, and the rest get into the long-boat. We'll wile away these sluggish hours, though danger is in it."

The men sprang gaily below for their arms, and were soon equipped and ready, and the chief, with an expression of delight, put off in his canoe, followed more slowly by the heavy long-boat, into which Hudson, having given particular orders to the watch to let no savages on board during his absence, was the last to embark. The woman, whom the chief had called to him before his departure by the name of Kikyalee, sped off in her swift canoe to another point of the shore, and when Fleming cried out from the bow of the boat, impatiently motioning her to follow, she smiled in a manner that sent a momentary shudder through the veins of the skipper, who chanced to observe the action, and by a circular movement of her arm, conveyed to him that she should meet him from the other side of the hill. As they followed the chief, they discovered the wigwams of an Indian village behind the rocky point for which she was making, and understood that the chief had sent her thither on some errand connected with his proposed hospitality.

A large square rock, which had the look of having been hurled with some avalanche from the mountain, lay in the curve of a small beach of sand, surrounded by the shallow water, and, on the left of this, the chief pointed out to the skipper a deeper channel, hollowed by the entrance of a mountain-torrent into the river, through which he might bring his boat to land. At the edge of this torrent's bed, the scene of the first act of hospitality to our race upon the Hudson, stands at this day the gate to the most hospitable mansion on the river, as if the spirit of the spot had consecrated it to its first association with the white man.

The chief led the way, when the crew had disembarked, by a path

skirting the deep-worn bed of the torrent, and after an ascent of a few minutes, through a grove of tall firs, a short turn to the left brought them upon an open table of land, a hundred and fifty feet above the river, shut in by a circle of forest-trees, and frowned over on the east by a tall and bald cliff, which shot up in a perpendicular line to the height of three hundred feet. From a cleft in the face of this precipice, a natural spring oozed forth, drawing a darker line down the sun-parched rock, and feeding a small stream that found its way to the river, on the northern side of the platform just mentioned,—creating, between itself, and the deeper torrent to the south, a sort of highland peninsula, now constituting the estate of the hospitable gentleman before alluded to.

Hudson looked round him with delight and surprise when he stood on the highest part of the broad natural table selected by the chief for his entertainment. The view north showed a cleft through the hills, with the river coiled like a lake in its widening bed, while a blue and wavy line of mountains formed the far horizon at its back; south, the bold eminences, between which he had found his adventurous way, closed in like the hollowed sides of a bright green vase, with glimpses of the river lying in its bottom like crystal; below him descended a sharp and wooded bank, with the river at its foot; and directly opposite rose a hill in a magnificent cone to the very sky, sending its shadow down through the mirrored water, as if it entered to some inner world. The excessive lavishness of the foliage clothed these bold natural features with a grace and richness altogether captivating to the senses, and Hudson long stood, gazing around him, believing that the tales of brighter and happier lands were truer than he had deemed, and that it was his lucky destiny to have been the discoverer of a future Utopia.

A little later, several groups of Indians were seen advancing from the village, bearing between them the materials for a feast, which they deposited under a large tree indicated by the chief. It was soon arranged, and Hudson with his men surrounded the dishes of shell and wood, one of which, placed in the centre, contained a roasted dog, half buried in Indian corn. While the chief and several of his warriors sat down in company with the whites, the young men danced the calumet dance to the sound of a rude drum, formed by drawing a skin tightly over a wooden bowl, and near them, in groups, stood the women and children of the village, glancing with looks of curiosity from the feats of the young men to the unaccustomed faces of the strangers.

Among the women stood Kikyalee, who kept her large bright eyes fixed almost fiercely upon Fleming, yet when he looked towards her, she smiled and turned as if she would beckon him away—a bidding which he tried in vain to obey, under the vigilant watch of his master.

The feast went on, and the Indians having produced gourds, filled with a slightly intoxicating liquor made from the corn, Hudson offered to the chief some spirits from a bottle, which he had entrusted to one of the men to wash down the expected roughness of the savage viands. The bottle passed in turn to the mate, who was observed to drink freely, and, a few minutes after, Hudson rising to see more nearly a trial of skill with the bow and arrow, Fleming found the desired opportunity, and followed the tempting Kikyalee into the forest.

The sun began to throw the shadow of the tall pines in gigantic pinnacles along the ground, and the youths of the friendly tribe who had entertained the great navigator ceased from their dances and feats of skill, and clustered around the feast-tree. Intending to get under weigh ith the evening breeze, and proceed still farther up the river, Hudson rose to collect his men, and bid the chief farewell. Taking the hand of the majestic savage, and putting it to his breast, to express, in his own manner, the kind feelings he entertained for him, he turned toward the path by which he came, and was glancing round at his men, when Hans Christaern inquired if he had sent the mate back to the vessel.

"*Der teufel, No!*" answered the skipper, missing him for the first time; "has he been long gone?"

"A full hour," said one of the men.

Hudson put his hand to his head, and remembered the deep wrong Fleming had done to the tribe. Retribution, he feared, had overtaken him; but how was it done so silently? How had the guilty man been induced to leave his comrades, and accelerate his doom by his own involuntary act?

The next instant resolved the question. A distant and prolonged scream, as of a man in mortal agony, drew all eyes to the summit of the beetling cliff which overhung them. On its extremest verge, outlined distinctly against the sky, stood the tall figure of Kikyalee, holding from her, yet poised over the precipice, the writhing form of her victim, while, in the other hand, flashing in the rays of the sun, glittered the bright hatchet she had plucked from his girdle. Infuriated at the sight, and suspecting collusion on the part of the chief, Hudson drew his cutlass, and gave the order to stand to arms; but as he turned, the gigantic savage had drawn an arrow to its head with incredible force, and, though it fell far short of its mark, there was that in the action and in his look which, in the passing of a thought, changed the mind of the skipper. In another instant, the hesitating arm of the widowed Kikyalee descended, and loosening her hold upon the relaxed body of her victim, the doomed mate fell heavily down the face of the precipice.

The chief turned to Hudson, who stood trembling and aghast at the awful scene, and, plucking the remaining arrows from his quiver, he broke them and threw himself on the ground. The tribe gathered around their chief, Hudson moved his hand to them in token of forgiveness, and, in melancholy silence, the crew took their way after him to the shore.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. III.

SECTION X.

The Radical composes a Book on Education.

"Nor had they yet, among the sons of Eve,
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted."

Paradise Lost.

It must be allowed that our apostle had a genius for the profession he had embraced; and if he delivered himself from all moral restraints as the properest mode of succeeding, he at least knew well how to profit by that delivery.

Among other plans to produce the revolution in men's opinions, and do away foolish prejudices, as he meditated, he fell upon an admirable one, in composing a new work upon education. In this, every precept, without exception, in morals—every rule in all the arts and sciences usually taught the youth of this country—was artfully made to inculcate levelling principles, and to tend to the destruction of all aristocratic institutions. His work was entitled "A Compendium of Instruction for the Young;" and it must be owned it was admirably constructed for his object. We will give some specimens for the edification of all who may wish to study the subject with the same feelings. As the book was professedly elementary, it began with the lower class of instruction—writing and cyphering.

For this purpose a copy-book was engraved with copies ready drawn, in which the usual apophthegms were somewhat changed. For example, instead of "Honour your father and mother," simply, there was added to it—"If they deserve it." In the same manner, "Obey the King" had the addition of—"But the People, who made him, more." Then came—"All men are equal;" "For a nation to be free, it has only to will it;" "Vox Populi, vox Dei;" "Kings are but men;" and the like. Cyphering had the usual heads—Addition, Subtraction, &c. When these came to be exemplified by sums, the pupil was called upon thus:—

"ADDITION.

"*Question.*—What do the following sums amount to?

Public Debt, incurred by order of 658 corrupt individuals, nobody knows for what, except to profit by it themselves	£800,000,000
Interest on the same, per annum	40,000,000
200,000 Soldiers for enforcing the taxes to pay the same, paid by the People, but commanded by the King alone.	
Pay of ditto, per annum	5,000,000
50 Bishops, England and Ireland.	
Pay of ditto, per annum	500,000
Royal expenses for eating, drinking, clothes, and pocket-money	1,000,000
Pensioners for doing nothing, now called Half-pay .	3,000,000
Pensioners for never having done anything . .	300,000
Product	£849,800,000
Of which money annually paid by the people . .	£50,800,000."

The next rule, being Subtraction, was thus exemplified:—

"From the sum of £50,800,000, paid by the people, deduct what might be a fair saving if the people governed themselves; and what will remain?

"*Answer.*—

The whole interest of the National Debt	£40,000,000
The whole of the Half-pay	3,000,000
Ditto Pensions	300,000
Ditto Bishops	500,000
Ditto Army	5,000,000
Ditto from the King's allowance	950,000
Saving	£49,750,000
	£50,800,000
	49,750,000
Remains to pay, if justice were done to the people .	£50,000."

The other rules, which we will not go through, were in the same style, and did honour to the genius of Mr. Caleb Crabtree: but they were even exceeded by his mode of explaining Grammar and Logic, of which we subjoin specimens:—

"GRAMMAR.

"*Parts of Speech.—Noun, Pronoun, &c.*

"*Noun Substantive.*—Anything that stands by itself, unconnected and independent, as a People, or the State.

"*Verb.*—A significant sound, implying the idea of time, as—Time present.—We *are* slaves. Past.—We *were* free. Future.—We will be free. Potential.—We may be free if we please."

But Logic is better still. Take, for example, the illustration of syllogisms:—

"1. Kings are no better than common men. William the Fourth is a King. Therefore William the Fourth is no better than a common man.

"2. Men may be hypocrites. Bishops are men. Therefore Bishops may be hypocrites.

"3. A free people can have no distinctions of rank among them, but in England there is nothing but distinction of rank. Therefore, the English are not free.

"4. A well-governed people will enable every man to maintain himself. In England, half the people are paupers. Therefore, the English are not well governed.

"5. A free people, who make the laws, have a right to alter them if they please, or disobey them without being punished for it, if not altered when they desire it: but the English are punished if they disobey them. Therefore, the English are not free."

We wind up with the most important part of all in this notable "Compendium of Instruction," being a set of definitions appendant to the chapters upon Logic, of which the following are fair examples:—

"*People.*—The *Sovereigns* of a State.

"*King.*—A deputy Sovereign elected by the People, to do their business, and dismissable at pleasure; but, for the most part, a pampered, mortal man, doing nothing, and consuming, in his own person, what would maintain 100,000 men and their families, in comfort and independence.

"*Liberty.*—The power of dethroning a King.

"*Lords.*—A small proportion, not an 80,000th part of the people, but created by the King to thwart the people's wishes, if he does not like them.

"*House of Lords.*—A room full of cobwebs.

"*Minister.*—A man who has 20,000*l.* a-year out of the taxes for laying them on, and power to give 100,000*l.* more to his own family, which he does not fail to do.

"*Tory.*—A friend to the King, and scorner of the people.

"*Whig.*—A friend to himself, and a greater scorner of the people; but truckles to them to serve a turn.

"*Republic.*—A government where all men are equal, all men happy, all well fed and comfortably clothed."

These specimens and illustrations will give a fair insight into the immortal production of genius, which the ex-servitor and would-be protector of the intended republic of England when it should be established, sent forth to the public by way of pioneer to break ground for future operations. It was cut up, as well it might be, with great strength of argument and keenness of ridicule, by the opposition conservative paper; but it was read with eagerness and praised to the skies by the multitude, which more than consoled the author. "We must have patience," said he; "to sap is surer, though not so quick, perhaps, as to storm."

His progress was now watched, not without jealousy, by his former companions. Pounce at first, affected intimacy; nay, continued the sort of air of patronage which he had at first assumed when the poor servitor, as he called him, begged a dinner of him. He was soon however taught to change his note, and, after the disposal of his interest in the paper, fell into contempt, and was discharged, without ceremony, from the house which had so lately been his own. "He was not fit for anything," said the new master-printer, "but to sell paper and wafers to school-boys." It weakened the cause of the rights of man to have anything to do with him, and he was denounced as conservative in his heart, notwithstanding his former libels upon that party. There remained however one of the triumvirate, Brainworm, of a very different calibre, and with him Crabtree, though apparently lord of the ascendant, had a different game to play. Brainworm had, as we have seen, a claim in equity and honour, though not in law, upon the "Mercury," having, in consideration of his active assistance and professional advice, been allowed to consider himself a sort of sleeping partner to a certain amount in the concern; and the honest Pounce, in consequence, had regularly paid him one-fourth part of the profits. This position was, of course, expected to be continued under the new proprietor, and Brainworm, when he heard of the treaty, was urgent with Pounce to that effect. Pounce assured him that he had completely secured the matter with the purchaser, and that he need not be uneasy. He had, in fact, in the instrument of sale, inserted an express condition that Crabtree was to take upon himself all the debts in law or equity of the establishment, and he was apprised of the annual share of the profits allowed to Brainworm. That gentleman, therefore, observed the increasing sales with increasing pleasure, and at the end of the quarter, as usual, requested a settlement.

"Settlement! of what?" asked the new proprietor, with real or affected surprise.

"Of one-fourth profits," returned his brother Radical, "as honest Pounce regularly paid it, and as he assured me he had stipulated in the conditions of sale."

"The fellow lies," said Crabtree; and walked away in apparently great indignation.

Brainworm was astounded. "I am afraid," said he, "this servitor printer will do no honour to our cause after all; however, I cannot let myself be cheated by a rogue, though he proves, what I never believed, that a rogue can be a Radical."

He therefore followed Crabtree, who shut his door in his face, and desired him not to be troublesome.

The lawyer stood aghast, and cursed Pounce for ever having associated such a man with them in the intended crusade. Not less did he blame himself for not having bound Pounce to his terms by a formal deed, which would give him a legal right to his demand. "The rascal," said he, knows there is none, and therefore sets us both at defiance.'

But what was to be done? for Brainworm rightly judged if he could get nothing from the champion of reform by fair means, he could not succeed by foul. He therefore resolved to address him calmly on the case, and took care to set before him the injury he would do the common cause if he, so rising a promoter of radicalism, should be so indifferent to character as to

deny a just right because the law could not enforce it. He concluded with a hope that Mr. Crabtree would not drive him to publish to the world so disgraceful a transaction. The letter in which this was contained was promptly answered.

"I deny," said the pure-minded Reformer, "your right in law or equity, as far as I am concerned. If you have a demand, of which I know nothing, it must be upon Pounce, not me.—That the honest Mr. Pounce ever mentioned your claim, and of course that I promised to satisfy it, I utterly deny, and, denying it, you must permit me to admire the effrontery of your supposing that I would tamely relinquish two hundred a-year from my fear of what you may publish."

It was thus he dismissed the attorney, and shone for nearly two years afterwards the champion of what he always called, *par excellence*, the people; forgetting, or not allowing, that the opulent as well as the poor, the gentry as well as the yeomen, the Lords, and even the Bishops, nay the King himself, were parts of the people, as well as the poorest artizan.

He however constantly pursued this fallacy, as in truth he well might, for it had raised him from what his noble philosophy could not bear, obscurity, and was comfortably filling his coffers, when his father, whom he had never seen nor thought of since he left him, was ruined by the failure of a neighbouring bank. His crops were seized upon for rent, and illness, and an almost broken heart, to find himself and family starving, or driven to the workhouse, after an industrious long life, completed his misery.

In this situation he thought of his flourishing son, and sent his mother to him to implore assistance. She was coldly received. The dutiful high-minded Radical indeed *expressed* great commiseration for their misfortunes, but added, with almost as great lamentation, that it was out of his power to relieve them, the expenses of his paper having exhausted his all.

This, and five shillings to pay his mother's passage back, was all the poor woman could wring from him; after which he coolly betook himself to the consideration of a proposal he had just received from a great radical borough, that for an expense of only 500*l.* he might represent them in Parliament. The offer, as it might be supposed, filled him with ambition far higher than he had hitherto entertained. But how raise the 500*l.*? His first thought was how he *might* have been assisted in so desirable an object by his friend the banker; but, unfortunately, they were friends no longer. An estrangement for which we must now account, had taken place between them.

It had been settled on the purchase of the newspaper, that the money should be repaid by annual instalments. The first year passed off without a thought of it. This was forgiven on the plea of his being so new to the business, and the necessary outfit. The second year however had now closed, and not the least sign on the Radical's part of even a partial payment. Mr. Stockwell was rich, and a staunch stickler for the people; that is, he wished most sincerely to pull down the nobility. But he was also a man of business, and professionally exact as to money matters. He therefore, with some urgency, applied to the Radical to fulfil his conditions. This was declared impossible, as the profits had scarcely enabled him to live. Mr. Stockwell, knowing how the paper sold, began, like Brainworm, to be alarmed for the honesty of his ally, and desired to see the books. Crabtree was alarmed too, and declined on the plea that, from not being bred to accounts, he had kept them in so confused a manner that nobody could understand them but himself. The patron Radical began now shrewdly to suspect his client Radical; and his client Radical fiercely to resent suspicion. Crabtree even went so far as to doubt the fidelity of the banker's principles to the cause he professed to support; and Stockwell, looking at an expensively-furnished room and a gay gig at the door, began to hint at upstart adventurers who wished to be gentlemen at other people's expense before their time. How far each of these worthy people was a sincere republican must be left to the reader's judgment. They parted, however, with

mutual dislike; that of Mr. Stockwell, heightened by a sort of professional feeling of mortification at having been taken-in, in a money transaction; that of Crabtree, comforted by self-congratulation on his prudence, in having refused to put himself in the banker's power by legal obligation. The breach could scarcely be healed; and the radical printer, in revenge, commenced upon the radical banker in his paper, a rancorous attack, in which all but name was delineated, and himself denounced as a pseudo-patriot, who being in reality the most ambitious of aristocrats, pretended favour to the people to advance his own views. Stockwell, on the other hand, did not conceal the manner in which he had been treated, and the Conservative opposition paper sang a poem, the burden of which was, "When rogues fall out," &c. It also blazoned forth the Radical's filial piety, his reception of his father's application having got wind. One would have thought this might have affected his progress in popularity, but his sincerity in Radicalism was never doubted, and the very contempt and hostility of the better sort, on both sides, inspired by this conduct of the tribune, only gave him more consequence with the lower, in whose cause he easily, and to their perfect satisfaction, represented himself a sufferer.

This *fracas* with Stockwell prevented all hope of the *500l.*, but he luckily helped himself by a most violent attack in his paper upon the Queen; and by a bitter, and almost blasphemous vituperation of George III., whom he called a bloody oppressor; and a promise that, if elected, his first motion would be to reduce the Duke of Wellington's national reward to one-half. This had such an effect upon the patriotic borough of Brawlerstown, that a subscription to pay his expenses soon filled, and our prosperous servitor blessed the day when he was expelled the University, in order, as fate it seems had ordained, that he should enlighten the House of Commons by his presence.

Section XI.

He gets into the House of Commons—Its effect upon him.

"My mouth shall be the Parliament of England."
Shakspeare, *Henry VI.* Part II.

So said the Jack Cade of ancient times; and so said the modern Jack Cade when he was returned by the all-virtuous borough to be their member. Yet with all his noble daring and high-souled self-value, when he first entered the House he was almost affected with a feeling of modesty (perhaps *mauvaise honte* is the truer name), which, as he could not himself account for it, having never felt it before, was rather uncomfortable. As he had never witnessed a debate, nor ever been even in the gallery, everything was new, and it might be truly said of him when he looked around, that he was amazed,

"And wondered how the devil he got there."

In fact, though the assembly was of a very mixed kind, (here a bit of white stone, here a bit of black—here the height of fashion and coxcombry, here all the plainness of trade and country gentlemen,) when he contemplated his colleagues, particularly those of a very superior class to himself, which were nearly all, he felt alone in a crowd. The Speaker's *manners* impressed him with a sort of awe, and even a kind of envy, (for which he afterwards hated himself,) from his perfect conviction that, were he protector of England, he never could equal them. In short, the whole was so entirely what he was unused to, that for some little (a very little time), his boldness —shall we say his impudence?—forsook him. In point of fact, there is something in the indelible stamp of birth and breeding, which cannot be acquired except where there is great tact to work with, and is seldom more than imitation even with that: for, to the coarse and vulgar by nature the

thing is impossible, and even the sight of it unpleasant. Thus it was, I fear, with our Radical, who, as he owed little to nature in these respects, had acquired nothing from education but an increase of pride. He thought himself fit to govern the nation, but had no aptitude for the manners, the graces, the amenities of a gentleman. As Richard, therefore, reasoning upon his little qualification "for sportive tricks," said fairly of himself,

> "And since I cannot prove a lover,
> I am determined to be a villain;"

so Mr. Caleb Crabtree, who had long taken leave of any pretension (if ever he had it), to be more than an unmannerly churl, resolved to persist in that character, as a thing he might actually turn to account. To do him justice (for we would give every man his due), he assigned an excellent reason for this to one of his friends, who perhaps thought a little less coarseness would do no harm.

"I," said he, "who pride myself on being plebeian, can have nothing in common with an usurping aristocracy, who pride themselves on their coaches, while poor men walk on foot. Those coaches are in fact even not their own, but belong to those they despise, from whose blood and sweat all is derived. Far therefore from being dazzled by what you are pleased to recommend as objects of imitation, and call polish and urbanity, I wish the difference between the gentleman (hated name!) and the clown, more marked than it is. The Whigs are as much, or even more laughed at than the Tories, for their dandyism and civility. We see through, but use them as long as they are useable. Soon, I trust, we shall cast them off, for they are the least honest of the two parties. The Tories hate us from principle; the Whigs love us from self-interest. We would destroy both; fight the one as open enemies—hang the other as treacherous friends. No! depend upon it, politeness, as it is called, is nothing but a mask, whoever wears it; and that mask we will tear off, so as to know friend from foe. Nor does coarseness, as you are pleased to designate it, prevent the development of the highest talents. Was Cromwell less a soldier than Wellington, because he had not his polish? or less a statesman when he came to power, because he was a brute before?"

These reasons were allowed to be cogent by the officious friend of the Radical; he was silenced by them, and so are we.

With these sentiments, it must be owned, Mr. Crabtree's practice fully accorded; for he was not only a sloven himself, but abjured all neatness in others, as totally inconsistent with republican principles; and once refused relief to a near relation who asked it to keep him from starving, because he added, "that he had not a clean shirt to his back." "Such a fellow," said he, "would palpably rather be a Duke's footman, than wear the cap of liberty, if it were dirty." On the other hand, he suffered no beggar to approach him, whatever his distress, "for fear," he said, "of being contaminated by dirt and disease, or cheated by a sinecurist, who, like other sinecurists of a higher order, would not work for his living." He was thus, in practice as well as theory, a staunch utilitarian as well as republican; at any rate he saved his money, and no man could charge him with inconsistency to his principles, either from civility, cleanliness, or misplaced benefactions.

Soon the awfulness of his new situation, as a member of the Legislature, wore off. He found many of his own stamp to keep him in countenance, if he ever wanted it; the high language and insults of his paper were well known to the Whigs, and though some of the dandy, or rather juvenile class (for all were dandies) among them, could not, with all their party-feelings, *stomach* him; the elder and more prudent swallowed their disgust, as other costive people swallow aloes, putting up with the bitter for the sake of the advantage that was to follow. Accordingly when he threw off, as he almost immediately did, with a panegyric on the Reform Bill, and the great things

that might be expected by the people at large, great was the tribute paid him by some of the leading Whigs; emboldened by which he made a speech as well as a motion, upon the resumption of all the property of the State which had been first usurped, and then profligately squandered on worthless favourites by worthless Kings, to the loss and impoverishment of the injured people. To his utter surprise, he was upon this abandoned by the whole body of the Whigs, who had before protected him, and he was left in the smallest possible minority. He denounced them bitterly for it, and execrated their half principles, as he called them; for which, to his astonishment as well as indignation, he was laughed at by both parties, and began to question, notwithstanding reform, whether the Commons were not as useless as the Lords.

A more practised politician, a Mr. Longbrain, equally republican with himself, and who, unsolicited, had seconded his motion, now made acquaintance with him, and, upon the strength of his greater experience, ventured to give him advice. "You have a noble spirit," said he, "and deserve all success; but your views have the start of at least twenty years of our timid coadjutors. They wish for the thing *en grand*, but are afraid of the detail. You will therefore, if you proceed, be continually left in minorities, which might be disheartening to any courage but yours; but be not dismayed, we want such as you. I have read your 'Mercury' constantly: your hatred to the nobility, perhaps I might say to royalty, certainly to prelacy, is inextinguishable, is it not?"

"As much so," returned the Radical, "as Hannibal's to the Romans, or virtue to vice."

"Had you said vice to virtue," said Longbrain, "it would perhaps have been better. But good! your object is rooted, and to succeed is the point, whatever time it cost!"

"Most certainly."

"Then I advise you to persevere," continued his brother republican; "perseverance is the parent of all great measures, particularly those that are startling at first. I am old enough to remember when the very word reform created indignation in nine-tenths of the House; and when 'No popery' was the order of the day in-doors and out. Where are they now? Regnant! triumphant! and all owing to perseverance. Defeat after defeat only led on to victory, by accustoming men to battle; and, as the droppings of water will at last wear out a stone, so there is no proposition, however revolting even to justice and reason, much more to—what were formerly great virtues—religion and loyalty, that may not by perseverance be made first familiar, and then convincing. Persons who may think themselves very honest men, from being weak as well as honest, are often tired out of their principles; and we of the root and branch, born to be their superiors, desire no better tools. Such were many of the trimming courtiers of Charles I., who, after they had allowed their master's head to be cut off, deservedly lost their own. Such were the Neckars and emigrês of France, who contributed (weak well-meaning fools as they were), to the destruction of a king they loved. Such are hundreds of our own Trimmers, whom we at present cajole, and in time shall convert, provided only we do not remit. Again, do we not remember the thirty years' war of the Catholic question? Could numbers, could general feeling, could almost universal indignation have put it down—how little could it have hoped for success? What made it succeed? Perseverance! I tell you therefore, persevere. You are abused—perhaps hated, —accused of systematic slander—of wilful untruths—perhaps of some peccadilloes in private, but surely justifiable against enemies—the enemies of the people. *An dolus aut virtus!* What I admire in you is, that you mind it not. You have clothed yourself in brass, and are impenetrable to shame: this is as it should be. Without this resolution—if you flinched one inch from the noble end from such a puny fear as shame—from such a woman's qualm as remorse—when the end *is* not less than the overthrow of

kings, priests, and lords, you would not be deserving of the high name you will hereafter acquire, or the advantages you will have a right to reap from the gratitude of a delivered people."

Here the Nestor of commonwealth's-men ceased, and Mr. Crabtree, who had listened with great complacency, and with as much interest as a young natural-born thief, listens to the captain of a gang pointing out a rich booty to his followers, assured him, in return, that he need be under no apprehension of his flinching from the puny fears or qualms he had supposed; that he was what he had called him, clothed in *brass*, and that no dart or spear in the shape of virtuous reproach could assail, or turn him from his purpose; nor, should they even succeed in attributing things to him to the damage of his character, would it ever make him remit one iota of his exertions.

"You are right," said his counsellor; "character is but an inconvenient commodity, if it is of that stiff, unbending, unaccommodating kind which we sometimes read of, but never see. There is, thank Heaven, no Appius Claudius in these days. Apostacy is a word no longer understood—at least as it appears in the Dictionary; and if, according to its present meaning, it is a mere change of opinion, where's the harm? A man may be denounced one day, even in a speech from the throne, as a dangerous rebel, to be avoided as a political plague-spot, and hugged the next day to their bosoms by the very persons who made that speech. No! no! the Liverpools and Percivals are gone; and as for the Duke and the Baronet, Marlborough and Godolphin were undermined, and so may they, provided only, as again and again I say, you PERSEVERE."

Crabtree assured him that he need be under no fear for him, and that neither indignation, execration, refutation, nor even prosecution, should divert him from his high enterprize of depriving even the really great and good of that tribute of character and praise, which gave them still such mischievous influence.

Longbrain highly approved, and wished him good morning.

A very little time sufficed to put this resolution of his, to defy attack to the test. The banker Stockwell, patriot as he was, by no means stomached the loss of the money he had advanced to enable his brother patriot to promote the common cause; and he was, besides, not a little nettled at the cool impudence, as he called the manner in which the Radical had treated his applications for payment. He found that, young as this brilliant genius professed himself to be in the forms of business, he was not so ignorant but that he knew the value of legal documents, with which he had therefore, with no small adroitness, declined to furnish him; and as, in the fervour of his zeal, the banker had lent the money without witnesses, he despaired of redress in a court of law. He, however, like many other levellers, though a huge stickler for equality, had a great deal of personal pride, and was not over pleased to see the man, whom he thought a mushroom as well as a rogue, by his side in Parliament; and, as he was more remarkable for zeal than eloquence, likely to eclipse him as a speaker. After a contest, therefore, between his love of money and what he called his love of justice, he resolved to throw Mr. Crabtree into Chancery. A bill was filed, and as the fact was notorious, that it was the banker's money that had made Crabtree a master printer, everybody thought it was all over with him in a pecuniary point of view. From this dilemma his great abilities, and still greater effrontery, relieved him. There had been no witness to the transaction, nor any writing, nor even a letter which could throw light upon it. This might have suggested nothing to a mean mind—but not so to one of such high conceptions. He disdained equivocation, and thought all temporizing beneath him; with a boldness, therefore, worthy a man who advocated equality of riches—of which he thought Stockwell possessed too much—he flatly denied the whole account of the loan, and denounced Stockwell as a fabricator of untruth. His version of it was, that the money was not a loan but a gift—

munificent and great indeed, but made on account of the injustice he had undergone in consequence of his opinions; and also, and chiefly, to enable him to support and spread the political principles of Stockwell himself. All thought or expectation of return was positively denied, and to this answer, he unhesitatingly swore. It was in vain that Stockwell persisted in his account; there was oath against oath, and nothing could be decided. The boldness of the servitor (which he called firmness) supported him through his own, and other papers teemed with the abuse of Stockwell; who was not only foiled in his attempt to recover his money, but, as he had often boasted how much he had done for the radical cause by setting up the printer, his fair word was brought not a little into doubt.

This was a master-stroke in our Reformer, who gratified two superior passions by it: ambition, in having achieved such independence as enabled him to hold his head so much higher than before, and revenge against Stockwell, whom, according to all rules, he hated because he had been obliged by him.

Section XII.

He meditates the Destruction of the House of Lords.

"Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth."

Shakspeare, *Richard II.*

A noble career now opened before him. From being really able, and having, as we have seen, very little trouble from what might be called scruples, he was reckoned the boldest of the thick and thin; and, as such, consulted not only by men who, like himself, wanted to climb, but some ultra Whigs who, though at the height of rank and fortune already, from some strange infatuation or innate love of mischief (perhaps from very restlessness of calm) wished to ride in the whirlwind. With these he was a prodigious favourite, and was frequently closeted by persons whose pride he knew would have made them disdain him but for his usefulness, and whom he therefore hated; and in the bitterness of his heart vowed their destruction, as soon as he should have power to destroy anything. One in particular, as restive perhaps as Lucifer, and certainly as insolent and conceited, he marked for ruin, because he had expressed an unwillingness to stoop to such an associate. At the same time he was so perfectly modelled for radicalism, that he could command any passion, however strong, to obey his ultimate views, and suspend its force, till the proper opportunity arose for its gratification. He therefore kept fair with this obnoxious person, and only, in the interval, noted down everything that passed in conversation, particularly if unguarded, which might tell against him at the right time, whether as an aristocrat among radicals, or as a radical among aristocrats, to both which characters, strange to say, this gentleman had equal pretensions. Our own Radical however was, as we have seen, pure in his virtue, and so far, was more honest and commendable than the amphibious Whig.

However this might be, the fortunate servitor found himself often in consultation with his friend Longbrain, and other leading persons among the Radicals, but who, great as was their union as to their ultimate views, were anything but united as to immediate proceedings. Some of these thought the great object within their present reach, provided only, there was boldness sufficient. Of this opinion was our hero. Others, not less mischievous, but more experienced and observing, thought that more time was necessary. Of this opinion, was the cautious Longbrain. They were the Fabius and Minucius of the party. Longbrain had observed that open violent threats had generally done mischief, by awakening fears in the milder reformers and producing re-action. He was perfectly aware both of the strength and

nature of the arguments for agitation, and their effects upon all who were not root and branch, but had yet some little tincture left of attachment to the constitution, as well as some property to lose. He was therefore desirous of proceeding by a slower, but, as he thought, surer, progress than Crabtree and his fellows, and had armed himself at all points as to the real nature and value of the course they recommended, which he was at great pains to press upon their conviction. He had, however, a hard task of it; and the following conversation with his younger associate, on the necessity of reforming the House of Lords, will exemplify the character, as well as the views, possessed by each.

"The thing," said Crabtree, "is *unanimously* resolved."

"By whom?" asked Longbrain.

"By myself, and those I have spoken to."

"No doubt," said Longbrain; "and they amount, of course, to many thousands; perhaps the great majority of the whole nation."

"Not yet; but they soon will. The only question is—How it is to be executed?"

"Certainly it is necessary to think of that," continued Longbrain. "I own I have not been able to satisfy myself about it, and shall be glad to be enlightened."

Crabtree was a little embarrassed. It is, indeed, easy to threaten! Every babbling railer, every impudent coxcomb, knave, or silly fool, can play ancient Pistol. The press, the political-dinner man, the itinerant preacher of rebellion, have all tried their energies, and vied with one another in rage, revenge, slaver, and *determined* resolution, as they call it, to enforce the *resolve*. To argue with them is nonsense; to question their means, cowardice. The language of power is the only one allowed.

Cato never uttered his *Delenda est Carthago*, with more authority or more confidence than was this apophthegm in our new politics bandied from one demagogue to another, and that with so little opposition, that one would suppose they all believe it. "The thing *must be done*," is the cry. "It is evident that a hundred or two of *irresponsible* boobies, can have neither right nor power to oppose a whole nation."—(N.B. The whole nation, on these occasions, is always assumed to be the party making the outcry.)

"These lords," say they, "must be trampled under foot, or they will trample upon us. They are born blind moles; they work underground; and, like moles, must be strangled."

To this all hearers cry "Bravo!" and other similar denunciations are made from morning till night, by men mighty in words *."

All this was triumphantly urged by Crabtree, as the harbinger of the approaching revolution he expected; and the fact of there being such a tone abroad, was fully allowed by the cautious Longbrain. "But, call upon these talkers," said he, "and what will be their answer? Will they defy the gibbet or the bayonet in their ardour?"

"The greater part will," said the sanguine Crabtree.

"Not one of them, I'll answer for it," observed Longbrain. "Depend upon it, glorious as this revolution would be, and devoutly to be wished,—keen and rapid as (thanks to our foolish friends, the Whigs) our advance has been,—we are not yet ripe for so stupendous a change."

"Perhaps not for the whole extent of it," said Crabtree; "but if people are so squeamish or so cowardly as not to effect it at once, (which they may, if they please,) will they not succeed in the secondary measure of abolishing hereditary legislation; and, if there must be a House of Lords, reducing them to election?"

"And how," said Longbrain coolly, "would you effect this, except by

* For every one of these particulars and individual phrases, *vide* dinner speeches and accounts of Radical meetings, *passim*.

force—that is, by a civil war?—of the success of which you are, of course, persuaded there can be no doubt."

"No," said the Radical, "I have little doubt of success; but I mean no man should risk his neck. There should be a strenuous and universal remonstrance, but all in a constitutional manner."

"Good," said Longbrain again; "and the law will no doubt compel the Lords to cut their own throats. They must, indeed, themselves be parties to such a law; but of course they will be civil enough to pass it."

The Radical was a little annoyed, and perhaps disconcerted, when he found he had no exact answer at hand; nor was he more at ease when Longbrain, with a provoking dryness, continued—"Come, let the truth be disclosed. Confess that, like the usurping Kings of Brentford, you have an army in disguise at Knightsbridge*, ready to march, at the wag of your finger, to Whitehall, to cashier these villainous Lords, who, no doubt, will do anything you bid them, and dissolve themselves and the monarchy too, to save their lives. Am I right in this, or is it only a fancy of mine, misled by my sanguine hopes?"

Crabtree grew sulky to think himself quizzed, and rather warmly reproached his cooler friend with it.

"I am glad," replied Longbrain, "you see the ridicule of all this vapouring;—ridiculous, indeed, unless you are prepared to go down with a hundred thousand men, not merely to the House of Lords, but to the Horse Guards, and the Palace itself; and, after mastering all that you find therein, pardon the King for being king, hang some of his counsellors, imprison others, and exile everybody else. That, I allow, would be a grand stroke, and our revolution would be consummated. But if you cannot do this, yet remain, as you say, within the precincts of the law, give me leave to ask how you propose to effectuate your purpose?"

With all our respect for the talents and force of character of Mr. Crabtree, (and we trust we have shown a great deal,) we are obliged to confess that for a time he was without an answer. He allowed that London was not yet *quite* ready, the mass of the people not being yet sufficiently enlightened.

"Is the country more so?" asked his friend.

He admitted it was not, but it was advancing; and, meantime, intimidation might do a great deal.

"But how," persisted Longbrain, with most obstinate scepticism, "if these peers will not be intimidated?"

"Force them, by a new creation."

"But how, if the King will not create?"

"There will then be a collision between the two Houses."

"And what then?"

"Why, no law can be enacted; supplies will be stopped; and we shall have no Government."

"Good! And this is the revolution you contemplate, and think the country is prepared for!"

"Not exactly."

"Then what is your plan? Would you show your teeth, and not bite?"

"Not exactly."

"Even if you did, depend upon it, those we wish to assail would desire nothing better. Witness the little effect, if not the counter-effect, produced by all the mouthings and ravings of our leading bullies. The state of the question is briefly this,—We wish for a republic, and therefore desire to subvert the King and the Lords, who stand in our way. If the King choose not to be subverted, even though the Lords join you, and much more if they resist, can you make them comply by bellowing? I grant you, this loyalty of the Lords, and this obstinacy in the King, are unfortunate, since they have each

* See this admirable ridicule in the "Rehearsal."

of them a veto, and, what is worse, have the courage to use it. They cannot, therefore, be deprived of it peaceably, except by their own consent; and they are, unluckily, neither foolish enough nor cowardly enough to be intimidated or cajoled out of it."

"But is it reasonable," said Crabtree, "as it has unanswerably been asked, that they should have this veto?—that one man called a King, or two hundred men called Lords, should, merely from the circumstance of their being born to it, have the power of stopping the progress of a whole nation to the perfection of wisdom?"

"They have got it," answered Longbrain; "and many people, thought, I fear, as wise as you and I, (Montesquieu, for one,) have often answered your unanswerable question, by saying that it is; nay, they have been such fools as to hold that this very veto, and this very hereditary power, was established for the very purpose for which it is now professed to be used;—in short, that it is the very beauty of the British Constitution, which has been so long admired, envied, and coveted by all other states. And as to your whole nation, and the perfection of wisdom, if by that you mean to stop the supplies, unless the Lords are destroyed, I question if, with the exception of the brawlers, you would find one out of ten thousand to second you."

"For what, then, did Sydney die?" said Crabtree. "And if the people express their will through their representatives,—if they resolve to enforce their sacred rights, derived from Heaven itself——"

"My dear Crab," interrupted Longbrain, "let us understand one another, and not, in this place, at least, play the game of humbug! We are not now in the House of Commons, nor in Ireland, nor at a Reform dinner, nor conning over a mystifying article in the 'Mercury:' we are talking, I suppose, with some knowledge of one another, and wish sincerely, no doubt, to discover, if we can, the truth of our position."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then away with all fustian about Sydney and the people. Let us even take care that we really understand that magical word; and that, though we may find it convenient to blind others with it, we are not dazzled out of our senses by it ourselves. What is people to one, may not be people to another. The mob, indeed, think themselves the people, and we, the mob leaders, say they are; the shopkeepers, however, say *they* are the *true* people; the merchants and bankers that they are truer still; and the squires and farmers that they are the truest of all*. When we are by ourselves, away with this bamboozling: let us not affect what we are not. Patriotism and sacred rights are fine things to talk of in public, and, as you say, are derived from Heaven itself; but be not very angry if I a little doubt whether Heaven has, in this instance, chosen us to be its commissioners."

"I know not your meaning," said Crabtree, with something like moodiness: "my zeal for liberty is known."

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* Longbrain here shows his sense; and we cannot help thinking he must have recently been reading the following inquiry about the meaning of the word *public* in the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin:"—

"J'espère, M. l'Hermite, que vous voudrez bien me dire ce que c'est LE PUBLIC? où est LE PUBLIC? En quel lieu il rend ses arrêts? Comment il forme ses décisions? Pour le trouver, faut-il passer les barrières? ou traverser la Seine? Le trouve t'on au Marais, au Palais Royal, ou à la Chaussée d'Antin? Forme-t-il ses jugemens à Paris, ou dans les provinces? Pour moi, après y avoir bien réfléchi, je suis tenté de croire qu'il n'est qu'une Chimère dont on nous fait peur, et qu'il en est du public, comme de ces esprits dont tout le monde parle, et que personne n'a vu.

"Pour moi, je ne pense me former aucune opinion. Il n'est point de côterie qui ne dit hautement qu'elle est LE PUBLIC, et qui, en cette qualité, ne cite l'univers à son petit tribunal. Si vous l'avez rencontré quelque part, M. l'Hermite, je vous prie de me dire comment il est fait, et à quelle signe on peut réconnoître ses jugemens."

"And mine, too," observed Longbrain; "but for what end? To serve my own purposes, and gratify my own ambition; and such, I suppose, is yours. If this at the same time serve the people, or cannot be accomplished without them, well and good, and so much the better for them; but I apprehend none of us would volunteer being hanged, to show our zeal for liberty, merely as such. We are both of us Republicans, sincere and true. What makes us so? Why should we pull down the King? Whose ox has he stolen? whose ass has he taken? or whom has he defrauded? For my part, I have no quarrel with him, nor even with the Lords, except this—that they keep me out of my place. Let no man be above me, and still less give himself the airs of feeling that he is so, and I honestly confess I would let the people go to grass. In short, I am about as sincere a champion of the people, as Henri Quatre and Coligny were of the Protestant, or the Guises of the Catholic religion.

"Is this your creed?" asked Crabtree.

"Yes; and yours too. If we owned the truth, the sacred flame of liberty in each of us was kindled, cherished, and may be modified, according as our interests may direct. I know of no oppression, no crying injustice, no rank dishonesty or real corruption in the aristocracy, but what is amply shared, if not exceeded, by our own virtuous coadjutors; nay, I am not sure that our pride, in our respective ranks, is not as overbearing, only a little more ridiculous, than theirs. As candour, therefore, is at present my motto, I am free to say, that it is pride alone makes me a patriot—pride that will not let me submit to another, nor bend my body, if Cæsar carelessly but nod on me. What *your* incentive may be, I know not; but I shrewdly suspect it is very like my own; and that, if we wish to revolutionize society, it is only because we are not at the head of it.—What says the noble Brutus?"

The Servitor had been very attentive all through this confession of faith, and had, during its continuance,—

> "Thrice changed to pale ire, envy, and despair."

But he began now to think, there was no trifling with his astute and far-seeing colleague; and the less so, because, there being nobody near, and no hypocrisy or sophistry in him to combat, all comment drawn from these sources was useless. He felt, therefore, that he must either assert or deny. If the first, he might be benefited by Longbrain's experience; if the last, he was sure of being laughed at by his superior penetration. In short, he felt his genius rebuked, and, in a tone of almost despair, asked if Longbrain really meant to give up the contest, and put a stop to Radical exertions?

"By no means," replied the Nestor; "I only wish to put an end to Radical folly. It is nothing less, for leaders such as we are, to deceive ourselves so egregiously than to suppose that—

> 'Mere bellowing out for Rome and for our country,
> And mouthing at Cæsar till we shake the Senate,'

will succeed in putting down the enemy, or preclude the necessity for coming to blows. If those are unsuccessful, you know the consequences; and, to be fair with you, I have so little of your confidence in even our real numerical force, that if you were to poll the nation as to an organic change, even without the perils of civil war, I am convinced you would not succeed. No! again I say the thing is not ripe even for a peaceable change, much less for an armed revolt."

Section XIII.

The subject continued.

"And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change."
Shakspeare, *Richard II.*

"*(Commons within)*. An answer from the king
Or else we will all break in!"
Shakspeare, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

"Let us discuss," said Crabtree, "the consequences of stopping the supplies more at large than we have done."

"Name your scheme," replied Longbrain.

"We are to suppose," said the Radical, "that the Commons are willing to do it."

"For argument's sake, agreed."

"Well, they pass a Bill for the reform of the Lords, who reject it."

"Good!"

"They then vote a resolution to stop all supplies till they do pass it; but they are strictly within the Constitution. They address the King, assuring his Majesty 'That the supplies shall be granted, and the Mutiny Bill passed, *as soon as his Majesty shall be graciously pleased to create such a number of Peers, as may be sufficient to overpower the hostile majority.*' This *loyal* and *dutiful* address has the effect of an irresistible decree." *

"Admirable!" said Longbrain; "but suppose its irresistibility resisted. What then?"

"Why then the nation is without army or navy; all public creditors are left pennyless; the Government in total disorder breaks up, and nobody cares to undertake it in their place; all confidence is destroyed; trade stops, the Bank breaks, and——"

"Hold, hold!" said Longbrain; "you have said enough to pass a thousand Bills, if the Lords and the King be wicked, and perverse, and audacious enough still to resist the loyal and dutiful address. But let a little question be asked. If this be so irresistible, would not the same machinery abrogate the monarchy itself, and give us our republic at once? Would it not wipe off the public debt and make us all rich? Would it not give your favourite agrarian law? destroy distinction of rank, and marry a chimney-sweeper to a Duchess (as was attempted during the French insanities)? In short, would it not give us all we want without further trouble? Why then confine this *loyal* and *dutiful* address to such a meagre object, as merely swamping the Lords? For what could prevent these desirable objects being thus, as you say, *constitutionally* carried; if the Commons are resolved to become Kings, and fear not the mischiefs you have described?"

"The mischief, returned Crabtree, "would obviously belong to those that opposed them, not to us."

"So you think, and so you say; but suppose those who would be most affected by these mischiefs—which are nearly all the influential classes in the nation, to say nothing of the millions of the labouring part of the community, who would be involved in the destruction of their employers—suppose these, I say, were to think otherwise, and not be willing that such horrors should be in the power of 658 reckless Commoners, any more than 200 reckless Lords? Suppose, in consequence, that the King dissolves them; do you think this appeal to the nation they have so attempted to injure, would be disregarded?"

"That depends," answered Crabtree, "upon the public opinion, whether it is worth while to risk such a crisis for the sake of such an object?"

* This is word for word, the copy of a loyal and dutiful proposal in the "Globe" evening paper, May 20th, 1836.

"It does so," answered Longbrain, "and I would ask you if you are prepared to say (setting brawling aside), that the great majority of the influence, wealth, and wisdom of the kingdom, are ready at this moment to encounter these certain evils for the doubtful good?"

"Doubtful good!" exclaimed Crabtree.

"Yes! for, republican as I am, I have told you fairly what makes me so. But were I old Algernon himself, I might question, in the present state of things, whether a republic is the blessing we choose to think it, in our closets."

"Yet Rousseau," replied Crabtree, "held that if angels were to choose a government, it would be that of a republic."

"Rousseau," answered Longbrain, "was at best a dreaming enthusiast, who loved paradoxes. Here was a paradox with a vengeance; for the angels, of all devoted lovers of the happiness belonging to peace and order, are most devoted to their benign and heavenly Sovereign, their almighty Father and King. Your instance, therefore, is unfortunate. Be this as it may, and supposing, with republican optimists, that a commonwealth is the best of all possible governments, the question always is, will, or will not the great and preponderating bulk of this wealthy nation, sanction the confusion and anarchy your boasted measure supposes, in order to obtain it? I say no. We should fail—be laughed at—perhaps something worse, and at any rate be worse off than before."

"You despair, then," said Crabtree, with a virtuous sigh (almost worthy of William Tell), "and we are still to be ridden by priests and nobles?"

"Add also, if you please," observed Longbrain, "by printers and tailors, by glorious agitators, briefless lawyers, and gentlemen on half-pay; and give me leave to tell you the share we thus have in the government, certainly in fame and influence, is not despicable."

"What then are we to do?" asked Crabtree. "I see no advantage in the constitutional power of the Commons over the purse of the nation, if they are not to use it as they think fit; and if what I have proposed is strictly constitutional, why is it not to be used?"

"You may as well say, what *has* been sometimes said," retorted Longbrain, "that in Russia the assassination of the Emperor, when he grows too great a tyrant, is part of the constitution; and therefore why may not an Emperor be assassinated whenever the nobles please? Observe, however, my good Crab, I do not say the end we propose is not so noble as to justify *all* means; but then they must be feasible, practical means, not theoretical, however ingenious or justifiable in theory, if justifiable at all."

"If justifiable at all?" said Crabtree, with emphasis.

"Yes! for there are not wanting rogues who are echoed by fools (both, I own, Conservatives), who question your whole theory, and persuade themselves that this right of the Commons to command the purse of the nation, is not given them to serve their own purposes of ambition, or to change the known and admitted balance of the Constitution, which your proposal would do, but as a trust *for the good of the nation at large*, which would be grossly and infamously abused, if it were exercised for the overthrow of the other branches of the legislature. Overthrown they have the audacity to think they would be, if, every time the Lords were insolent enough to differ from the Commons, they were to have a new infusion of Peers. This might even be necessary on every new question, so that in time, Peers, as Falstaff said of land in a time of rebellion, might be had as 'cheap as stinking mackerel.' Seriously, it is pretended, that if it be a right exercise of the prerogative to create Peers to carry particular questions, the constitutional character of the Peerage itself is destroyed, and there had better be none. Hence, as you know, this measure was one of the articles of impeachment against Oxford in Anne's time. The outcry, besides, is detrimental to the Radical cause, as it proves how well they can stomach the most outrageous violation of the Constitution for their own purposes, when, if it were really to support the

prerogative and serve the government, Europe itself would never hear the last of the counter yell."

"Surely," said Crabtree, "there is a difference between serving the government and the people?"

"None in the world," replied Longbrain, "as a principle; and you even beg the whole question in these words so promiscuously used, and so often abused, 'the people.' We must wait, then, till this same people are more enlightened by our speeches in the House, and by your papers out of it; or until our virtuous labours are crowned by making the aristocracy as universally detested as we wish them to be. Until then, it may be rendered doubtful whether the Commons themselves might not be the persons offending against the Constitution, not the King or the Lords who defend it."

Crabtree was indignant. "What!" said he, "when the representatives of the people have declared what will alone satisfy them, are the people not to be thought the people, and not prevail?"

"Show me the law," returned Longbrain, "that says they are without the other branches; or, what is the same thing, that the other branches, having a voice, are to stifle it when the Commons please, and I will agree with you. You and others tell me you want no *organic* change, because, using the means you say we *constitutionally* have, we can effect our purpose. But others have the boldness and the unreasonableness too, to think that this very use of the letter of the Constitution against its spirit, is in itself an organic change of the most violent description. They have the impudence, therefore, to call our argument sophistical, and our views traitorous. Here, then, is the true issue, without any nonsense or tampering. The nation has been too long gulled by both sides, and will, spite of mystification, open their eyes. And if they decide, that though the Commons cannot be hanged as traitors for withholding the supplies, they may yet be deemed barefaced trespassers on the Constitution and breakers of their trust, who shall say on whom the blame of civil war, if driven to it, would lie?"

Crabtree was a little startled, but at length replied, "I thought better of you as a revolutionist. Without condescending, in a war between the people and the aristocracy, to inquire whether the people *can* be in fault, I would ask what comparison, in point of resource, there can be between the Commons who hold the national purse, and the aristocracy who at best can only use their own?"

"When you say," answered Longbrain coolly, "the Commons have the purse, I would ask, in return—How? by what authority? who gave it them? Is it true? They have it so far that the Lords and the King have it not, but does this vest it in the Commons? Should they attempt to impose, much more to levy a tax, of themselves, might they not all be gibbeted as robbers, if not hanged as traitors? In the highest and most palmy state of the Commons, though they could cut off a King's head, they could not collect the excise except by dragoons. Talk not then of *law* giving us the advanvantage of the purse; we have it not, it is the longest sword carries it, and it is not for you to say whether we are prepared for that crisis?"

"Perhaps not at this moment," said Crabtree; "but in time, with perpetual agitation, permanent sittings, meetings, speeches, delegates, petitions on petitions, resolutions on resolutions; cries, outcries, placards, the very walls proclaiming the groans of the people,—is it possible that mere *law* can resist all this?

"All this! Aye, more!—

'Fret till your proud heart break!'

for if the law is firmly supported, which it promises to be, unless you add the sword to it, agitation alone may hasten our own ruin, but can never procure that of the State."

"That is not the opinion of the Irish," said Crabtree. "They tell you that by agitation they have prevailed in every encounter against England,

and will again resort to the old tactics by which so many victories have been won."

"And no doubt," answered Longbrain, with a dryness amounting to a sneer, "they tell you nothing but truth, and include among these the victories of 1798, when, though we were at war with all Europe, a few months put down an actual rebellion, and restored the power of the law."

"Though that has been," returned Crabtree, "it does not follow that it will be again. Ireland tells you she is up!"

"A comprehensive phrase, and a convenient," said Longbrain. "What it means, too, you had best explain. Her armies, I suppose, are in the field."

"Not *yet;* but they tell you if the Lords will not succumb to the Commons, they will again resort to the question of repeal."

"And of course," rejoined Longbrain, "that is a bugbear which must frighten the Lords to death. On my simple part, I ask, What if they do? Is *resorting* to a question the same thing as carrying it? or is a resolution by a hundred men in a small room, or ten thousand in a large field, having no constitutional power, except to write a petition, to put down an enthroned king, with ten millions of subjects adverse to it? Is this to prevail against constitutional authority?"

"Ay, but they say," observed Crabtree, "they will never quit it but with their lives."

"Then with their lives they *will* quit it," rejoined the obstinate Longbrain. "I see you have been revelling in these heroic bursts. One of them threatens '*a thunder on the breeze that shall make the pigmies of the House of Lords tremble in their seats.*' This is very fine. I only wish the House of Lords were pigmies; we might do for them then without thunder. At all events, the threat was unphilosophical; for it is the lightning that strikes, not the thunder, which, like this threat, is nothing but noise. But this was said at Bungay, where the orator, I suppose, felt himself inspired by the famous defiance of, I think, an old Earl of Norfolk, whose name was Bigot,—

> 'Were I in my castle of Bungay,
> Hard by the river Waveney,
> I'd ne care for the King of Cockney.'

I could give you, however, a bolder orator still, who swears the people shall '*brave* the high displeasure of the Lords, and *force* justice from them; or, in the glorious struggle, bury themselves beneath the ruins of their country.' Match this, if you can, or explain it, if you can, when all is to be kept, as you and they say, within the pale of the law. In short, my dear Brutus, 'Agitate! agitate! agitate!' unless with sword in hand, are of no more use, as words, than 'Dance! dance! dance!' and as dancing is a sort of agitation, one will do as well as the other. Any one, as well as Glendower, can call spirits from the vasty deep; but will they come? is the question."

"It is not Ireland, however, alone," proceeded Crabtree, "but England, too, that is up. You have probably seen the account of the great and energetic meeting of yesterday."

"I was at it," said Longbrain, "and perhaps might have said a few words; but not only the audience gave no encouragement, by either sympathy or numbers, but the fustian was unbearable."

"Yet the chairman's speech," said Crabtree——

"Was admirable! I assure you

> 'A utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge,
> As you shall see in a summer's day.'

He *swore* he *would* have universal suffrage, and organic changes, both in the Lords and Commons: no half measures! And all this was to be accomplished by the mere working-classes, through the *moral force of opinion.* To ascertain the extent of this opinion, I asked one fellow without a coat, and in a leather apron, who seemed very active in leading a large squad of

his brother operatives, if he knew his object in this? The man had a roguish eye, and answered, with a leer, 'To be sure I do, master. You see I am a shoemaker; and shoes don't wear out at home.' The argument was unanswerable. Our chairman, however, did come a little to the point when he said they had a right to carry arms for their own defence, and, if forced, to use them: let the blame rest with those who attacked them. To all which I said 'Amen!' and looked about, thinking there was certainly an army, headed by the House of Lords itself, advancing to murder our peaceable citizens. Many others were of the same opinion; but seeing nothing, they had the ill manners to laugh at Ancient Pistol, and left him. They heroically, however, voted a very pregnant and novel resolution, which must inevitably, by the moral force of opinion, terrify the Lords into compliance. This was, 'That the interest which a poor man has in a good government is equal to that of a rich one.' Again say I 'Amen!' and so, perhaps, may the Lords themselves, without being frightened into it by this notable resolution."

Here the conversation ceased.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. I.

[THAT Zoology has become a fashion in England nobody can doubt. For the furtherance of its ends and objects no system can be so successful as that which blends amusement with instruction. We propose to give our readers a course of papers, of which the following is the first, in which subjects connected with "Natural history" will be treated in a manner which, we hope, will be acceptable to them, and in which, the recreation of light reading may be rendered useful by the information which they will contain and convey.

Our first paper is on PARROTS.—ED.]

"O pretty, pretty Poll."—*Beggars' Opera.*

"The noble Philip Marnixius of St. Aldegond," quoth Clusius, in his "Discourse," "had a parrot, whom I have oft heard laugh like a man, when he was by the by-standers bidden so to do in the French tongue, in these words—*Riez, Perroquet, riez*—yea, which was more wonderful, it would presently add in the French tongue, as if it had been endued with reason, but doubtless so taught, *O le grand sot qui me faict rire*, and was wont to repeat these words twice or thrice." * Whether it may be the lot of our parrots to provoke a smile, or, like the Parakeet of Topaze, which was hatched before the deluge, had been in the ark, had seen much, and was sent for by Rustan to amuse him till he went to sleep again, we shall be able to keep the reader awake, we know not. At all events, we should be more than satisfied if we were possessed of a tithe of its qualities for story-telling. "Sa mémoire," says Topaze to Rustan in Le Blanc and Le Noir—what an opera that tale would make in these days of splendid scenery—"Sa mémoire est fidelle, il conte simplement, sans chercher à montrer de l'esprit à tout propos, et sans faire des phrases." But, if we should, indeed, shower poppies with effect, happy, in this world of care, will be the *eyelids*

* "Clusius, his Discourse and Account of Parrots."—*Willughby's Translation.*

they *weigh down*. Sancho, at least, in such a case, would have blessed us for our invention.

Now, thinks the Poppy-expectant, for the old stories of Bluff King Hal's Parrot, and—in the exquisite spelling of Aldrovandi—" Gibe the Knabe a grott," *id est*, adds the worthy, *da nebuloni solidum*. No—neither shall we dwell on Colonel Kelly's parrot; nor on the ill-used bird that, in consequence of having told of what it ought not to have seen, was made to believe a hand-mill, a watering-pot, and burnt rosin, a storm of thunder and lightning as good as any that Mr. Crosse brings into his house. We hope, by the way, that the philosopher will not make his appeals to Jupiter Tonans once too often. Death has, ere now, leaped from the battery upon the electrician who charged it; and Mr. Crosse should not forget that he draws down his fierce fluid from

" clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught."

Not that we have not a great respect for the birds above hinted at, and, indeed, for all of these Anthropoglotts, as the Greeks called them, from the similitude of their fleshy tongues to that of man, whether, like the Cardinal's parrot, they can say the Apostle's creed or not; though we do not, perhaps carry our veneration so far as the learned Cardan, who was of opinion that they meditated as well as spoke. Their fondness, their jealousy, their hatred—their exhibition of many of the passions which make the human race happy or miserable, beloved or odious, would be enough to interest us: but they are, moreover, a kind of link between the living and the dead—between the nations now upon earth and those mighty ones that have been swept from it for ever. The same form, nay, the same identical species of parakeet that was caressed by Alexander, and nestled in the bosom of Thais—that sat on the finger of Augustus, and fed from the lip of Octavia—may now be the plaything of a London beauty; and, indeed, few aviaries are without them.*

But of these ancients more anon. We will begin with the parrots of the New World. Their habits, in a state of nature, are well known; and in none of the *Psittacidæ* is the bill more highly developed. This organ is not merely a powerful seed-and-fruit-stonecracker, to speak Benthamitically, but it is also a scansorial organ, as any one may perceive who will take the trouble to observe these birds as they climb about their cages; and in some of the Maccaws it is enormous. The Patagonian Arara,† no less than seventeen inches in length, of which the tail is nearly nine, lives in the summer in the mountain-regions of Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, Patagonia, and Chili, breeding in the holes of trees and rocks; but the approach of autumn is the signal for their gathering, and in desolating flights, these mountaineers

" Rush like a torrent down upon the vale,"

stripping the gardens and laying waste the cultivated fields, undeterred by the numbers which fall before the plundered owners. Upon such occasions there seems to be a sympathy among these birds that ensures their destruction: thus the Carolina Arara,‡ which is found as high

* Palæornis Alexandri.
† Arara Patagonica Lesson. Psittacus Patagonicus of D'Azara.
‡ Arara Carolinensis. Psittacus Carolinensis of Linnæus.

up as 42 degrees of north latitude, and formerly was to be seen as far north-east as

"Wild Ontario's boundless lake,"

feeds in great flocks crowded together. The gun of the enraged husbandman cuts a terrible lane through them while they are thus employed: then comes a painful scene. "All the survivors rise, shriek, fly round about for a few minutes, and again alight on the very place of most imminent danger. The gun is kept at work; eight, or ten, or even twenty, are killed at every discharge. The living birds, as if conscious of the death of their companions, sweep over their bodies, screaming as loud as ever, but still return to the stack to be shot at, until so few remain alive, that the farmer does not consider it worth his while to spend more of his ammunition."*

Here we have a striking example of the effect produced by man, and, in this case, by civilized man, upon the animal creation. This species is fast diminishing before the colonist. Audubon remarks that about five and twenty years ago, "They could be procured as far up the tributary waters of the Ohio as the great Kenhawa, the Scioto, the heads of the Miami, the mouth of the Manimee at its junction with Lake Erie, on the Illinois river, and sometimes as far north-east as Lake Ontario, and along the eastern districts as far as the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. At the present day, few are to be found higher than Cincinnati, nor is it until you reach the mouth of the Ohio that Parakeets are met with in considerable numbers. I should think that along the Mississippi there is not now half the number that existed fifteen years ago" These richly plumed birds—Audubon says that a stack on which they alight looks as if a brilliantly-coloured carpet had been thrown over it—are eminently social; for it appears, in addition to the anecdote above given, that many females lay their eggs together, the place of deposit being, as it is in most of the family, the holes of decayed trees. We must give one more picture of the habits of the Carolina Arara, drawn by the same masterly hand that sketched the preceding death-scene, because it will convey a good idea of the general habits of the *American* Parakeets:—

"The flight of the Parakeet is rapid, straight, and continued through the forests, or over fields and rivers, and is accompanied by inclinations of the body which enable the observer to see, alternately, their upper and under parts. They deviate from a direct course only when impediments occur, such as the trunks of trees or houses, in which case they glance aside in a very graceful manner, merely as much as may be necessary. A general cry is kept up by the party, and it is seldom that one of these birds is on wing for ever so short a space without uttering its cry. On reaching a spot which affords a supply of food, instead of alighting at once, as many other birds do, the Parakeets take a good survey of the neighbourhood, passing over it in circles of great extent, first above the trees, and then gradually lowering until they almost touch the ground; when suddenly re-ascending they all settle on the tree that bears the fruit of which they are in quest, or on any one close to the field in which they expect to regale themselves.

"They are quite at ease on trees or any kind of plant, moving sideways, climbing or hanging in every imaginable posture, assisting them-

* Audubon, American Ornithological Biography, vol. i., p. 136.

selves very dexterously in all their motions with their bills. They usually alight extremely close together. I have seen branches of trees as completely covered by them as they could possibly be. If approached before they begin their plundering, they appear shy and distrustful, and often at a single cry from one of them, the whole take wing, and probably may not return to the same place that day. Should a person shoot at them as they go, and wound an individual, its cries are sufficient to bring back the whole flock, when the sportsman may kill as many as he pleases. If the bird falls dead, they make a short round, and then fly off.

"On the ground, these birds walk slowly and awkwardly, as if their tail incommoded them. They do not even attempt to run off when approached by the sportsman, should he come upon them unawares; but when he is seen at a distance, they lose no time in trying to hide, or in scrambling up the trunk of the nearest tree, in doing which they are greatly aided by their bill.

"Their roosting-place is in hollow trees, and the holes excavated by the larger species of woodpeckers, as far as these can be filled by them. At dusk, a flock of Parakeets may be seen alighting against the trunk of a large sycamore, or any other tree, when a considerable excavation exists within it. Immediately below the entrance the birds all cling to the bark, and crawl into the hole to pass the night. When such a hole does not prove sufficient to hold the whole flock, those around the entrance hang themselves on by their claws and the tip of the upper mandible, and look as if hanging by the bill. I have frequently seen them in such positions by means of a glass, and am satisfied that the bill is not the only support used in such cases."*

We must pass by the other American parakeets, and leave, unwillingly, such grand birds as the Great Green Maccaw,† the Blue and Yellow Maccaw,‡ the Red and Blue Maccaw,§ the Hyacinthine Maccaw,|| and the noble Parrot Maccaw,¶ gorgeously magnificent though they be; merely observing, that the first-named of these is found in the Andes as high as 3000 feet, that it was considered an acceptable gift when presented to the Incas by their subjects, and that, when on its gregarious predatory excursions a watch is kept on some high station—the top of a tree generally—to warn the plunderers of the approach of danger by a loud and singular cry, on hearing which they immediately take wing.

Nor is New Holland without its parakeets of varied form and habits, though small when compared with the American tribes. The elegant Pale-headed Broad-tail, *Platycercus palliceps*; the pretty Hobart Ground Parrot, *Nanonces venustus* of Vigors and Horsfield; and the delicate Golden-eared or Crested Parakeet, *Nymphicus Novæ Hollandiæ* of Wagler, *Leptolophus auricomis* of Swainson, are "beautiful exceedingly." Then there is the lovely genus *Trichoglossus*.** Like the humming-birds, those Peris of the feathered race, the food of these charming parakeets is, principally, the nectar of flowers—nothing more

* Audubon, Ornithological Biography, vol. i., p. 137.
† Macrocercus militaris. Psittacus militaris of Authors.
‡ Macrocercus Ararauna. § Macrocercus Aracanga.
|| Macrocercus Hyacinthinus.
¶ Psittacara nobilis. Psittacara frontata, Vigors. Psittacus nobilis, Latham.
** Vigors. An Australian group, taking the place of the Indian Lories in New Holland. Some ornithologists call them Lories, others Lorikeets.

gross than the juices of delicious fruits do they touch. A suctorial tongue of the most exquisite workmanship fits them for this diet of the gods. Woe to the unhappy captive whose mistress does not know this; it starves in the midst of apparent plenty. One of these wretched ones, when a coloured drawing of a flower was presented to it, applied its parched tongue to the paint and pasteboard; and even did this, in the extremity of its distress, to the ruder image on a piece of flowered chintz.

But we hear the stern voice of Cato the Censor—" O! conscript fathers—O! unhappy Rome. On what times have we fallen, when we behold these portents in the city—men, Romans, parading parrots on their fists, and women cherishing dogs!" One of these portents must have been the Ring Parakeet, *Palæornis Alexandri*,* alluded to above, and said to have been brought from India to Europe by the followers of the victorious Macedonian. The descriptions of both Greeks and Romans, to say nothing of antique gems and paintings, leave no doubt that this was one of the species at least; and it should be remembered that, till the time of Nero, " by whose searchers (as Pliny witnesseth) parrots were discovered elsewhere, viz., in Gagaude, an island of Æthiopia;" none but Indian parakeets (*Palæornis*) were known at Rome. Highly were they prized, and, in spite of the Censor, gorgeously were they lodged. Their cages were of gold, and ivory, and tortoise-shell, and the houses and streets of the imperial city rang with the " Hail, Cæsar!" of the occupants. If the manes of the celebrated sparrow were appeased by the " melodious tear" of Catullus, Ovid and Statius poured forth the elegy of the imitative Indian bird, and Martial made it the medium of a refined compliment.

" Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina discam,
Hoc didici per me dicere—Cæsar, Ave!"

Though Constantine does not name the bird, Aldrovandi doubts not that it was a parakeet that turned the heart of the Oriental Emperor Basilius, by repeating, for his condemned and incarcerated son Leo, those lamentations which it had learned from the sorrowing women; a son whom he took again to his bosom, leaving him the empire as an inheritance. There were evidently schools for these feathered scholars. Ælian says they were taught like boys, and Pliny states that they were corrected with an iron ferula (*ferreo radio*) during their instruction. The same method of castigation is alluded to by Apuleius and Solinus.

Under the later Emperors, the parrot became one of the rarities of their monstrous feasts; for, though Heliogabalus fed his lions, panthers, and other *carnivora* with parrots and pheasants, he took care to have a grand dish of their heads for his own table. If he had selected the bodies, it might have been better, for the flesh of some of the species is said to be excellent; and we suspect that Little Pickle was not aware what a delicacy he might have been serving up when he caused a parrot and bread-sauce to be laid before the old gentleman.

Next to the affection, almost amounting to passion for youth, especially of the softer sex, the friendship of the Indian parakeets for doves is said to have been the most remarkable. We can fancy the portico of the

* Vigors. Psittacus torquatus, Macrourus Antiquorum of Aldrovandus. Psittacus Alexandri of Linnæus.

Xystus, in one of the elegant houses at Pompeii, enlivened by a group of the family, attended by their fond and friendly birds.

To come to more modern times; there are instances of attachment on the part of these birds that would shame some other bipeds. They seem most sensibly alive to the caresses of their beloved mistress; and their gesticulations expressive of rage and hatred when a rival is noticed by her show what an indignant favourite feels at an infidelity. One of these affectionate creatures would never settle itself on its perch, however late it might be, till it was taken out of its cage and replaced with a kiss and a "good night."

The Parakeet, of which the anecdote is told by Clusius, was most probably the Red and Blue Maccaw, mentioned above.

"Among others," says that author, "I saw one of those great ones in the house of the illustrious Lady, Mary of Bremen, Dutchess of Croy and Areschot, of happy memory, before she went out of Holland, the like whereto, for variety and elegancy of colours, I do not remember to have ever seen. For though almost all the feathers covering the body were red, yet the feathers of the tail (which were very long) were partly red and partly blue; but those on the back and wings parti-coloured of yellow, red, and green, with a mixture also of blue. Its head about the eyes was white and varied with waved black lines. I do not remember the like parrot described in any other author. Moreover, this bird was so in love with Anna, the Dutchesse's neece, now Countess of Meghen and Baroness of Grosbeke, that whenever she walked about the room it would follow her, and if it saw any one touch her cloaths would strike at him with its bill; so that it seemed to be possessed with a spirit of jealousie."*

Of the short-tailed parrots, or parrots properly so called (subfamily *Psittacina*), there are species both in the new and old world. The Parrot of the Amazons,† commonly known as the Green Parrot, and celebrated for its conversational powers, will serve as an example of the American true Parrots. Brilliant as are the talents of this species, its African brother, the Gray Parrot‡, does not yield to it in eloquence. The cardinal's bird that could repeat the whole of the Apostles' creed, and for which, in the year of God 1500, a hundred gold crowns were paid, is believed to have been of this species; and so was the bird of which M. de la Borde declares that it served as chaplain to a vessel, reciting the prayer to the sailors, and afterwards repeating the rosary—

"It was a Parrot of orders gray
Went forth to tell his beads."

The Gray Parrot will breed in captivity under favourable circumstances. Buffon speaks of a pair in France that nestled in a cask with "lots of sawdust"—no bad representative of a hole in a decayed tree—and produced and brought up their young for five or six successive years. Sticks were placed inside and outside of the barrel, that the gentleman might ascend and descend to the lady in the sawdust whenever he pleased. Nothing could be more amiable than his conduct to her; but it was absolutely necessary to go booted into the room if the visitor wished to go out of it with unwounded legs. Those who have felt the

* Clusius, his Discourse—Willughby's translation.
† Psittacus Amazonicus of authors.
‡ Psittacus erithacus of Linnæus.

gripe of a parrot's bill will easily understand that it was not likely that any gentleman should enter the sanctuary in silk stockings a second time. Father Labat also gives an account of a pair whose loves were blessed with several broods in Paris.

An attempt has been made by some of the parrots in the brilliant collection of the Zoological Society of London to fulfil the great law of nature. We saw one pair, of the long-tailed division, very fussy, and busy, and nestifying, and we believe an egg or so made its appearance; "but," as Dr. Johnson said on a more solemn occasion, "nothing came of it."*

That parrots will live to a very great age there is no doubt. Le Vaillant saw one that had lived in captivity, or rather in a domesticated state, for ninety-three years. When he saw the ancient it was in the *last stage of all.* It had been celebrated in its youth for its vigour, its docile and amiable disposition, the alert air with which it would fetch its master's slippers and call the servants,—above all, for its *flashes of merriment;*—and there it was, entirely decrepit, lethargic, its sight and memory gone, lingering out existence, and kept alive by biscuit soaked in Madeira wine. Somewhere about the age of sixty it began to lose its memory, and, instead of acquiring any new phrase, it forgot some of those it had learnt, and began to talk a jumble of words. At the age of sixty its moulting became irregular, the tail became yellow, and afterwards no further change of plumage took place.

We will now draw upon the same Le Vaillant for the manners of another African species in a state of nature. The Robust Parrot (*Pionus Le Vaillantii* of Wagler, *Psittacus robustus* of Latham) haunts the woods of the eastern part of the continent as high as the thirty-second degree of latitude, in the breeding season only, leaving them at the approach of the rainy season, after it has brought up its young, for warmer skies. A hollow tree is, as usual, the receptacle for the eggs, which are four in number, and about the size of those of a pigeon: both parents share in the pleasing care of incubation. The nestlings are naked when they first quit the eggs, and are soon covered with a grayish down; but their plumage is not complete till six weeks have elapsed, and they keep to the nest a considerable time longer, during which period they are fed from the crop of the old ones, like the pigeons. When the periodical migration takes place, the flocks fly so high that they are lost to the sight, though their call-notes still reach

* Our recently lost George Colman used to relate a circumstance connected with this subject, curiously illustrative of the manners and gaieties of his "youthful days." A Lady Reid, a celebrated ornithologist of that time, had, amongst a multitude of birds, a cock maccaw, which, according to her Ladyship's account, and to her infinite surprise, one day *laid an egg!* The story, told by her Ladyship with perfect gravity, and in the full persuasion of its truth, soon got about town. One day it reached the Cocoa-Tree, where, amongst others, Colman and Francis North (afterwards fourth Earl of Guildford) were dining, at about three o'clock, in May or June; whence, upon obtaining this marvellous information, Colman, North, and a third—I am not sure that it was not the late accomplished and amiable Sir George Beaumont—issued forth, and proceeded to the top of St. James's-street, where, having made for themselves trumpets of twisted paper for the purpose, they gave a flourish, and proclaimed aloud the astounding words, "Cock maccaws lay eggs!" and this was repeated in the front of White's; after which they returned to finish their wine,—their costume *then* being that which is now confined to the Court or full-dress parties.—Ed.

the ear. The history of their day is not uninteresting. At dawn, the whole flock of the district assembles, and with much noise settles on one or more dead trees: there they display their wings to the first rays of the sun, whose rising they seem to hail. They are then drying their plumage charged with the night dews. As soon as they are warmed and dried, they separate into small breakfast parties, and fly in quest of their favourite cherry-like fruit, the stone of which they crack, and regale on the kernel. They like to linger over their breakfast, which continues till about ten or eleven o'clock: and the different parties then go to take their bath. The heat is by this time getting intense, and they retire to the deepest shades of the woods to take their siesta. There they remain in profound repose, and all is so still, that the traveller resting beneath a tree shall hear not a sound, though legions of parrots crowd the branches above him. The report of a gun instantly puts to flight the whole flock, screaming most discordantly.

When undisturbed, and their period of rest is terminated, they again disperse in small dinner parties, and, after the conclusion of the evening repast, there is a general assembly of all the flocks of the district, and a conversazione of considerable animation: this ended, away they all fly to take their second bath; and there they may be seen on the margin of the limpid pool, for no water that is not "clear as diamond-spark" will please them, scattering the water-drops over their plumage with their heads and wings, and playfully rolling over each other in all the wantonness of an unchecked game of romps. This finished, they again seek the leafless trees on which they sat at sunrise, and dress and preen their feathers in its parting rays. Then, as the shades of evening close around, they fly off in pairs, each couple retiring to its own roosting-place, where they repose till dawn.

There is a smaller race of short-tailed parrots (*Agapornis*), the love-birds as they are called, from the affectionate attachment which exists between the male and female. There certainly are instances to the contrary, but the death of one is generally followed by that of the other. A glass placed at right angles with the perch has been used with success in reconciling the survivor to life, by the delusion produced by its own image.

The Lories,* in all their oriental richness, and the Cockatoos,† with their lofty crests and docile disposition, form two very interesting groups. The latter inhabit the woods of the Indian islands principally. In the former, the bill is comparatively weak; in the latter it is strong and robust. Most of our readers will remember the favourite cockatoo of George the Fourth; the bird was the very pink of politeness.

Other forms crowd on us, but we are warned. Our eye has just fallen on a pretty drawing from one of the Pompeian arabesques, of a grasshopper in a car, driving a parakeet—true; we have been "speaking parrot" more than enough, and must make room for our betters, referring those of our readers who are not by this time in a balmy state of oblivion, and who may wish to make their eyes acquainted with the varieties of this beautiful family, to their portraits by Barraband and by Lear, the Reynolds and the Lawrence of the *Psittacidæ*.

* Genus Lorius. † Subfamily Plyctolophina, Vigors.

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN.

When a fellow, even if he have no fellow, hath written, been written about, and seen acted, both long and often, it is not easy to say anything new on his head: mere dates and facts seem rather emblems of its baldness than its brains. My theme's own "Random Records" furnish particulars of his early career; I shall repeat none that do not seem to bear on his disposition and fate. His grandfather, Francis, was connected by marriage with our *noblesse*, bequeathing to his successors a zest for aristocratic associations and indulgences, much loyalty, and some unworldly carelessness. The improvident suffer enough for their faults while living; when they are gone—when the too trusting friend, too hospitable host, can err no more—"the rest is silence" with all generous minds. George Colman the Elder, born at Florence, is celebrated as the author of the "Jealous Wife," the translator of Terence: thus his son, born on the 21st of October, 1762, inherited legacies more valuable than those above-named—genius and classic taste. The latter, education matured; the former unfitted him for the dry study of the law; his cordial, jovial nature revolted at its sordid attributes, rather lawlessly, in every respect. It appears his first marriage was unhappy. As playwright and manager, too, he had many mortifications: the patronage of the late King and the Duke of York contributed to neutralize some of these; while his home was cheered by a congenial, a faithful friend—the admired Mistress Gibbs, now his widow. By her he leaves a son, Edmund, old enough, though he may never remind her of his father's talent, to emulate his kindness while avoiding his defects. This solace, with every aid that fortune can add, it is to be hoped she will enjoy: those who know her feel that she deserves it. I am not of the number; but have heard traits of her character, the considerate delicacy of which did her the more honour for being masked in smiles; but from the *Euphrosyne* her poet apostrophized I must now return to himself.

In my own "Night-Gown and Slippers," with *his* in my hand, did I exorcise the proverbial gloom of November, till my sides felt splitting; my exhausted lungs respired fitfully and deeply; my eyes, dazzled by so much wit, ran over on the page whose fires they could not quench. Just then a friend joined me, with the news that "George Colman the Younger," bowing to his own "old sand-man, Time," was, at last, "a *grave* man." Well, thanks to his ever living spirit, there I had, ready made, the only sighs, tears, and aches that would not "sully a heart so brilliantly light."

> "To weep would do thy glory wrong:
> Thou shalt not be deplored."

I would speak of the Great George, 74, now launched for immortality, as a poet and a moralist, who needs and merits championship. His romantic and comparatively serious dramas, such as the "Iron Chest" and "Mountaineers," teem with power and pathos, relieved by essentially droll incidents, intrinsically lively characters. His domestic comedies are even more poetical, though written in prose.—See "John Bull"—Mary Thornbury and her father, contrasting those fashionable

clothes-pegs, the Honourable Tom and his lady; or, in the "Heir at Law," Cicely Homespun and her brother, standing, in Nature's nobleness, between the *street* vulgarity of the Duberleys and the pedant sophistication of Pangloss. Are not these things of truth and beauty, shaming those created rustics of novels and the stage, who sentimentalize over "neglected wild flowers," or, when insulted, cry,—

"Avaunt, Perfidious! Miscreant, begone!"

Through all his plays an honest aim was visible: their language touched the heart but to improve it. Let us leave them to the admiring gratitude of audiences yet to be, and deal with his other works.

Though, with the generosity of true genius, he complimented Peter Pindar, how far was George Dr. Wolcot's superior! Examine *his* works now! How few lines would wring a laugh! As the objects of their presumptuous personalities died off, their popularity died too. Colman wrote for all time. He was a sounder, a far *cleaner* philosopher than Swift,—a truer, because a more modest, voluptuary than Prior. He did not, like Sterne, bid the "lights of science" phosphorize corruption: he was much more elegant than Smollett or Fielding; nay, the naughtiest passage he ever penned is fitter for feminine perusal than Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa." Colman sought not, like Byron, to make error resistless,—to sneer down virtue and religion;—above all, he was ever *gallant.* He wrote of *woman* (though justly, as to the foibles of her heart and mind) "like a thankful and reverend youth." How differently the self-excited Childe treated her, the reader may judge for himself; and, as he turns with manly scorn from some passages of "Don Juan," let him confess—nay, "tell both his wife and his daughter"—that the bard of "Broad Grins" was a moral man!

Like Hogarth, he could not satirize vice and folly without showing their deformity. (Could Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, or Young give foul things fair names?) Colman did not so frequently as his painting prototype admit the *terribly* grotesque into his pictures; but, like *him,* loved to set off, by traits of feeling and of goodness, the artificial, superficial, sensual, selfish, and ridiculous characteristics of those

"tiny souls
Who wriggle through the mud in shoals."

He was the open foe to pretence, hypocrisy, and humbug; not merely, as some squeamish persons who never read him, think to this day, a man who had a knack of rhyming, in odd irregular metres, and on improper topics; on the contrary, there are but few lines of Colman which violate propriety,—the very worst the *innocent* might safely read. "The good men, who know what iniquity means," who are familiar with all the conventional cant of the mess-table, the slang of the lobbies,—*they* may *make* mischief of phrases in themselves quite harmless. Were there no *dirtier* minds than Colman's in the world, *who* need deny that they had read him? Shakspeare is perused by chaste eyes without the aid of Bowdler's spectacles.

Colman, with parental benevolence, decries the perusal of Lane and Newman romances for young maidens. Tom, Dick, and Will are chattering over the embers of the alehouse fire; Will rises in declamation, and saith,—

"'Were I a pastor in a boarding-school,
I'd quash such books *in toto;* if I couldn't,
Let me but catch one miss that broke my rule,
I'd flog her soundly, dam'me if I wouldn't!'
William, 'tis plain, was getting in a rage;
But Thomas drily said, for he was cool,
'I think no gentleman would mend the age
By flogging ladies at a boarding-school.'"

It is your own fault if an absurd image rises to your mental vision at Tom's quaint reply: "assuredly, the meaning is good." Good, sternly good, too, is the comparison of enervated bodies with the minds of reading *débauchées.* Its fine old English taste is glorious!

Then, in that tale which shows "a fiend of low degree," is not gaming held up to execration? Does not even a poor dog instruct us?

"'Ah, man! the brute creation see,
Thy constancy oft needs a spur;
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur!'"

The gardener, hero of this ballad—

"Pruned his passions, running wild,
And grafted true love on his heart.
He knew not what it was to rake."

His heroine, the cook, was—

"Pure as heaven's own snowy flake."

The "Newcastle Apothecary" is so unexceptionable, that school-boys used to recite it at their breakings up; so did they "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," and part of the "Elder Brother."

En passant, let me say that Colman's quizzes against the medical fraternity have a healthful tendency; for if people would cease to consider sickness interesting, they might strive to avoid, or, at worst, conceal it.

A liberal *amende,* however, is made to the sons of Galen, when our author assures the invalid who wishes to revive, that

"E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed."

He transports his readers back to the age of chivalry, in the "Knight and the Friar;"

"In our Fifth Harry's reign, when 'twas the fashion
To thump the French, poor creatures! to excess,
Tho' Britons, now-a-days, show more compassion,
And thump them certainly a great deal less:*
In Harry's reign, when flush'd Lancastrian roses
Of York's pale blossoms had usurp'd the right,†
As wine drives Nature out of *drunkard's* noses,
Till red triumphantly eclipses white:

(Here's a hit at another sin!)

In Harry's reign—but, let me to my song,
Or good King Harry's reign may seem too long.

Sir Thomas Erpingham, a gallant Knight,
When this King Harry went to war in France,
Girded a sword about his middle,
Resolving very lustily to fight,
And teach the Frenchmen how to dance
Without a fiddle.

* This poem was written, or published, before the days of Wellington's victories.

† Roses were not emblems of faction, cries the critic, till the reign of Henry VI. Pooh! this is a figure, not an anachronism.

Yet tho' Sir Thomas *had* an iron fist,
He was, at heart, a *mild philanthropist.*
Much did he grieve, when making Frenchmen die,
To any inconvenience to put 'em,
It quite distress'd his feelings, he would cry,
That he must cut their throats, and then—he cut 'em.
Till, palling on his laurels, grown so thick,
Homeward he bent his course, to wreath 'em;
And in his castle, near fair Norwich town,
Glutted with glory he sat down,
In perfect solitude beneath 'em.

Now sitting under laurels, Heroes say,
Gives grace and dignity, and so it may,
When men have done campaigning;
But certainly these gentlemen must own
That sitting under laurels, quite alone,
Is much more dignified than entertaining."

Is not that social candid bit worth all the affected misanthropy a Byron ever professed? The Knight becomes a prey to blue devils all day, and worse—

"An incubus, whene'er he went to bed,
Sat on his stomach, like a lump of lead,
Making *unseemly* faces at *Sir* Thomas."

What a homily in three letters! Diseases mental and bodily, especially those born of lonely idleness, are, in our secret vanities, often expected to be kept at bay by fame, title, fortune, beauty, or the like gew-gaws; yet the irreverent pack persevere, and grinning mock our pride.

Sir Thomas marries. The apostrophe to Cupid which follows is worthy of Moore himself, and the bridegroom's "Sonnet" might be proudly claimed by Harrington, Daniel, or Sydney. It is immaculate, imaginative, full of racy conceits, and "comely love." But buxom Muse, let us frisk again! as he says,

"Close to a chapel, near the castle gates,
Dwelt certain stickers in the devil's skirts,
Who with prodigious fervour shave their pates,
And show a most religious scorn for *shirts.*
Their house's sole endowment was our Knight's;
Thither an Abbot and twelve Friars retreating,
Conquer'd, sage pious men! their appetites,
By that infallible specific—eating!
'Twould seem, since tenanted by holy friars,
That peace and harmony reign'd here eternally;
Whoever told you so were cursed liars,
The holy friars quarrelled most infernally.
Not a day past
Without some schism among these heavenly lodgers;
But none of their dissensions seem'd to last
So long as Friar John's, and Friar Roger's.
But when Sir Thomas went to his devotions,
Proceeding through their cloister, with his bride,
You never could have dream'd of their commotions,
The stiff-rump'd rascals look'd so sanctified!"

This couple behave in an urbane and affable manner to the brothers; her ladyship thus wakes in the breast of John

"Heterodox unclean intentions,
Abominable in a Friar.
That coxcombs *were* and *are,* I need not give
Nor take the trouble now to prove;
Nor that those dead, like many now who live,
Have thought a lady's *condescension* LOVE."

Even so did this " monastic coxcomb" think

> " —— his g—s and garbage doted on
> By a fair dame, whose husband was to him
> Hyperion to a mummy.
>
> He sent her a much warmer *billet-doux*
> Than Abelard e'er writ to Eloise."

With a mixture of duty and inclination of which no merit is made, the dame goes directly to her spouse, and brandishes before him the friar's letter. Sir Thomas's first impulse is to run the Friar through, but discretion prompts him rather to bid his wife appoint John a midnight interview in a secret bower, where her husband instead will give him the meeting, crabstick in hand.

> " The lady wrote just what Sir Thomas told her,
> For it is no less strange than true
> That wives did once what husbands bid them do;
> Lord, how this world improves as we grow older!"

To this assignation John goes, all hope and passion,

> " When, whack, Sir Thomas hit him on the joles."

Unluckily, a random blow cracks the skull of John, and lets his soul out to travel up or *down.*

Part the Second opens with felicitous humanity: asking the reader if he has never, when much provoked, found his genius boil over upon a fool,

> *On* whom it seem'd, tho' you had mines of it,
> Extravagant to spend a jest *upon*."

(Quære grammar, friend George!)

> " And haven't you, I'm *sure* you have, my friend!
> When you have laid the puppy low,
> All little pique and malice at an end,
> Been sorry for the blow?
> And said (if *witty so* would say *your bard*),
> Damn it! I hit that meddling fool *too* hard!
> Thus did the brave Sir Thomas say,
> For certainly, tho' *not* with *wit*, the Knight
> Had hit the Friar very hard indeed!
> And heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confest,
> Can feel a crabstick sooner than a jest."

The Knight, aware that John's carcass must be hidden before dawn, repairs to the cockloft of a retainer, nicknamed the Duke of Limbs, trusty as strapping; but finds his Grace asleep.

> " A sleeper's nose is made on the same plan
> As the small wire twixt a doll's wooden thighs;
> For, pull the nose or wire, the doll or man
> Will open, in a minute, both their eyes."

(Wooden dolls have not this wire, though.) The knightly appeal to the ducal proboscis succeeds. The large vassal dons his *smalls*, and follows his leader; though dismayed at the mischance, he lifts the ton of blubber on his shoulders, and

> " Over the moat, the drawbridge being down,
> Gallantly stalk'd the brawny Duke of Limbs,
> Bearing Johannes of the shaven crown."

What follows, reminds one of the refined *Gray.* The Friar is left seated, as sat the poet of " The Long Story," when the fine ladies call at his cottage. But fat John's privacy was soon invaded by Roger, who was not well, and hoped that a little al fresco solitude in this bower

might relieve him. His porpoise enemy's tacit refusals to depart enrage him, till he hurls a brickbat at the breast of John,

> " Who fell, like pedant's periods to the ground,
> Very inanimate, and very round."

Roger supposes that *he* has killed *him*.

> " Now Roger's conscience, it appears,
> Was not, by half, so lively as his fears;
> And all his sorrow at this deed abhorr'd,
> Was nothing but antipathy to cord."

Through a private portal Roger contrives to drag John, " seizing, as the gout was wont, his toes;" he sticks him up, on the edge of the knight's moat, " like some fat gentleman who bobbed for eels," and so leaves him. Meanwhilè, the scrupulous Sir Thomas, unable to sleep, again seeks his follower, and

> " As he went wishing on,
> With the great Duke of Limbs behind him,
> Horror on horror! he saw John,
> Where least of all he ever thought to find him.
>
> ' Ah! sigh'd Sir Thomas, ' while I wander here,
> By fortune stamp'd a homicide, alas!'
> (And, as he spoke, a penitential tear
> Mingled with heaven's dew drops on the grass.)
> ' Will no one from my eyes yon spectre pull?'
> ' Sir Thomas,' said the Duke of Limbs, ' *I* wool.'
>
> He would have thrown the garbage in the moat,
> But the knight told him fat was prone to float."

He at last bethinks him of the Armoury, where, into a curious antique suit, which had for many years afforded an iron dinner to that ostrich, rust, he, with some difficulty, rams the friar, resolving to tie him on the knight's favourite war-horse, then at grass, and turn him out a " top of the highway." The description of Dumpling transcends even that in Rimini of the White Arabians.

On the back of this gay old charger is secured fat John, armed *cap-a-pié*, with lance in rest. The lion of the stall clatters off with the martial friar. Meanwhile, Roger resolves to fly; knocks up a neighbouring miller, and borrows his grey mare. Scarcely has he escaped when he finds himself pursued by a mailed equestrian on neighing steed; as day dawns he looks behind,—

> " When, lo! the features of fat John,
> His beaver up, and pressing on,
> Glared ghastly in the wretched Roger's face."

Thus they enter Norwich; the market folks are dismayed. The real butcher of this fat hog might (*malgré* the armour) have let the blame rest with Roger, but no—

> " Sir Thomas up to London sped full fast,
> To beg his life and lands of royal Harry,
> And, for his services in Gallia past,
> His suit did not miscarry.
> For in those days, thank heaven, they now are mended,
> Kings hang'd poor rogues, while rich ones were befriended."

" The Elder Brother's " severities are launched against drunkenness and assumed prudery; it laudeth early hours and regularity. In it no man sweareth at full. Even Miss Lucretia loves her natural sons, and hoards both fame and fortune for their sakes.

"Poetical Vagaries" are prefixed by some defence of their author's peculiarities in orthography. His "Ode to We," that "Hackneyed Critic, plural unit," and "important Omnes Solus," is pungently clever. Yet competent and impartial persons may write as WE, because such is the *rule.* There are, to be sure, some very *wee* wes, but is it worth a great author's while to lavish an ode upon *them?*

"Low ambition" is "the life and death of Mr. Daw," son to a dresser and a candle-snuffer, born behind the scenes of a London theatre, and let out by his tender parents, at half-a-crown per night, as an extra fiend or supernumerary Cupid, till he grows too ugly a lout for these parts, while still too boyish for Calibans and devils. He becomes prompter's boy, and during his time——

Here follows a "Reckoning with Time," to whom the poet, among other fine things, says,—

> "Though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
> Thy *forelock* fills me with such dread,
> I never *take* thee by it."

He calls small-pox the dragon that Jenner combats on a cow; in enumerating all the ills and goods that Time hath given him, confessing

> "Still, honest Chronos, 'tis most true
> To thee, and, faith, to *others* too,
> I'm very much *indebted.*"

Daw is again promoted, and acts on the stage with great *éclat,* though invisible:—

> "There was no bearing any outside bear
> If Mr. Daw was not the inside actor.
> Yet this intestine Roscius found that
> Sometimes a failure his great name would tarnish;
> Once, too, when drunk in Cerberus, oh shame!
> He fell asleep within the dog's internals.
> Thus, Mr. Whitbread's porter overcame
> The porter to the King of the Infernals."

But the worst is behind. For the Christmas Pantomime—

> "A pasteboard elephant, of monstrous size,
> Was form'd to bless a learned nation's eyes,
> And charm the sage theatrical resorters;
> And, as two men were necessary in it,
> It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
> That Mr. Daw should fill the *hinder* quarter."

Here was degradation! he swore a tragic oath, and appealed to the managers:—

> "I've been chief lion and first tiger here
> For fifteen year;
> That, you may tell me, matters not a souse;
> But what is more,
> All London says I am the greatest boar
> You ever had in all your house!"

Colman, who has previously written—

> "Reader, it ill becometh me
> To say how mad proprietors may be."

now with even more lowliness proceeds:—

> "And if obdurate *managers could* feel
> A little more than flint and steel,

If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the part.
All the head manager said to it
Was simply this, 'Daw, you *must* do it.' "

Daw consequently had to stoop, so that his face would touch the lower part of his rival's back. The elephant appears, is welcomed with shouts, and presently roars most naturally.

" That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer;
But, on a repetition of the spite,
How was the house electrified to hear
The elephant say—'Curse you, Daw, don't bite!'
Daw persevered; unable to get out,
The tall man faced about:
Both in the dark were now at random fighting,
Huffing and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting.
And in this civil brawl, like any other,
Where every man at arms his country shatters,
The two inhabitants thump'd one another,
Till they had torn the elephant to tatters."

Daw is ruined; but, when real animals are brought on the stage, his last hope expires, and he dies.

In "The Lady of the Wreck," Colman's imitations of Scott are close and happy. As to the plot, the fact that Miss Porter has written on the same legend is a sufficient guarantee for its being "quite correct." The notes are really instructive.

O'Shaughnashane, of Castle Blarneygig (Ulster), one stormy night, is disturbed by a shriek from the sea, which his tower o'erlooks; he peeps from a loophole, and beholds a beauteous female, draped half in her dark dishevelled hair, and half in the dashing spray, as she clings to the rock, whence, quite as consistently as many another heroine of fiction, she sings—

" What linen so fine has the bride put on?
What torch is her chamber bright'ning?
The bride is adrift, in a salt-water shift,
And her candles are flashes of lightning!"

The maid sees and admires the castle's lord, nay, more, a vehicle by which he may rescue her; and thus renews her lay, saying, towards its close:—

" If the bucket come not down,
Soon shall I be doom'd to *kick* it!
Quick, oh quick, unwind the rope,
If thou answer'st to my hope!
Then on thee, when fate is frowning,
May a *rope* prevent thy *drowning!*"

The gallant knight complies; the fair one requites her preserver, by transferring her love to himself. He instals her as his castle's mistress. His vassals at the banquet celebrate the event by a song; but, alas! time rolls his course. The Baron Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl has a daughter, passing fair, pining in secret for the Chief of Blarneygig. Interest pleads for her, as does her father. Sir T. breaks the truth to the Lady of the Wreck. She places on his finger a mystic ring, with which she bids him never part, then leaps out of window into the sea. Judy Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl succeeds her as the knight's lawful bride.

An episodic account of the priest who united this pair, burlesques the history of Brian in the "Lady of the Lake." To this caricature succeeds a picture of extreme beauty. But—

"Ideas that evince a mind,
To character the man refined,
Did not on the sensorium light'
Of Blarneygig's puissant knight."

He bids his lady sit upon his knee.

"Obey'd she? Yes; for then a spouse
(Times alter,) seldom broke her vows,
Nor thought *all other* vows effaced
While marriage *beds* were not disgraced.

As if love, honour, and obey,
Oaths now of form, on life's highway,
Like paltry passengers were lost
In virtue's terrible hard frost."

Judy, in playful fondness, pulls off the ring given by the Lady of the Wreck. Dire portents in air, and from the main, strike the conscience of the perjured. The bucket mounts into the sky, the sea in at the windows, and, when it sinks, leaves behind it a water rat, of very suspicious and supernatural attributes. The knight flies, but everywhere,

"He feared the rat would be espied,
And all his fears were *ratified.*"

Months fleeted, yet the little hairy quadruped could not be driven from the O'Shaughnashane.

It can neither be caught nor killed, tho'

"On Blarneygig's high gateway reared
A manifesto now appeared,
Writ in his own improper hand;
Five minutes' shower washed away
'Rade and tak notis,' every day."

This mattered not, as none of the vassals *could* read, yet they obeyed the word-of-mouth order, to procure a cat for every room in the castle. Strange to say, not one of these feline guests would attack the rat.

"Each claw was shut, and all the furred
As if in love and pity, purred."

After being rat-hunted for three years, the Chief makes the tour of Europe—in vain, the rat goes with him.

"No change it manifested, save
That which the various nations gave.
In France, thy dressing-room, oh, world!
Its whiskers seemed more smartly curled;
Through Italy a mellower note
Squeaked, like a quaver, from its throat;
Among the Germans all the day
It looked not sober, tho' not gay;
And gravely studied to maintain
A haughty toss of nose in Spain."

Again, in Erin, he goes to chase the deer; like Fitz-James, losing his way, a viewless harp twangs his lullaby.

"Huntsman, snore! for up thou 'rt done,
And, before the rising sun,
To awaken and assail ye
Will the reptile squeak reveillie!"

The modern phrase to be "done up" has descended to us from the Slangi of the ancients.*

Why a rat should be called a reptile I know not. 'Twas vermin he meant. Sir T. catches his foe napping, seizes it by the tail, and dashes out his brains against a stone, then wends home, rejoicing, and sends forth to invite a large party on this great occasion. His friends assemble, and are drinking lustily, when a stranger is announced as at the gate. The knight takes a candle, and goes to meet her. The blood-drenched ringlets, and the features of the Lady of the Wreck, hint what the spectre's words confirm, that the drawing off of the charmed ring had given her power to dwell, in one more shape, with her seducer; but, as he has slain her even in that humble disguise, the faithful rat-lady tells him that his life shall end with the candle in his grasp. Herself and squeaking palfrey then disappear; but the father of Judy reassures his kinsman, by reminding him that he has only to put out the light, and live as long as he likes. He does so, but, while he sleeps, a vassal, in ignorance of its power, rekindles it,—it burns out, and with it perishes the faithless lover.

"Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt," commences with a speculation as to the classes of persons who must have been losers had Eve never brought sin, shame, dress, and death, into the world. Since she did so, the bard regrets that those who prepare us for the grave should ever want clothes.

So was it with Ozias Polyglot, an orthodox man of Kent, the eschewed of that Heathen, Plutus, the effects of whose powers on various ranks of society are well enumerated.

The wife of Ozias brings him nine children in six years; and though the lazy, fat, incumbent's hack had to maintain them on twenty-seven pounds per annum, yet

> "The parson dearly loved his darling pets,
> Sweet little, ruddy, ragged Parsonets."

The good man, to his great trouble, has never once been invited to the hall. Its squire is no mere drinking fox-hunting bully,

> "No, he had travelled, and he knew—
> At least set up to know, which is the same
> For fools who get from fools a sort of name—
> Much about statues, paintings, and *virtu!*"

His house is such a show-place that, though sixty miles from town, his London friends flock down in shoals. Some wags, on a visit to the Squire, opined—

> "Hoaxing a parson was prodigious clever!
> Therefore a messenger was sent,
> To run as fast as he was able,
> With more of a command than compliment,
> To bid Ozias to the great man's table.
> The invitation made the curate start;
> Though worldly vanity could never bias
> Till now the meek affections of Ozias,
> Vain-glory glow'd in his parsonic heart!"

But, haplessly, the Reverend Ozias Polyglot had but one shirt, and was lying between the blankets, while his wife washed it. It was now five o'clock, the dinner hour six; the walk three miles up hill, in the dirt.

> "'Come duck,' he cried, 'make haste and dry the shirt,
> Or else I shan't get there in time at all.'"

The duck vows it is impossible; the drake retorts that he *will* get into it as it is, but

> "Says Mrs. Polyglot, 'Good Lord!
> You're mad, Ozias, vy, it's wringing vet!'"

His neckcloth, too, is soaking in the bottom of the tub. He gulps a damme, hesitating between the hope of patronage and the dread of rheumatism.

> "People unblest by fortune's gifts
> Wanting clean shirts will often find out shifts.
> The parson's surplice was laid by,
> For Sabbath, neatly folded up, and dry,
> And from the tail of that
> His loving helpmate snipped a slice,
> Which, in a trice,
> Made him a very long and white cravat."

> "He kiss'd his loving mate,
> And ran up hill, through clay, three miles to dinner.
> He knew not, simple servitor of Heaven!
> That fashion's *six* means *half-past* six for *seven*,
> And, *seven* come, the guests arrive at *eight*."

The squire's pagods, sphinxes, griffons, draperies, and mirrors, fill the religionist with worldly awe, but the nudities of *virtù* shock and scandalize him. The butler, bringing in wine, gives the visitor up to an hour of solitary gazing.

> "Polyglot toss'd a bumper off; it cheer'd
> The cockles of his heart, and gave him vigour
> To face, what he before so much had fear'd,
> The Squire and *all* the gentlefolks of *figure*.
> He took a second bumper, which so fired him,
> With so much gaiety inspired him,"

that

> "Before a glass he next began to strut,
> His powdered wig in better order put,
> He thought it not amiss to give a sample
> That of clean linen he had now no lack,
> So twitched a little at his waistband out,
> To make the party think, beyond a doubt.
> He really *had* a shirt upon his back.
> The Squire and all his friends at length appeared,
> Ozias, who, when by himself, had swaggered,
> Was staggered;
> Yet, welcomed by the Squire, was somewhat cheered.
> The wags with starch grimace received the parson,
> And carried with such gravity the farce on,
> They didn't quiz too much at the beginning."

> "In the company
> There was the Reverend Obadiah Pringle,
> He was the chaplain to the Irish Lord O'Grady."

Night comes, with thunder and rain. By general acclaim Ozias must sleep at the Hall, though it is so full that he can only share a garret bed with Parson Pringle. The Chaplain is by no means pleased with the prospect of such a bedfellow, but submits. Polyglot, behind the attic curtain, undresses, and, unseen, leaps between the sheets, scrambling them round his shoulders, and begging Mr. Pringle to put out the light when *he* is ready. That gentleman, however, is not in the habit of lying darkly, so refuses; and, of course, to his amazement, sees the truth.

> "'Bless us,' he groan'd, his feelings vastly hurt.
> 'Sir, do you *always* sleep without your shirt?'
> Says Polyglot—'twas said quite coolly, too—
> 'Certainly, Mr. Pringle. Pray, don't *you*?'

'Who, I? Lord, no!' the Chaplain cried:
'Why then it is, Sir,' Polyglot replied,
'The most unwholesome thing that you can do.
I had it from a doctor, Sir, who drives
His carriage; he is in the highest practice,'" &c.

" Now Pringle was a very nervous man,
And very credulous withal; he muttered
'Can it be possible?' and then began
To swallow all the lies Ozias uttered."

Then

" With a melancholy air,
Pull'd off his shirt, and laid it on the chair,
And went to bed, and then to sleep, without it.
Next morning, Parson Polyglot
Was first awake, so out of bed he got;
And, thinking 'twould not much his carcass hurt,
He dress'd himself in Parson Pringle's shirt,
And hearing in the breakfast-room were met
The last night's fashionable set,
He strutted up to them with a large frill out.
In twenty minutes after,
Convulsing all the wags with laughter,
In rush'd the Chaplain of his shirt bereft,'
And plumply charged Ozias with the theft.
He said that he could prove it, by his mark.
But their names happened so far to agree,
Both their initials were an O and P;
So this could not have made the matter quiet,
Without a confirmation much more strong,
Settling the question would have been as long
As the famed Covent-Garden O. P. riot."

Pringle avers that Ozias had *no* shirt the day before.

" This charge the females seem'd not to endure, but
Cried, 'Oh, Sir, *that* he *had we're very sure!*'"

The Chaplain is forced to yield. Polyglot, all the better for a good meal or two, marches home;

" But, not to leave his character in doubt,
When Mrs. Polyglot had washed it out,
Ozias took the shirt to the Green Dragon;
And thence anonymously sent
To Pringle, at my Lord's, in town; it went,
And the right owner got it by the waggon."

"Vagaries Vindicated" is a vehement fling at the reviewers, containing a broad contrast between prudes who frown at a free jest, because they understand it, and *innocents* who *smile* because they *don't*. This latter state appears to me neither very engaging nor very secure from misinterpretation. There is a happy medium,—that of the virtuous woman of sense, who knows why she must neither smile nor frown in such cases; not because her secret soul condemns the jest, but because, like a liberal clergyman, she has to uphold the purity of her *order*, and do justice to the uniform she wears. I agree with his opinion that—

"the droll
No passion moves nor penetrates the soul."

It is against sentimental licentiousness that he would guard the young, ay, and the old, too. Had the Squire's drawing-room, instead of languishing Venuses, contained pictures of Dutch boors, drinking with their round-about, platter-faced *vrows*, Ozias Polyglot would have laughed, then turned away rejoicing that his *duck* was not like one of these.

"Eccentricities for Edinburgh" commence with "Fire, or the Sun Poker," a truly classic flight, showing how Prometheus (the first Frankenstein) made, and, by felony from heaven, animated men, who

> "First wonder'd at, but shortly *braved* the skies,
> As oft their purblind, vain descendants do;
> Poor reasoning dirt pies."

When Jove discovered the theft—

> "He swore,—the gods had all a swearing habit.
> * * * *
> He swore to be revenged by Styx.
> Swearing to do a thing, when bile 's afloat,
> Is easier than afterwards essaying it;
> Just as to sign a promissory note
> Is not so difficult as *paying* it."

His godship muses over the *quid* and *quomodo*.

> "First for the What—an engine for the plan,
> A panting paradox for breathing man;
> To be———in short, a Woman was the thing."

Colman speaks of a *mere* woman. Jove denies her "rules" (principles) and says—

> "Let her but have her way in all her actions,
> She 's certain to breed mischief fast enough."

The heathen! Why is it that woman never breeds anything that is not good in Christian lands? Because she is not let have her way at all—I 'm *serious!*

This female was to be the only one in a male community; so, if mischief bred, she would have helpers enough in its breeding. Vulcan anticipatively consigns her to Pluto, but what lady need care for the sarcasms of a limping old blacksmith?

She is finished, and set before the etherial synod.

> "The gods and goddesses had firm reliance
> On their own skill in every art and science;
> Each was a connoisseur or connoisseuse;
> That is, they had a general smattering
> Enough to set them on all subjects chattering."

Here follows somewhat touching Venus, as fine as anything in Henry and Emma. It is thus checked.

> "Oh then—ye Muses! ye are fettered now,
> And Bards must humbly to fanatics bow;
> Since then, what once was poetry is vice,
> And men, grown more *corrupt*, are grown more *nice*."

The lady is dressed: even Minerva contributes, though

> "Deep wisdom she reserved, for well she knew
> Men with wise women will have nought to do."

The poet here is more severe on *man* than woman. Promised visits from all the gods, and borne by Mercury, she arrives before Prometheus. Jove's æronautic plenipo, with a low bow, compliments the new-made men, yet condoles with them on their celibacy, nevertheless, devoting Jove's lovely gift to Prometheus himself; but the old gentleman smokes the design, and, as if in disinterested kindness, promises that she shall be married to Epimetheus (Epi was younger brother to old Pro)—

> "Few women are by a refusal stung
> When the old men resign them to the young."

The heathen rites are performed by a clay curate. The honeymoon

wanes. If the young couple had not too much *toyed* they would not have furnished the inevitable rhyme *cloyed*. Mars leaves his card, calls in a full field-marshal's uniform, yet in manners bashful, even to sheepishness; so that the husband has no hesitation in trusting his wife with this pet-lamb. The world, however, will talk, trusted gallants will presume, then cool, then fly; but

> "Pandora scarce had lost the God of Slaughter
> When Neptune popped his head out of the water,
> For shore directly steering."

Half the gods in turn follow these examples—

> "Nay, Vulcan, who had hammered her together,
> Sighed to her from his lungs of bellow's leather."

Pandora's fault survives her charms; low, despicable dame, her shameless loves are offered at last to the very satyrs. The poem has one bit of humility, which I must transcribe.

> "But most, like me, of great Apollo's sons,
> Have much degenerated from their father."

The story which follows is droll, and has merit on which another man might have built his claim to the title of *wit;* yet, compared with its author's usual vein, it is heavy, like its hero and his king. Mr. Champernoune is one of Henry the Eighth's beefeaters—

> "——— huge things
> Employèd to waddle after kings,
> Like broad-wheeled waggons wanting springs."

When Colman wrote that, he foresaw not that *he* should himself become Lieutenant of the Yeoman Guard. This ballad is keen upon courtiers who sell their souls for place, loaves, and fishes, cringe to majesty, yet trample on its servants.

Large unwieldy men are Colman's favourite quarry, easily run down, well worth cutting up; yet his preface to the "Luminous Historian, or Learning in Love," is replete with polished deference and sensitive enthusiasm for the memory of Gibbon. The poem's opening treats philosophically of life and death, of the blunders we all commit—

> "Prone to be this or that too soon or late,"

Evincing that

> "'Tis ne'er too soon nor late to play the fool."

It teaches us

> "To see worn One-and-twenty writhe with gout,
> Groaning beneath whole vintages drank out,
> While Dotage dyes his eyebrows for a ball."

But, he adds, though when the wise and good for a moment forget their cast of character, this calls for no reprobation, still 'tis laughable. We may admire the historian, though we chuckle at his clumsy love—

> "Like a carved pumpkin was his classic jole,
> Flesh had the solo of his chin encored,
> Puffed were his cheeks, his mouth a little hole,
> Just in the centre of his visage bored."

A shade-portrait of the whole figure is added, stuck up

> "- on either long *long heel*,
> To look like an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

Colman justly derides the purblind partiality of those friends who expose a great man's defects, as if they were beauties. *Pour moi*, I think most biographers maliciously *pretend* this mistake of Punch for

Apollo. Eudoxus (Gibbon), in the full meridian of his glory, no longer young, goes for retrenchment to Lausanne; and, though hitherto untouched by the tender passion, is smitten by a fair blue, who resides on a neighbouring hill. Sad news for one so funnily obese as to be incapable of horse-riding, unfit for climbing! Still he resolves to *try;* though not insensible to his charmer's weakness, nor she to his—

> "Each saw each other's foible, not their own,
> *He* smiled at science, in a lovely lass,
> *She* at a sapient squab, who turned philandering ass."

His ascent is most ludicrously described. The path, greasy with recent rain, causes him to lose one step in three, as, like a well-fed maggot crawling up a deep fruit-plate, he works, slips, writhes, and waggles on, till he sees the lady's casement, with herself in it.

> "She'll let me in, he groaned, and should she frown,
> Love's bliss is lost; but oh! what rapture to sit down!"

She does admit him, and

> "The fair pursued her literary prattle—
> Now changed her author, now her attitude,
> And much more symmetry than learning showed."

Till Eudoxus, of the double chin, unable longer to forbear—

> "——rescuing his cushion from its load,
> Flounced on his knees, appearing like a round
> Large fillet of hot veal just tumbled on the ground."

The fair Agnes is convulsed with laughter; Eudoxus strives to rise—

> "But Fate and Corpulency seemed to say
> There's a petitioner who must for *ever* pray!"

At last a servant helps to raise him, and

> "Eudoxus, fretted with the morn's romance,
> Opined, as he was waddling to the plain,
> Himself no wiser than the King of France,
> Who march'd up hill, and then—march'd down again."

In the midst of this quiz, Colman's advice for ladies to admit ugly lovers, if any, an' they would avoid scandal, comes with the better grace, as he had no personal sympathy with smirking hole mouths and knob noses; on the contrary, was a handsome fellow, "had been to the Promontory, and got a *goodly one.*"

"London Rurality" describes our suburban villas to the life, with their occupants — retired cits, government-clerks, half-pay officers, school-keepers, widows, and old maids; votaries to the genteelly-cheap, to brickkiln air, and overbuilt high-road rusticity.

The "Letters" that follow Colman did not create. Mathews had the originals. Their writers, worthy women! in perfect ignorance of evil and of Lindley Murray, had, indeed, traced "bitter words." Their queernesses, however, outrage no "moral feeling."

To humour the expurgators, I assure them that "The Family Colman" would make a large volume. My limits forbid my culling hosts of varied flowers, pure and sweet as wild and gay. The Lady Erpinghams, the Agneses, would welcome such a *bouquet* to their breasts, though the Lucretias and Pandoras might dread its thorns, if any such females existed in this most exemplary age.

WALTER ELLIS.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

THIRD SERIES.

I.

The Awakening of Endymion.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.
When will he awaken?
When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves, found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Ask'd the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?
Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring,
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above;
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?
He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
The poet's passionate world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first uphold the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Ask'd midnight's stately queen.

Lo! the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated;
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair.
Soon he will awaken!
Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos, but is bringing
Music that is murmur'd from nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken,
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy;
  Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
  O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
    Soon he will awaken!
Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
  Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own,
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
  With a life more glorious than ere they closed was known.
    Yes, he has awakened
    For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history but a lesson given,
  How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth,
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
  Sanctify the visions of hope, faith, and youth.
    'Tis for such they waken!
When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
  Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
  To a being more intense, more spiritual and true.
    So doth the soul awaken,
    Like that youth to night's fair queen!

II.

The Death of the Sea King.

Dark, how dark the morning
  That kindles the sky!
But darker the scorning
  Of Earl Harald's eye;
On his deck he is lying,—
  It once was his throne,
Yet there he is dying,
  Unheeded and lone.
There gather'd round nor follower nor foeman,
But over him bendeth a young and pale woman.

He has lived mid the hurtle
  Of spears and of snow;
Yet green droops the myrtle
  Where he is laid low:
The vessel is stranded
  On some southern isle;
The foes that are banded
  Will wait her awhile:—
Ay, long is that waiting—for never again
Will the Sea Raven sweep o'er her own northern main.

He was born on the water,
  'Mid storm and 'mid strife;
Through tempest and slaughter
  Was hurried his life;
Few years has he numbered,
  And golden his head,
Yet the north hills are cumbered
  With bones of his dead.
The combat is distant, the whirlwind is past
From the spot where Earl Harald is breathing his last.

'Tis an isle which the ocean
  Has kept like a bride,
For the moonlit devotion
  Of each gentler tide;
No eyes hath ere wander'd,
  No step been addrest,
Where nature has squander'd
  Her fairest and best.
Yet the wild winds have brought from the Baltic afar
That vessel of slaughter, that lord of the war.

He saw his chiefs stooping,
  But not unto him;
The stately form drooping,
  The flashing eye dim.
The wind from the nor'erd
  Swept past, fierce and free;
It hurried them forward,
  They knew not the sea;
And a foe track'd their footsteps more stern than the tide—
The plague was among them—they sicken'd and died.

Left last, and left lonely,
  Earl Harold remain'd;
One captive—one only
  Life's burden sustain'd:
She watch'd o'er his sleeping,
  Low, sweetly she spoke,
He saw not her weeping,
  She smiled when he woke;
Tho' stern was his bearing and haughty his tone,
He had one gentler feeling, and that was her own.

Fierce the wild winds were blowing
  That drove them all night,
Now the hush'd waves are flowing
  In music and light;
The storm is forsaking
  Its strife with the main,
And the blue sky is breaking
  Thro' clouds and thro' rain:
They can see the fair island whereon they are thrown,
Where the palms and the spice groves rise lovely and lone.

Her bright hair is flying
  Escaped from its fold,
The night-dews are drying
  Away from its gold;
The op'ning flowers quiver
  Beneath the soft air,
She turns with a shiver
  From what is so fair.
Paler, colder the forehead that rests on her knee!
For her, in the wide world, what is there to see!

He tries—vain the trying—
  To lift up his sword,
As if still defying
  The Death, now his lord.

Once to gaze on the ocean,
His lips faintly stir;
But life's last emotion
Is one look on her.
Down drops on his bosom her beautiful head,-
The Earl and the maiden together lie dead!

III.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

VERY fair the child was, with hair of darkest auburn,—
Fair, and yet sunburnt with the golden summer:
Sunshine seem'd the element from which she drew her being.
Careless from her little hand the gather'd ears are scatter'd,
In a graceful wreath the purple corn-flowers binding;
While her sweet face brightens with a sudden pleasure.
Blame not her binding: already stirs within her
All the deep emotions in the love of nature,—
Love, that is the source of the beautiful and holy.
In long-after years will memory, recalling
Sweetness undying from that early garland,
Keep the heart glad with natural devotion.
'Tis a true, sweet lesson; for, in life's actual harvest,
Much we need the flowers that mingle with our labours.
Pleasures, pure and simple, recall us to their Giver;
For ever, in its joy, does the full heart think of Heaven.

L. E. L.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

ON giving the portrait of Lady Charlotte Bury—one of the most distinguished women of her time—we must for the present confine ourselves to presenting a slight sketch of her ladyship's life. She is of illustrious birth, and her forefathers stand recorded in the page of history. Her father, the late Duke of Argyle, the bravest and best of men, mainly contributed to subdue the west of Scotland to the House of Hanover, in the rebellion of 45. He died a Field Marshal, full of years and honour, beloved, revered, and mourned by all who came within the sphere of his influence. Lady Charlotte Bury's mother was the celebrated beauty Miss Gunning, of the ancient family of Morgan, in Ireland; first married to the Duke of Hamilton—secondly to the Duke of Argyle. Her Grace's memory is fondly cherished by her remaining offspring; and among many great and good qualities adorning her high station, she was in an eminent degree the benefactress of the poor.

Lady Charlotte Bury, their Graces' youngest daughter, who is the subject of this memoir, has been twice married; first to Colonel Campbell, of Shawfield, descended from the Houses of Lothian and Glencairn, one of the handsomest men of his time; after nine years of widowhood, she married, secondly, Mr. Bury, a gentleman of very superior endowments and worth, originally of an ancient family of Bulpher Hall, Essex, whose ancestors fought in the holy wars, and held honourable posts in the court of Henry VIII. By the first marriage, Lady Charlotte had a numerous family, all beautiful and gifted with various talents, who have married suitably to their high lineage and personal charms. Of these she had the misfortune to lose three; one of them, Elinora, first Countess of Uxbridge, who died in the flower of her youth. By her second marriage, Lady C. Bury had two daughters; Beatrice, who died an infant, and Blanche Augusta Bury, not less handsome than the daughters of her first marriage.

Of Lady Charlotte's perfect beauty in her youth there never was a question; but those friends who have known her through life, and value her for higher and more enduring qualities, will dwell with complacency upon those graces of mind, and that truth of character which are pre-eminently her own.

It was not in the fascination of beauty and grace alone that Lady Charlotte excelled; the sweetness and serenity of her temper cast a sunshine on all the intercourse of domestic life, and, amidst the universal homage of the world, she remained unspoiled by its seductions.

From her earliest childhood, Lady Charlotte had a genuine love of, and respect for, letters. She cultivated them assiduously, as the writer of this sketch can testify, under very unfavourable circumstances. That she is gifted with the "art unteachable," the art of poetry, there is high testimony to warrant, in a note by Sir Walter Scott, published in an article of the "Edinburgh Review," on Sir Humphrey Davy's Fly Fishing.

Amongst Lady Charlotte Bury's works may be named, two volumes of Prayers, "Suspirium Sanctorum," dedicated to the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Goodenough; a "Poem on the Sanctuaries of Tuscany;" a series of popular novels, "Flirtation," "Alla Giornata," "The Disinherited," and "The Ensnared;" "The Devoted," &c. &c.

Considering Lady Charlotte Bury's various avocations, her duties, and her sorrows (of which she has had her *bitter* share), this list of her works intimates a more honourable and lasting meed of praise, than can be awarded by any other panegyric whatever. It is not the purport of this brief sketch to enter minutely into the details of a life-time, but to present its general outline; and this will, perhaps, be best completed in the words of a deceased poet.

"While stranger eyes, where'er thy form is seen,
Hail you of captive hearts, unrivall'd queen;
While stranger ears, catching its passing strain,
The music of your voice through life retain;
Admired by all, be still your proudest boast,
That those who know you best, will love you most."

THE HUMORIST.

It was by the advice of the new Editor that the periodical publication announced separately under this title, was incorporated with the "New Monthly Magazine." The contributors to both are the same, their object the same—to support one of the most enterprising publishers of the day. It seemed, therefore, to the new functionary, a matter of questionable policy, to say the least of it, to set up a magazine against a magazine, when, with the same outlay of mind and money, they might be combined, and answer all the same purposes.

It appears that mirth and gaiety are highly considered in the present day, and that such a work as Mr. Colburn suggested would have been eminently successful. If so, why not throw this additional attraction into the pages of his own already established magazine?

Whatever the evil or good may be, which is to arise from this combination, it is wholly attributable to the editor; and he thinks, with great deference to better judgments, that the "Humorist," so incorporated, will be found a most valuable substitute for the mere common-place details of occurrences and accidents, which, by the end of a month, have, in the present state of the diffusion of knowledge, become notorious and even stale, through the five thousand newspapers, London, provincial, daily, and weekly, which are published throughout the kingdom.

With this slight, but perhaps necessary introduction, we open the first page of the "Humorist" with an apostrophe to

CHRISTMAS.

——— Now hoary-headed Winter, like a shivering pauper, with a *freeze* coat and a hurri*cane* in hand, walks abroad. —— Ladies, young and old, appear, like the Hartz mountains, covered with *furs*. —— The grateful perfume of roasting pippins fills the frosty air, some singing and others hissing, as is the wont in most musical meetings. —— The fields are glistening with snow, awaiting, like sheep, the coming of Spring, to shear them of their fleecy covering. —— Now little charity-boys, in leather very-smalls, run about presenting their pieces to the admirers of calligraphy; and Cockneys leave their counters, to present their pieces at little birds. —— The fishmonger's lad leaves his basket upon the banks of the Serpentine, and exerts his muscles in propelling a solitary *skate*. —— Eaves-dropping is at an end! the drip being congelated to a fringe of icicles. —— "George Barnwell" is performed at the theatres, to teach apprentices that, when they are in want of money, they must go to their "uncle's." —— Cooks are up early, and plums suffer the martyrdom of St. Stephen; and all show their politics by cutting up—*peel*. —— Greengrocers become barbarous; for after cruelly cropping the hollies for the holidays, and misletoes, they—take their leaves. —— Snow-balls and fancy-balls are to be met with in every quarter of the town. —— Young bucks and old horses appear in

rough coats; and the coaches are so laden with turkeys and game, that they seem as if they had all been through the *Poultry*, and run *foul* of each other. —— Urchins from school come driven home, huddled together, like so many rams in a market-cart, with their *horns* sticking out on both sides. —— Country-dances are all the vogue, from the ball-room down to the twelve-foot square parlour; and, like sailors in a storm, it's "all hands to the pumps" with the shoemakers.

Farewell, old Christmas! May thy temples ever be crowned with a snow-wreath! May all English hearts be long delighted with Christmas gambols! "Christmas *gambles!*" exclaimed my old maternal aunt, as her ear caught the concluding words of my apostrophe; "I am very sorry to hear *that!*"

DAY OF THE DISASTERS OF CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, ESQUIRE.

CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, Esquire, aged six-and-thirty, but apparently a dozen years older, was a spare, well-dressed, sickly-looking, dry sort of leisurely individual, of respectable birth, very small income, and no abilities. He was the younger son of the younger son of a younger brother; and not being able to marry a fortune, (which once, they say, nearly made him die for love,) and steering clear, with a provoking philosophy, of the corkscrew curls and pretty staircase perplexities of the young ladies of lodging-houses, contrived to live in London upon the rent of half-a-dozen cottages in Berkshire.

Having, in fact, no imagination, Carfington Blundell, Esquire, had no sympathies, except with the wants and wishes of that interesting personage, Carfington Blundell, Esquire—of whom he always bore about with him as lively an image in his brain as it was possible for it to possess, and with whom, when other people were of the least consequence to his inclinations, he was astonished that the whole world did not hasten to sympathize. On every other occasion, the only thing which he had to do with his fellow-creatures, all and every of them, was, he thought, to leave them alone;—an excellent principle, as far as concerns their own wish to be so left, but not quite so much so in the reverse instances; such, for example, as when they have fallen into ditches, or want to be paid their bills, or have a turn for delicate attentions, or under any other circumstances which induce people to suppose that you might as well do to them as you would be done by. Mr. Blundell, it is true, was a regular payer of his bills; and though, agreeably to that absorption of himself in the one interesting idea above mentioned, he was not famous for paying delicate attentions, except where he took a fancy to having them paid to himself; yet, provided the morning was not very cold or muddy, and he had a stick with him for the individual to lay hold of, and could reckon upon using it without soiling his shoes, or straining his muscles, the probability is that he might have helped a man out of a ditch. As people, however, are not in the habit of falling into ditches, especially about Regent-street, and as it was not easy to conjecture in what other instances Mr. Blundell might have deemed it fitting to evince a sense of the existence of any-

thing but his own coat and waistcoat, muffins, mutton cutlet, and bed, certain it is that the sympathies of others were anything but lively towards himself; and they would have been less so, if the only other intense idea which he had in his head, to wit, that of his birth and connexions, (which he pretty freely overrated,) had not instinctively led him to hit upon the precise class of acquaintances to whom his insipidity could have been welcome.

These acquaintances, with whom he dined frequently (and breakfasted, too), were rich men, of a grade a good deal lower than himself; and to such of them as had not "unexpectedly left town," he gave a sort of a quiet, particular, just-enough kind of a lodging-house dinner once a year, the shoe-black in gloves assisting the deputy under-waiter from the tavern. The friends out of town he paid with regrets at their "lamented absence;" and the whole of them he would have thought amply recompensed, even without his giving into this fond notion of the necessity of a dinner on his part, by the fact of his eating their good things, and talking of his fifth cousin the Marquis; a personage, by the way, who never heard of him. He did, indeed, once contrive to pick up the Marquis's glove at the opera, and to intimate at the same time that his name was Blundell; upon which the noble lord, staring somewhat, but good-humouredly smiling withal, said, "Much obliged to you, Mr. Bungle." As to his positive insipidity over the hock and pineapples of his friends, Mr. Blundell never dreamt of such a thing; and if he happened to sit next to any wit, or other lion of the day, who seemed of consequence enough to compete with the merits of his presence, he thought it amply set off by his taste in having had such ancestors, and indeed in simply being that identical Mr. Blundell, who, in having no merits at all, was gifted by the kind providence of nature with a proportionate sense of his enjoying a superabundance of them.

To complete the idea of him in the reader's mind, his manners were gentlemanly, except that they betrayed now and then too nice a sense of his habiliments. His hat he always held in the way best adapted to keep it in shape; and a footman, coming once too softly into a room where he was waiting during a call, detected him in the act of dusting his boots with an extra coloured handkerchief, which he always carried about with him for that purpose. He calculated, that with allowance for changes in the weather, it saved him in a good four-months' coach-hire.

Such was the accomplished individual, who, in the month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and in a "fashionable dress of the first water" (as Sir Hercules called it), issued forth from his lodgings near St. James's, drawing the air through his teeth with an elegant indifference, coughing slightly at intervals out of emotion, and, to say the truth, as happy as coat and hat, hunger, a dinner-party, and a fine day could make him. Had the weather been in the smallest degree rainy, or the mansion for which he was bound at any distance, the spectators were to understand that he would have come in his own carriage, or at least intended to call a coach; but as the day was so very fine, and he kept looking at every door that he passed, as though each were the one he was about to knock at, the conclusion to be drawn was, that having but a little way to go, and possessing a high taste for superiority to appearances, it was his pleasure

to go on foot. Vulgar wealth might be always making out its case. Dukes and he could afford to dispense with pretension.

The day was beautiful, the sky blue, the air a zephyr, the ground in that perfect state for walking (a day or two before dust) when there is a sort of dry moisture in the earth, and people in the country prefer the road itself to the path. The house at which our hero was going to dine was midway between the west end and the north-east; and he had just got half way, and was in a very quiet street, when in the "measureless content" of his anticipations, he thought he would indulge his eyesight with one or two of those personal ornaments, the presence of which, on leaving the house, he always ascertained with sundry pattings of his waistcoat and coat pockets. Having, therefore, again assured himself that he had duly got his two pocket-handkerchiefs, his ring, his shirt-pin, his snuff-box, his watch, and his purse *under* his watch, he first took off a glove that he might behold the ring; and then, with the ungloved hand, he took out the snuff-box, in order that he might as delicately contemplate the snuff-box.

Now the snuff-box was an ancient but costly snuff-box, once the possession of his grandmother, who had it from her uncle, whose arms, flaming in *or* and *gules*, were upon the lid; and inside the lid was a most ingeniously-contrived portrait of the uncle's lady, in a shepherdess's hat and powdered toupee, looking, or to be supposed to be looking, into an actual bit of looking-glass.

Carfington Blundell, Esquire, in a transport of ease, hope, and ancestral elegance, and with that expression of countenance the insipidity of which is bound to be in proportion to the inward rapture, took a pinch out of this hereditary amenity, and was in the act of giving a glance at his grand-aunt, before he closed the lid, when a strange, respectably-dressed person, who seemed to be going somewhere in a great hurry, suddenly dashed against him; and, uttering the words, "With pleasure," dipped his fingers into the box, and sent it, as Carlington thought, half-way across the street.

Intense was the indignation, but at the same time highly considerate the movement, of Mr. Blundell; who seeing the "impertinent beast" turn a corner, and hearing the sound of empty metal dancing over the street, naturally judged it better to secure the box, than derange his propriety further by an idle pursuit. Contenting himself therefore with sending an ejaculation after the vagabond to the purpose just quoted, and fixing his eye upon the affecting moveable, now stationary, he delicately stepped off the pavement towards it, with inward congratulation upon its not being muddy, when imagine his dismay and petrifaction upon lifting up, not the identical box, but one of the commonest order! To be brief, it was of pewter; and upon the lid of it, with after-dinner fork, was scratched a question, which, in the immediate state of Mr. Blundell's sensations, almost appeared to have a supernatural meaning; to wit, "How's your mother?"

Had it been possible for a man of the delicacy of Mr. Blundell's life and proportions to give chace to a thief, or had he felt it of the least use to raise an immediate hue and cry in a gentlemanly tone of voice—or, indeed, in any voice not incompatible with his character—doubtless he would have done so with inconceivable swiftness; but, as it was, he happened to stand as if thunderstruck, and, in an instant, there were a

dozen persons about him all saying—"What is it?" "Which?" "Who?"

Mr. Blundell, in his first emotions, hardly knew "what it was" himself: the "which" did not puzzle him quite so much, as often as he looked upon the snuff-box: but the "who" he was totally at a loss to conjecture; and so were his condolers.

"What—was it that chap as run agin you," said one, "jist as I was coming in at t'other end of the street? Lord love you, you might as well run arter last year. He's a mile off by this time."

"If the gentleman'll give me a shilling," said a boy, "*I'll* run arter him."

"Get out, you young dog," said the first speaker; "d'ye think the gentleman's a fool?"

"It is a circumstance," said Mr. Blundell, grateful for this question, and attempting a breathless smile, "which—might have—surprised—any body."

"What *sort* of a man was it?" emphatically inquired a judicious-looking person, jerking his face into Mr. Blundell's, and then bending his ear close to his, as though he were deaf.

"I—declare," said Mr. Blundell, "that I can—hardly say, the thing was so very unexpected; but—from the glimpse I had of him, I should—really say—he looked like a gentleman—(here Mr. Blundell lifted up his eyebrows,)—not indeed a *perfect* gentleman."

"I dare say not, Sir," returned the judicious-looking person.

"*What is* all this?" inquired a loud individual, elbowing his way through.

"A gentleman been robbed," said the boy, "by another gentleman."

"Another gentleman?"

"Yes; not a *perfect* gentleman, he says; but highly respectable."

Here, to the equal surprise and grief of the sufferer, the crowd laughed and began joking with one another, apparently, as well as his confused hearing could collect, at himself. None but the judicious-looking, deaf individual, seemed to keep his countenance, and condole with him.

"Well," quoth the loud man, "here's a policeman coming at the end of the street; the gentleman had better apply to him."

"Yes, Sir," said the deaf friend, "that's your resource, and God bless you with it." So saying, he grasped Mr. Blundell's hand with a familiarity more sympathizing than respectful; and, treading at the same time, in his uncouth hastiness, upon his toes, in the most horrible manner, begged his pardon, and went away.

Mr. Blundell stooped down, partly to rub his toes, and partly to hide his confusion, and the policeman came up. The matter was explained to the policeman, all the while he was hearing the sufferer, by a dozen voices, and the question was put, "What sort of a man was it?"

"Here is a gentleman," said Mr. Blundell, "who saw him."

The policeman looked about for the witness, but nobody answered; and it was discovered, that all the first speakers had vanished,—loud man, boy, and all.

"Have you lost anything else, Sir?" inquired the policeman.

"Bless me," said Mr. Blundell, turning very red, and feeling his pockets, "I really—positively I do fear—that—"

"You can remember, Sir, what you had with you when you came out?"

"*One* handkerchief," continued Mr. Blundell, "has certainly gone; and—"

"Your watch is safe," returned the policeman, "for it is hanging out of your waistcoat. Very lucky you fastened it. Have you got your purse, Sir?"

"The purse was under the watch," breathed Mr. Blundell, "therefore I have no doubt that—but I regret to say—that I do not—feel my *ring*."

A laugh, and cries of "too bad."

"A man shook your hand, Sir," said the policeman; "did you feel nothing then?"

"I did not, indeed," replied Mr. Blundell, "not in my *hand* at least, though now I perceive that the fingers on each side, where the ring was, are painfully *dented in*."

"And you had a brooch, I perceive."

The brooch was gone too.

"Why don't you run arter him," cried a very little boy, in an extremely high and loud voice, which set the crowd in a roar.

The policeman, as speedily as he could, dispersed the crowd, and accompanied Mr. Blundell part of his way; whither the latter knew not, for he walked along as if he had taken too much wine; and he already doubted whether he should proceed to recruit himself at his friend's table, or avoid the shame of telling his story, and return home. The policeman helped to allay his confusion a little by condolence, and promises of search, and accounts of daring robberies practised upon the most knowing; and our hero, in the gratitude of his heart, would have given him his card; but he now found that his pocket-book was gone! His companion rubbed his face to conceal a smile, and received with great respect an oral communication of the address; Mr. Blundell, to show him that his spirit as a gentleman was not subdued, told him there was half a crown for him on his calling.

Alone, and meditative, and astonished, and, as it were, half undone, Mr. Blundell continued his journey towards the dinner, having made up his mind, that as his watch-chain was still apparent, and had the watch attached to it, and as the disorder of his nerves, if not quite got rid of, might easily be referred to delicacy of health, he would refresh his spirits with some of that excellent port, which always made him feel twice the man he was.

Nor was this judicious conclusion prevented, but rather irritated and enforced, by one of those sudden and huge showers which, in this fickle climate, are apt to come pouring down in midst of the finest weather, especially upon the heels of April. This, to be sure, was a tremendous one; though, by diverting our hero's cause of chagrin, and putting him upon his mettle, it only made him gather up all his determination, and look extremely counter-active and frowning. Would to heaven his nerves had been as braced up as his face. The gutters were suddenly a torrent; the pavement a dancing wash; the wind a whirlwind; the

women all turned into distressed Venuses de' Medici. Everybody got up in door-ways, or called a coach.

Unfortunately, no coach was to be had. The hacks went by, insolently taking no notice. Mr. Blundell's determination was put to a nonplus. The very door-ways in the street where he was, being of that modern, *skimping*, inhospitable, penny-saving, done-by-contract order, so unlike the good old projecting ones with pediments and ample thresholds, denied security even to his thin and shrinking person. His pumps were speedily as wet through as paper; and what almost rendered this ruin of his hopes the more provoking, was, that the sunshine suddenly burst forth again, as powerful as the rain which had interrupted it. A coach, however, he now thought, would be forthcoming; and it would at least take him home again; while the rain, and "the previous inability to get one," would furnish a good excuse for returning.

But no coach was to be had so speedily, and meantime his feet were wet, and there was danger of cold. "As I *am* wet," thought Mr. Blundell, sighing, "a little motion, at all events, is best. It would be better, considering I am so, not to stop at all, nor perhaps get into a coach; but then how am I to get home in these shoes, and this highly evening dress? I shall be a sight. I shall have those cursed little boys after me. Perhaps I shall again be hustled."

Bewildered with contending emotions of shame, grief, disappointment, anger, nay hunger, and the sympathy between his present pumps and departed elegancies, our hero picked his way as delicately as he could along the curb-stones; and, turning a corner, had the pleasure of seeing a hackney-coach slowly moving in the distance, and the man holding forth his whip to the pedestrians, evidently disengaged. The back of it, to be sure, was towards him, and the street long, and narrow, and very muddy. But no matter. An object's an object;—a little more mud could not signify: our light-footed sufferer began running.

Now runners, unfortunately, are not always prepared for corners; especially when their anxiety has an object right before it, and the haste is in proportion. Mr. Blundell, almost before he was aware of it, found himself in the middle of a flock of sheep. There was a hackney-coach also in the way: the dog was yelping, and leaping hither and thither; and the drover, in a very loud state of mind, hooting, whistling, and swearing, and tossing his arms up.

Mr. Blundell, it is certain, could not have got into a position less congenial to his self-possession, or calculated to set off his graces in the eyes of the unpropitiated. And the sheep, instead of sympathizing with him, as in their own distress they might (poetically) be supposed to do, positively seemed in the league to distress his stockings, and not at all to consider even his higher garment. They ran against him; they bolted at him; they leaped at him; or if they seemed to avoid him, it was only to brush him with muddier sides, and to let in upon his weakened forces the frightful earnestness of the dog, and the inconsiderate, if not somewhat suspicious, circumambiencies of the coachman's whip.

Mr. Blundell suddenly disappeared.

He fell down, and the sheep began jumping over him! The spectators, I am sorry to say, were in an ecstacy.

You know, observant reader, the way in which sheep carry themselves on abrupt and saltatory occasions; how they follow one another with a sort of spurious and involuntary energy; what a pretended air of determination they have; how they really have it, as far as example induces, and fear propels them; with what a heavy kind of lightness they take the leap; how brittle in the legs, lumpish in the body, and insignificant in the face; how they seem to quiver with apprehension, while they are bold in act; and with what a provoking and massy springiness they rush by you, if you happen to be in the way, as though they wouldn't avoid the terrors of your presence, if possible,—or rather, as if they would avoid it with all their hearts, but insulted you out of a desperation of inability. *Baas* intermix their pensive objections with the hurry, and a sound of feet as of water. Then, ever and anon, come the fiercer leaps, the conglomerating circuits, the dorsal visitations, the yelps and tongue-lollings of the dog, lean and earnest minister of compulsion; and loud, and dominant over all, exult the no less yelping orders of the drover,—indefinite, it is true, but expressive,—rustical cogencies of *oo* and *ou*, the intelligible jargon of the Corydon or Thyrsis of Chalk-Ditch, who cometh, final and humane, with a bit of candle in his hat, a spike at the end of his stick, and a hoarseness full of pastoral catarrh and juniper.

Thrice (as the poets say) did Carfington Blundell, Esquire, raise his unhappy head out of the *mêlée*, hatless and mudded; thrice did the spectators shout; and thrice did he sink back from the shout and the sheep, in calamitous acquiescence.

"Lie still, you fool," said the hackney coachman, "and they'll jump easy."

"Jump easy!" Heavens! how strange are the vicissitudes of human affairs. To think of Mr. Blundell only but yesterday, or this evening rather,—nay, not an hour ago,—his day fine, his hopes immense, his whole life lapped up, as it were, in cotton and lavender, his success elegant, his evening about to be spent in a room full (as he thought) of admirers; and now, his very prosperity is to consist in lying still in the mud, and letting sheep jump over him!

Then to be called a "fool:"—"Lie still, *you fool.*"

Mr. Blundell could not stand it any longer (as the Irishman said); so he rose up finally, just in time to secure a kick from the last sheep, and emerged amidst a roar of congratulation.

He got as quickly as possible into a shop, which luckily communicated with a back street; and, as things generally mend when they get to their worst (such at least was the consolatory reflection which our hero's excess of suffering was glad to seize hold of at the sight), a hackney-coach was standing close to him, empty, and disengaged. It had just let a gentleman down next door.

Our hero breathed a great breath, returned his handkerchief into his pocket (made a sop of, to no purpose), and uttering the word "*accident*," and giving rapid orders where to drive to, was hastening to hide himself from fate and the little boys within the blessed vehicle, when, to his intense amazement, the coachman stopped him.

"Hollo!" quoth the Jarveian mystery, "what are you arter?"

"Going to get in," said Blundell.

"I'm bless'd if you do," said the coachman.

"How, fellow! Not get in?" cried Mr. Blundell, irritated that so mean an obstacle should present itself to his great wants. "What's your coach for, Sir, if it isn't to accommodate gentlemen,—to accommodate *any* body, I may say?"

Now it happened that the coachman, besides having had his eye caught by another fare, was a very irritable coachman, given to repenting or being out of temper all day, for the drinking he solaced himself with over-night; and he didn't choose to be called "fellow," especially by an individual with a sort of dancing-master appearance, with his hat jammed, his silk stockings unseasonable, and his whole very equivocal man all over mud. So jerking him aside with his elbow, and then turning about, with the steps behind him, and facing the unhappy Blundell, he thus, with a terrible slowness of articulation, bespoke him, the countenances of both getting redder as he spoke:—

"And do you think now,—Master 'Fellow,' or Fiddler, or Mudlark, —or whatsomever else you call yourself,—that I'm going to have the new seats and lining o' *my* coach dirtied so as not to be fit to be seen, by such a TRUMPERY BEAST as *you* are?"

"It is for light sorrows to speak," saith the philosopher; "great ones are struck dumb." Mr. Blundell was struck dumb; dumber than ever he had conceived it possible for gentleman to be struck. It is little to say that he felt as if heaven and earth had come together. There was *no* heaven and earth; nothing but space and silence. Mr. Blundell's world was annihilated.

Alas! it was restored to him by a shout from the "cursed little boys." Mr. Blundell mechanically turned away, and began retracing his steps homeward, half conscious, and all a spectacle, the little boys following and preceding him, just leaving a hollow space for his advances, and looking back, as they jogged, in his face. He turned into a shop, and begged to wait a little in the back parlour. He was humanely accommodated with soap and water, and a cloth; and partly out of shame at returning through the gazes of the shopmen, he stayed there long enough to get rid of his tormentors. No great coat, however, was to be had; no shoes that fitted; no stockings; and though he was no longer in his worst and wettest condition, he could not gather up courage enough to send for another coach. In the very idea of a coachman he beheld something that upturned all his previous existence;—a visitation —a Gorgon—a hypochondria. "Don't talk to me like a death's head," said Falstaff to Doll Tearsheet, when she reminded him of his age. Mr. Blundell would have said, "Don't talk to me like a hackney-coachman." The death's-head and cross-bones were superseded in his imagination by an old hat, wisp of hay, and arms a-kimbo.

Our hero had washed his hands and face, had set his beaver to rights, effaced (as he thought) the worst part of his stains, and succeeded in exchanging his boot-pocket-handkerchief for a cleaner one; with which, alternately concealing his face as if he had a tooth-ache, or holding it carelessly before his habiliments, he was fain, now that the day was declining, to see if he could not pick his way home again, not quite intolerably. It was a delicate emergency: but experience having now somewhat rallied his forces, and gifted him with that sudden world of reflection which is apt to be produced by adversity, he bethought himself, not only that he must yield, like all other great men, to necessity,

but that he was a personage fitted for nice and ultimate contrivances; and that although the passengers, if they chose to look at him, could not but be aware that he had sustained a mischance common to the meanest, yet, in consideration of his air and manners, perhaps they would not choose to look at him *very* much; or if they did, their surprise would be divided between pity for his mishap, and admiration of his superiority to it.

Certainly the passengers did look round a good deal. He could not but see it, though he saw as little as he could help. How those who came behind him looked, it would have been a needless cruelty to himself to ascertain; so he never turned his head. No "little boys" thought it worth their while to follow his steps, which was a great comfort and re-assurance; though whenever any observer of that class met him, strange, and most absurdly disrespectful, were their grins and ejaculations. "Here 's a Guy!" was the most innocent of their salutes. A drunken sailor startled him, with asking how the land lay about "Tower Ditch?" And an old Irishwoman, in explanation of his appearance to the wondering eyes of her companions, defined him to be one that was so fond of "crame o' the valley," that he must needs be "roulling in it."

Had cabs been then, Mr. Blundell would unquestionably have made a compromise with his horror of charioteers, and on the strength of the mitigated defacements of his presence, have risked a summons to the whip. As it was, he averted his look from every hackney-coach, and congratulated himself, as he began nearing home—home, sweet even to the most insipid of the Blundells, and never so sweet as now, though the first thoughts of returning to it had been accompanied with agonies of mortification. "In a few minutes," thought he, "I shall be *seen* no more for the day (oh! strange felicity for a dandy!); in a few minutes I shall be in other clothes, other shoes, and another train of feelings—not the happiest, perhaps, retrospectively, but how blest in the instant and by comparison! In a few minutes all will be silence, security, *dryness*. I shall be in my arm-chair, in my slippers—shall have a fire; and I will have a mutton-cutlet, hot—and refresh myself with a bottle of the wine my friend Mimpin sent me."

Alas! what are the hopes of man, even when he concludes that things *must* alter for the better, seeing that they are at their worst? How is he to be quite sure, even after he has been under sheep in a gutter, that things *have* been at their worst?—that his cup of calamity, full as it seemed, is not to be succeeded by, or wonderfully expanded into, a still larger cup, with a remaining draught of bitterness, amazing, not to have been thought of, making the sick throat shudder, and the heart convulse?

Scarcely had the sweet images of the mutton-cutlet and wine risen in final prospect upon the tired soul of our hero, than he approached the corner of the street round which he was to turn into his own; and scarcely had he experienced that inward transport, that chuckle of the heart, with which tired homesters are in the habit of turning those corners—in short, scarcely had his entire person manifested itself *round* the corner, and his eyes lifted themselves up to behold the side of the blessed threshold, than he heard, or rather was saluted and drowned

with, a roar of voices the most huge, the most unexpected, the most terrific, the most weighty, the most world-like, the most grave yet merry, the most laughingly stupifying, that it would have been possible for Sancho himself to conceive, after all his experience with Don Quixote.

It now struck Mr. Blundell that, with a half-conscious, half-unconscious eye he had seen "people" running towards the point which he had just attained, and others looking out of their windows; but as they did not look at *him*, and every one passed him without attention, how was he to dream of what was going forward; much more, that it had any relation to himself? Frightful discovery! which he was destined speedily to make, though not on the instant.

The crowd (for almost the whole street was one dense population) seemed in an agony of delight. They roared, they shrieked, they screamed, they writhed, they bent double, they threw about their arms, they seemed as if they would have gone into fits. Mr. Blundell's bewilderment was so complete, that he walked soberly along, steadied by the very amazement; and as he advanced, they at once, as in a dream, appeared to him both to make way for him, and to advance towards him; to make way in the particular, but advance in the mass; to admit him with respect, and overwhelm him with derision.

"In the name of Heaven," thought he, "*what can it all be?* It is impossible the crowd can have any connexion with me in the *first* instance. I could not have *brought* them here; and my appearance, though unpleasant, and perhaps somewhat ludicrous, cannot account for such a perfect mass and conspiracy of astonishment. *What is it?*"

And all the way he advanced did Mr. Blundell's eyes, and manner, and whole person, exhibit a sort of visible echo to this internal question of his—*What is it?*

The house was about three-quarters of the way up the street, which was not a long one; and it was on the same side on which our unfortunate pedestrian had turned.

As he approached the denser part of the crowd, words began to develope themselves to his ear—"Well, this beats all!" "Well, of all the sights!" "Why, it's the man himself, the very man, poor devil!" "Look at his face!" "What the devil can he have been at?" "Look at the piano-forte man—he's coming up!"

Blundell mechanically pursued his path, mystified to the last depths of astonishment, and scarcely seeing what he saw. Go forward he felt that he must; to turn back was not only useless, but he experienced the very fascination of terror and necessity, and would have proceeded to his lodgings had Death himself stood in the door-way. Meantime comes this aforesaid mystery, the piano-forte man.

"Here's a pretty business you've been getting us into," said this amazing stranger.

"What business?" ejaculated Mr. Blundell.

"What business? Why, all this here damned business—all this blackguard crowd—and my master's ruined piano-forte. A pretty jobation I shall get, and I should like to know what for, and who's to pay me?"

"In the name of God," said our hero, "what is it?"

"Why, don't you see what it is?—a *hoax*, and be d——d to it. It's

a mercy I wasn't dashed to pieces when those rascals tipped over the piano-forte; and there it lies, with three of its legs smashed and a corner split. I should like to know what I'm to have for the trouble?"

"And I," said the upholsterer's man.

"And I," said the glass-man.

"And this here coffin," said the undertaker.

There had been a hoax, sure enough; and a tremendous hoax it was. A plentiful space before the door was strewed with hay, boxes, and baskets. There stood the coffin, upright, like a mummy; and here lay the piano-forte, a dumb and shattered discord.

Mr. Blundell had now arrived at his own steps, but did not even think of going in-doors; that is to say, not instantly. He mechanically stopped, as if to say or do something: and something was plainly expected of him; but what it was he knew not, except that he mechanically put his hand towards his purse, and as mechanically withdrew it.

The crowd all the while seemed to concentrate their forces towards him,—all laughing, murmuring, staring—all eager, and pressing on one another; yet leaving a clear way for the gentleman, his tradesmen, and his goods.

What was to be done?

Mr. Blundell drew a sigh from the bottom of his heart, as though it were his last sigh or his last sixpence; yet he drew forth no sixpence. Extremes met, as usual; and the consummation of distress produced an appearance of calmness and reflection.

"You must plainly perceive, gentlemen," said our hero, "that it could be no fault of mine."

"I don't know that," said the piano-forte man. The crowd laughed at the man's rage, and at once cheered him on, and provoked him against themselves. He seemed as if he did not know which he should run at first,—his involuntary customer, or the "cursed little boys."

"Zounds, Sir!" said the man, "you *oughtn't* to have been hoaxed."

"Oh! oh!" said the parliamentary crowd.

"I mean," continued he, "that none but some d——d disagreeable chap, or infernal fool, is ever treated in this here manner."

"Oh! oh!" reiterated the bystanders. "Come, that's better than the last."

"Which is the biggest?" exclaimed a boy, in that altitude of voice which is the most sovereign of provocations to grown ears.

The man ran at the boy, first making a gesture to our hero, as much as to say "I'll be with you again presently." The crowd hustled the man back;—the undertaker, meanwhile, had seized the opportunity of repeating that he "hoped his honour would consider his trouble;"—the glass-man and the upholsterer were on each side of him;—and suddenly the heavy shout recommenced, for a new victim had turned the corner,—a man with some sort of milliner's or florist's box. The crowd doated on his face. First, he turned the corner with the usual look of indifferent hurry; then he began to have an inquiring expression, but without the least intimation that the catastrophe applied to himself; then the stare became wider, and a little doubtful; and then he stopped short, as if to reconnoitre—at which the laugh was prodigious. In the present instance, the new-comer was wise; for he asked what was the

matter, of the first person he came up with; and learning how the case stood, had energy enough to compound with one more hearty laugh, in preference to a series of mortifications; and so he fairly turned back, pursued by a roar; and, oh! how he loved the corner, as he went round it! Every hair at the back of his head had seemed to tingle with consciousness and annoyance. He felt as if he saw with his shoulder-blades,—as if he was face to face at the back of his hat.

At length, the misery and perplexity of the hapless and extremely-not-knowing-what-to-do Blundell reached a climax so insurmountable, that he would have taken out his second aud (as he thought) remaining pocket-handkerchief, if even that consolation had been left him; for the tears came into his eyes. But it was gone! The handkerchief, however, itself, did not distress him. " Nothing could touch him further." He wiped his eyes with the ends of the fingers of his gloves, and stood mute,—a perplexity to the perplexed, a pity even to the " little boys."

Now tears are very critical things, and must be cautiously shed, especially in critical ages. In a private way, provided you have locked the door and lost three children, you may be supposed to shed one or two or so, without detriment to your dignity; and in the heroical ages, the magnitude aud candour of passion permitted them openly, the feelings then being supposed to be equally strong in all respects, and a man having as much right to weep as a woman; which, by the way, must have been very perplexing to such ladies as struggled for power, and yet did not wish to be Amazons. But how lucky was it for poor Blundell that no brother dandy saw him; for he would have been ruined for ever. His tormentors did not know whether to pity or despise him. The piano-forte man, with an oath, was going to move off; but, on seeing his broken instrument, remained, and again urged a compensation. The others expressed their " sorrow," but repeated, that they hoped his honour would consider them; and they repeated it the more, because his tears raised them in their expectations of the money which he would be weak enough to disburse.

Alas! they did not know that the dislike to " disburse," and the total absence of all sympathy with others in our weeping hero (in this, as in other respects, very different from the tear-shedding Achilles), was the cause of all which they and he were at this moment enduring; for it was the inability to bring out his money which kept Mr. Blundell lingering outside his door, when he might have taken his claimants into it; and it was the jovial irascibility of an acquaintance of his, which, in disgust at his evasion of dinner-givings, and his repeatedly shirking his part of the score at some entertainments at which he pretended to consider himself a simple guest, brought this astounding calamity home to the said doors.

Happily for these " last infirmities " of a mind which certainly could not be called " noble," there are hearts so full of natural sympathy, that the very greatest proofs of the want of it will but produce, in certain extremities, a pity which takes the want itself for a claim and a misfortune; and this sympathy now descended to Mr. Blundell's aid, like another goddess from heaven, in a shape not unworthy of it,—to wit, that of the pretty daughter of his landlord, a little buxom thing, less handsome or lady-like than good-natured, and with a heart that might have served

to cut up into cordial bosoms for half-a-dozen fine ladies. She had once nursed our hero in sickness, and to say the truth, had not been disinclined to fall in love with him, and be made "a lady," half out of pure pity at his fever, had he given her the slightest encouragement; but she might as well have hoped to find a heart in an empty coat. However, a thoroughly good nature never entirely loses a sort of gratitude to the object that has called forth so sweet a feeling as that of loving, even though it turn out unworthy, and the affections (as our heroine's were) be happily transferred elsewhere; and accordingly, in sudden bonnet and shawl, and with a face blushing partly from shame, and partly from anger at the crowd, forth came the vision of pretty, plump little Miss Widgeon (Mrs. Burrowes "as is to be"), and tapping Mr. Blundell on the shoulder, and begging the "other gentlemen" to walk in, said, in a voice not to be resisted, "Hadn't you better settle this matter in-doors, Mr. Blundell? I dare say it can be done very easily."

Blundell has gone in, dear reader; the other gentlemen have gone in; the crowd are slowly dislodging; Miss Widgeon, aided partly by the generosity of her nature, partly by the science of lodging-house economy, and partly by the sense and manhood of Mr. William Burrowes, then present, a strapping young citizen from Tower-Hill, takes upon herself that ascendancy of the moment over Mr. Blundell due to a superior nature, and settles the very illegitimate claims of the goods-and-chattel bringers to the satisfaction of all parties, yea, even of Mr. Blundell himself. The balm of the immediate relief was irresistible, even though he saw a few of his shillings departing.

What he felt next morning, when he woke, this history sayeth not; for we like to leave off, according to the Italian recommendation, with *la bocca dolce*, a sweet mouth; and with whose mouth, even though it be not always quite grammatical, can the imagination be left in better company, than with that of the sweet-hearted and generous little Polly Widgeon? L. H.

CLUB LAW.

Dear Tom, since, by a lucky knack,
Your white balls overtop the black,
And counter-canvass smother,
Let me your mental garment darn,
As old Polonius spun a yarn
To fair Ophelia's brother.*

"Be thou familiar," should you see
At dinner an austere M.P.
Just as his glass he's filling,
Accost him—whatsoe'er his rank—
With "Sir, I'd thank you for a frank,"
And save your aunt a shilling.

"Give every man (of wealth) thine ear;"
Smile when he smiles, his sallies cheer,
Out his connexions ferret;
Or roar his catch, or sing his psalm:
But, Thomas, "never dull thy palm"
By shaking hands with Merit.

At a house-dinner show your fun,—
Mount a horse-laugh, quiz, banter, pun,
Be saucy as a squirrel;
But if your foe possess a pair
Of Manton's polish'd pops, "beware
Of entrance to a quarrel."

If a roast fillet deck the board,
With bacon, you can well afford
To leave the viand *per se;*
But if a haunch supplant the veal,
"Grapple" the joint "with hooks of steel,"
And carve it without mercy."

"Apparel oft proclaims the man:"
Wear, then, the richest garb you can,
Whilst in the club a dweller;
And if men doubt your means and ways,
Reverse the *caveat emptor* phrase,
And cast it to the seller.

"Take each man's censure" in good part;—
Pliant humility 's an art
That copper turns to siller.
"Be not a lender"—memories flit;
"Nor borrower"—unless of wit
From old Josephus Miller.

Place on the fender both your feet;
When Boreas howls, complain of heat,
And open all the windows:
Ring for a waiter, bang the door,
And for your brethren care no more
Than Tippoo cared for Hindoos.

Never to acquiesce be seen:
To those who dwell on Edmund Kean,
Talk of John Kemble's glories.
Dub all who do the civil, prigs:
Revile Lord Melbourne to the Whigs,
Sir Robert to the Tories.

And now, dear Tom, farewell; the gale
"Sits in the shoulder of your sail"—
Defy disapprobation:
For, till committee-men begin
To ballot *out*, as well as *in*,
You 're safe in your location.

J. S.

ACHATES DIGBY.

> "No knave but boldly will pretend
> The requisites that form a friend,
> A real and a sound one.
> Nor any fool he would deceive,
> But prove as ready to believe,
> And dream that he had found one."
>
> COWPER.

It is not every man who is born to a good fortune that may be truly termed fortunate. A man's happiness consists, not only in the contentment of his own mind, but in the possession of friends whom he has the power to draw around him.

It has been my felicity to acquire *one* stanch, tried, and unswerving friend; one who, through life, has never forsaken me. Yes, from my boyhood I may boast of having won the esteem of the amiable and every way accomplished Achates Digby.

Although possessed of good property in my own right, and the prospect of a handsome addition on the death of my maternal uncle and aunt, that confidence and self-esteem, which I have seen exhibited in others upon less ostensible pretensions, never formed a portion of my character. I was naturally of a shy temperament, and yearned for the support of others. Achates was the very *prop* I required, for all that I wanted, he possessed in an eminent degree. The gifts of fortune were not his, but his natural endowments were more than equivalent.

I shall never forget the first morning of my introduction to the scholastic establishment of Mr. B—— at Clapham. My luggage was sent by the carrier, and I arrived per post in charge of a large plum-cake provided by my affectionate aunt. The morning "school" was just over, and all the boys were in the play-ground, whooping, hallooing, and gambolling about with a boisterousness that shook my nerves. I seemed like one just landed on an island of savages. I sat down at the foot of an old elm-tree, and taking out a large clasp-knife (we used to call it a "hack" at school), I was about to console my agitation with a slice of the cake, when, in a moment, the whole "school" surrounded me, laughing, giggling, and making remarks upon the "new boy." Without ceremony they clamoured for my cake, and I really began to fear that they would devour me into the bargain. I would willingly have purchased peace by the sacrifice of the whole of it, but I was wholly ignorant of any rule in "fractions" or "division" by which I could apportion the object of their desire so as to satisfy the cravings of all; there was scarcely a plum a-piece, the applicants were so numerous.

At this uncomfortable juncture—I shall never forget the moment—a youth, two years my senior, stepped gallantly forward, and relieved me from my embarrassment. He drove away the swarm of human "blue-bottles" that buzzed about me, and approached me in the most friendly manner.

"Really," said he, "the conduct of these boys is most indecent. If

the 'dominie' was to learn the boisterous manner in which they have assailed you, there's not one of them but would get 'horsed' for his impudence. But we must not tell tales. They served me exactly in the same way when I first came among them, but I soon taught them a lesson which they have never forgotten. I picked out the biggest among them, and having thrashed him soundly, the rest of them took the hint."

"But I am not fond of fighting," I replied, "and am afraid I shall suffer."

"Not while Achates Digby is by," said the heroic and generous youth. "I'll take care that they shall not impose upon you."

I thanked him with tears in my eyes for the offer of his protection.

There was a manliness both in his speech and in his manner that struck me even at that early period. I felt my heart glow with the most grateful sentiments for his disinterested offer, and his good-natured interference at once won my esteem. Seating himself beside me, he offered to take charge of my cake, the object of his schoolfellows' indecorous cupidity, which I immediately consigned to his care. He then counselled me to keep "myself to myself," or they would strip me with no more remorse than a band of brigands; and cutting a large slice as he spoke, he generously presented it to me without evincing the least desire to touch it himself. But I was too much overcome by my harassed feelings to taste it, and Achates kindly ate it for me, and said that, with my permission, he would lock up the remainder in his own box; which proposition I gladly complied with, although, notwithstanding his caution, those graceless boys found means to abstract it, as he afterwards informed me, and indeed offered to challenge the whole school for the misdemeanor, if I desired it, but I preferred a little peace to the whole cake; and Achates declared that I was too generous, and was just that kind, forgiving disposition that the world delights to impose upon; at the same time he praised me for my forbearance, and thought, after all, my calm judgment was superior to his neck-or-nothing courage, especially as we had no trace of the real delinquent.

This is, however, a digression. I will relate as far as my memory will serve the conversation which passed between us on the first introduction. I felt delighted with him, and he appeared to experience a similar attachment to me and mine!

"We heard of your coming," said he, "and the arrival of a new boy is always a subject of discussion among the fellows. Your name is Master Tibbs, I think?"

"It is," I replied; "but don't call me *Master* Tibbs any more—I hope we shall be cronies."

"Nothing will be more gratifying to me," said Achates, "than to be numbered among your friends. Let it be agreed, then, that henceforth I call you Tibbs, and you call me Digby."

"With all my heart," I cried, "that is, if you think your father and mother will not object to the familiarity?"

What delicacy!

"I have neither father nor mother, Digby."

"Indeed," he said, and appeared lost for a few moments in deep reflection, as if overcome with an inward feeling of sympathy for my orphan state.

"I am very—very sorry," he continued; "it was generally reported here that you had both, and that your father kept a carriage, and was a man of considerable property."

"He was, but my uncle is now my guardian, and he is *so* kind to me; indeed, my parents died when I was so young, that I never felt their loss."

"You are fortunate," said he, "really; and—is your uncle liberal? Some of the boys here have lots of pocket-money."

"I think there are few better off than I am, Digby," I replied, rather proud, I must confess, of being able to appear in this respect of some importance in the eyes of my new-found friend.

I thought he seemed gratified with this disclosure of my circumstances. In fact he was one of those generous souls who sympathize in, without envying, the prosperity of others. We passed the time in the most delightful and confiding conversation (for I told him everything) until the bell summoned us from the play-ground to dinner.

What a change had an hour made in my situation!—a change which gave a complexion to the rest of my life.

He was a great favourite with all the masters, being a lad of considerable ability and readiness; as for the boys, I think they rather feared than loved him, for he controlled them completely.

For my own part, I felt quite secure and happy in his protection. He placed the greatest confidence in me, and I soon discovered that he had a very small allowance of pocket-money; mine, however, was ample, and we entered into a partnership, using the same purse in common. I was not what is termed a "bright" boy, and should have endured much drudgery had it not been for the friendly assistance of Achates. He invariably "looked over" all my *sums* and *exercises*, and I esteemed him too much not to attend to his *suggestions*. He assisted me also in the composition of my letters to my dear uncle and aunt; and his name, coupled with the kindness I had received from his hands, was repeated in every epistle. The consequence was, an invitation to spend the "holidays" with me, which, at my earnest intercession, he accepted. My uncle and aunt were delighted with my new friend; and by his amiable manners he so ingratiated himself, that he became like one of the family. Indeed, he acknowledged that he found himself quite "at home." I thought that he felt impressed by the superior manner in which we lived, for he candidly avowed that his father had sustained great losses, and was not, by any means, "well to do" in the world. In fact, he never went home in the holidays, on account of the travelling expenses.

Although two years older, he was not a bigger boy than myself, which he proved by putting on one of my suits, (for I always possessed an extensive wardrobe,) and it really looked as if it had been made for him; indeed so he said; and I laughed so heartily at seeing "myself beside myself," as it were, that he, who always took a pleasure in pleasing, frequently gratified me by wearing my clothes.

His father's finances did not allow him to be very lavish in the equipment of his son; and therefore, whenever we were invited to a party at one of the boy's relatives in the neighbourhood, he invariably borrowed a dress, which led many people to mistake us for brothers.

These were my early days, when I had only sipped sparingly at the

fountain of wisdom. That friendship, however, which had begun so young, "grew with our growth;" and upon quitting the school for the benefit of private masters, I petitioned my indulgent relatives to allow me the companionship of my devoted friend, and my prayer was granted; although I must do my dear Achates the justice to state, that it was to the eloquent appeals which *he penned for me*, that I was mainly indebted for the pleasure of his society. I was too secure of his disinterested friendship to be jealous; and I well knew that the unremitting attentions he paid my uncle and aunt, were solely induced by his unalterable esteem for me.

Although I had little or no desire for the more boisterous exercises of youth, being naturally of a quiet and retired disposition, I accidentally discovered that Achates was fond of riding; for, as we were one day rambling together, on the high-road, a horseman galloped past us on a beautiful long-tailed Arabian.

"What a noble creature!" exclaimed Achates; "how proudly he arches his glossy neck; and how beautifully he bounds along, as if his slender legs disdained the contact of the earth!"

The enthusiastic language of Achates invariably quickened the somewhat sluggish strain of my thoughts; this poetical burst of his excited my attention, and compelled me to observe, with curiosity, what he admired so much. The horse was the theme of our conversation during the rest of our walk; and he really so inspired me with his feelings on the subject, that I, who had never crossed even a rocking-horse, felt desirous of "reining in a barb," as he beautifully expressed it.

"By-the-bye, Tibbs," said he, "I wonder you haven't a horse; I'm sure your fortune is ample enough to keep even *two* without any apprehensions of being deemed extravagant. All the 'faculty,' you know, are great advocates for the exercise as a promoter of health, and I am positive you would find it a very palatable medicine at any rate."

"My dear Digby," said I, laughing, "I really don't believe I could manage a donkey. Did *you* ever try?"

"What?"

"To manage a donkey," continued I, laughing.

"Ay, that I have," replied he, joining heartily in the laugh; "and succeeded too!"

We conversed a great deal more on the same topic; for where my health was concerned I always found him deeply interested. I had, however, another crotchet in my head, of which I was certain he had no idea; and after deliberating on the best manner of carrying my project into effect, and surprising my kind Achates, I sought my uncle and spoke to him on the subject of the horse, in which he immediately acquiesced; and having gained this point, I argued that the *cost* and not the *keep* of a horse was a consideration, and that as I could not ride alone I would purchase a pony for Achates out of my first quarter, if my uncle would give it stable-room; and added many cogent arguments which, in canvassing over the affair with my clever friend, he had inadvertently "thrown out," and by which I profited. The horses were purchased, and I had to thank Achates for a new pleasure.

I shall pass over the melancholy loss of my uncle and aunt, merely mentioning the kind attentions and solace which I received from my kind-hearted, sympathizing friend, to whom both my relatives had be-

queathed a slight *memento* of their esteem. The bulk of their property and estates, however, devolved upon me by right. Achates and I had now the world before us, and with such a friend I had little to apprehend in the voyage of life.

A few months afterwards Achates, who kindly undertook the office of steward and general manager of my affairs—for I had a mortal aversion to business—had several conferences with Mr. Mullins, a very respectable tenant with a large family and a small income, respecting a lease of the premises which he held upon my estate. And I must do Achates the honour to state, that he was very popular among all my tenantry; for at his suggestion I reduced the rents of all, and granted new leases upon the most favourable terms. This is another trait in his amiable character, which speaks volumes; and it was gratifying to me to witness the fruits of his generosity which daily poured in from all quarters in the shape of substantial presents, which he was reluctantly compelled to accept, for fear, as he said, he should offend the feelings of the donors. There never was such a man under the sun as Achates Digby. But I am carried away by the intensity of my feelings. I was about to explain the consequences of his frequenting the house of my deserving tenant. Mullins' eldest daughter Julia was the most "showy" girl in the parish, and I thought was engaged, for she was reported to have many suitors for her hand. I never trouble myself, however, in the affairs of my neighbours; but Achates went there so frequently about the lease, that I began to suspect there was something in it; and joking him upon the subject, he frankly confessed that he considered Julia a most incomparable young woman; that he was at first struck by her personal appearance, and sought every opportunity of seeing more deeply into her character, for which he averred he had the most cogent reasons.

"No doubt," I answered, smiling at his warmth.

"You think I love her?"

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"You are mistaken," he replied. "No, I have discovered that Miss Mullins' affections are irrevocably engaged. I have watched her repeatedly at church, and followed the direction of her beautiful eyes. You will be astonished when I tell you that the object on whom she bestows these flattering marks of her esteem is wholly unconscious of it."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" he replied; "and you will be still more astonished, Tibbs, when I tell you that you—you, my dear Tibbs, are that blind and enviable person."

"Impossible!"

"Nay, 'tis true," he replied; "and I have kept the secret concealed from you thus long that I might have an opportunity of hearing whether Julia—whether Miss Mullins were worthy of such a man!"

Here was a display of virtue worthy of a Roman! To throw himself at the hazard of embroiling his affections, and rendering his days cheerless and miserable, into the very vortex of charms like hers, to serve his friend; to spend hour after hour in her bewitching company to discover if there were any imperfections that might be detrimental to the happi-

ness of his Tibbs. Such devotion will scarcely be credited by a censorious world.

"My dear Tibbs," continued my valued friend, taking me by the hand, "my dear Tibbs, she is worthy of you. Can I add anything to such praise as that?"

I was completely overcome by my feelings. He contended that I must propose; but my natural shyness would have effectually prevented the prosecution of my suit, had not Achates kindly undertaken, like an able pioneer, to remove all obstacles! *His* letters were eloquent and irresistible; and I soon had the pleasure of leading to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Julia Mullins.

Being now what in worldly phrase is termed "settled," Achates delicately intimated a wish to leave me to the enjoyment of domestic comfort; but at the same time placed his own position in such a melancholy light, that he actually brought tears into my eyes. Indeed, I had enjoyed his society and friendship so long, that I could not dispense with him. My amiable consort, too, joined with me in soliciting his stay. He acceded, and the partial clouds which, in the anticipation of such a loss, had obscured my happiness, passed away, and I again enjoyed a perfect and enviable serenity.

I have latterly taken a fancy for forming a collection of butterflies and moths, and both my wife and friend sympathize in the ardour of my pursuit. Morning and evening they sally forth into the park with the entomological net, and seldom return from the chase without bringing me a new specimen.

With such an admirable friend and such a wife, the world may anticipate much, but the conclusions they may draw from their theory are nothing compared with what I derive from their actual practice! I have now three children, of which Achates is as fond as if they were his own. My dear wife, I am certain, regards him as a brother. Music and reading I take no delight in, but I never interfere with the pleasures of others. Julia is fond of both, and so is Achates: they read all the new authors, and sing duets together in a most pleasing manner. Driving, too, is another art which I never could acquire, but Achates is quite an adept, and Mrs. T. says "he is so safe," that I invariably resign the pony-phaeton to his charge. Mrs. T. is fond of Bath, but the journey is "too much for her nerves," in one day; so Achates obligingly mounts the box and conveys her in two stages to her destination, while I, and the children and servants, accomplish the journey in a post-chaise. I am rather fond of company, but have a great aversion to doing the "honours"—this is no loss to my guests, for Achates not only purveys for their entertainment, but presides at the "festive board," and his natural *bonhommie*—his conviviality, and his wonderful ease, are the talk of everybody! In fine, I may deem myself one of the luckiest of men. I possess an ample fortune, one of the loveliest women in the county for a partner, obedient children, and, above all, a most attached friend.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

SONGS OF THE BLACKS.

I. The New Jim Crow.

They may talk about philosophy,
But I 'm prepared to show
'Tis all comprised in wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, and do just so—
Every time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

When a gentleman wants money,
And cash is running low,
To raise it how he 'll wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Not a single lady in the land,
If you look from high to low,
But for a husband wheels about,
And jumps Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Then there 's the politician,
Out of place he 'll never go;
But to keep it how he'll turn about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

The lawyer, that proves black is white,
(To him I 'd better go,)
How a fee will make him wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow!
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

See Ireland's Agitator,
(The biggest *tatur* it can grow,)
For the *rint*, oh! don't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

The soldier in the battle,
When beaten by the foe—
For life, oh! won't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

There's Massa Yates, the playhouse man,
To bring people to his show,
Oh! Golly, don't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow?
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Thus 'tis clear, without a doubt,
Through life with luck to go,
We are all obliged to turn about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, and do just so,
Eberry time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

II. A Nigger's Reasons.

Air—Yankee Doodle.

Nigger man good reason hab
For eberry ting he doing,
Wedder it be work all day,
Or eberry night go wooing.

He dearly lub a pretty gal,
Wid kiss her mouth to stop-a;
But nigger lub himself the best—
'Cause he tink it proper.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango—golly loo,
Ching-ring—bango—nigger,
Know well how take care he'self,
'Cause *Number One a figger.*

Times keep growing berry bad—
Through care or Massa Cupid;
Some kill demselves a'cause 'em mad,
And some a'cause 'em stupid.
Nigger man de wiser head,
And far de best persuasion
He nebber kill himself at all—
'Cause he no occasion.
Chorus.—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

Nigger lub new rum galore,
But all in moderation,
For if he take a drop too much
May lose him *sittybashun.*
But should friend invite him home,
Afore him good tings putting,
Den no objection drink like mad—
'Cause it cost him *notting.*
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He nebber care for making love,
Dat troble never move him,
Nigger man wid handsome face
Make eberry body love him;
He like a widder best wid cash,
Dat not a chance to pass-a—
'Cause when he de money touch,
No care a damn for Massa.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He no like at all to cry,
Sorrow make all crusty;
He tink it best to laugh all day,
A'cause it make him lusty.
Nigger lub good living well,
Starvation make him frightful:
He like rump-teaks and oyster-sauce—
'Cause 'em so delightful.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He'd like to be a gentleman,
If he could live unhired;
Nigger man no like to work—
'Cause it make him tired;
He tink it bore his debts to pay,
Though folk may say it not right,
A'cause for tree months in de Bench
Black man come out all *wash white.*
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango—golly loo,
Ching-ring—bango—nigger,
Know well how take care he'self—
'Cause *Number One a figger.*

THEATRE-ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

THE Theatre-Royal, Little Pedlington, is to be opened for the season on Monday next. This being Saturday, all within its walls is bustle and activity, whilst crowds of suitors for an interview with the manager are impatiently waiting without. Amidst the din of hammers and the grating of saws, the tragedians are, on the stage, rehearsing an entirely new melo-drama, to be called the *Hatchet of Horror; or, the Massacred Milk-maid*. In the green-room, Miss Warble, assisted by the director of the orchestra, is practising the song "incidental to the play;" in the painting-room, Mr. Smearwell is giving the last touches to the scene "painted expressly for the occasion;" in the saloon, Miss Sally Jumps —or, as she is described in the play-bill, Mademoiselle Sara des Entre-chats—is endeavouring to place her right foot on her left shoulder, and performing others of the ordinary exercises preparatory to the execution of a grand *pas seul;* whilst, in a small shed connected with the stage, are the machinist and the property-man, sewing up a donkey in a cow's hide, to represent the "identical favourite cow" of the massacred milk-maid. But let us proceed to the manager's room.

At a table covered with play-books, manuscripts, and letters, in an easy chair is seated Mr. Strut, the "enterprising and spirited" manager. With evident satisfaction he is contemplating the bill of the Monday's performances. At each magniloquent phrase he rubs his hands; his eyes sparkle with delight as they are attracted by the lines which stand prominent, in the full dignity of large capitals; and, as he counts the notes of admiration, which bristle on the paper like pins in the ornamental cushion of a lady's toilet-table, his imagination riots in the promise of nightly overflows throughout the season. Peruse the interesting document.

THEATRE ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

MR. STRUT has the heartfelt gratification of announcing to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has once more the honour of assuming the direction of this Theatre, which will open on Monday next, and takes the liberty to flatter himself that the

VARIOUS AND NUMEROUS NOVELTIES,

ALL ENTIRELY NEW!!

which are in preparation, and which will succeed each other

IN RAPID SUCCESSION,

and which will be produced in a style of

SPLENDOUR! MAGNIFICENCE! AND GRANDEUR!

hitherto unprecedented and without example in the annals of Theatrical and which will be got up

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE, AND WITHOUT CONSIDERATION OF OUTLAY!

and which in point of

SCENERY! DRESSES! DECORATIONS! AND PROPERTIES!!!

which, as they will be prepared on a scale of extent which was never before attempted, and which is now undertaken for the first time, cannot fail to form a pivot of attraction to

DEFY COMPETITION!!!

In addition to this, he has the pleasing gratification to announce that he has, without any view to the consideration of expenditure, succeeded in bringing together,

IN ONE PHALANX,

A COMBINATION OF COMBINED TALENT!!!

such as has never yet been amalgamated within the arena of the walls of any theatre, and constituting a simultaneous

IMPETUS OF COMBINED ATTRACTION!!!

WHICH MUST SET ALL RIVALRY AT DEFIANCE!!!

MR. STRUT has the satisfaction to announce that, in addition to many other valuable engagements which he is thinking of having it in contemplation to enter into, he has secured the talents of the following distinguished *élites* :—

Messrs. SNOXELL
WADDLE
EUGENE STRUT
AUGUSTUS STRUT
STANISLAUS STRUT
STRIDE
STAGGER
AND
TIPPLETON
Mesdames BIGGLESWADE
STRUT
E. STRUT
T. STRUT
WARBLE
Mlle. SARA DES ENTRECHATS

Messrs. Higs, Nigs, Pigs, Wigs, Gigs, C. Gigs, T. Gigs, R. Gigs, Brigs, and Knigs.

Mesdames Nobs, Hobs, Dobs, F. Dobs, L. Dobs, J. Dobs, Wobs, Phobs, and Snobs,

AND

MISS JULIA WRIGGLES
(*Her first appearance on any stage.*)

The performances will commence with, for the first time, an entirely new Melodrame, never before performed, founded on the affecting, barbarous, and interesting murder of Martha Squigs, to be called

THE HATCHET OF HORROR;

OR,

THE MASSACRED MILKMAID.

Principal characters by the following unprecedented cast!!!

MESSRS. SNOXELL, WADDLE, STRIDE, EUGENE STRUT, AND STAGGER.

MESDAMES BIGGLESWADE, T. STRUT, MISS WARBLE (*with a Song.*)

MLLE. SARA DES ENTRECHATS (*with a Pas Seul.*)

AND THE PART OF

MARTHA SQUIGS (*the Massacred Milk-Maid*) by MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.

In the course of the piece will be introduced a new and splendid representation of the

FATAL COW-HOUSE,

In which the Murder was committed!

Together with the identical
BLOOD-STAINED HATCHET, WITH A LOCK OF THE VICTIM'S HAIR STICKING TO IT!!
With which the Murder was committed!!!
And the identical
FAVOURITE COW OF THE MASSACRED MILK-MAID!!!!
For which the Murder was committed!!!!!
At the conclusion of the piece, a favourite Song by
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
After which an entirely new and elegant Burletta, without songs or any musical accompaniment whatever, in one act, to be called

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

With the following powerful cast!!!
MR. TIPPLETON,
Messrs. Pigs, Gigs, and Brigs, ; Mesdames Hobs, Phobs, and Snobs, and (*with a Song*)
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
Previous to which, for the first time, a fashionable Interlude, to be called

WHO ARE YOU?

The principal characters by
MESSRS. TIPPLETON AND GIGS.
AND
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
To be preceded by an occasional Address, to be spoken by
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
Prior to which, the favourite
BROAD-SWORD HORNPIPE,
BY
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
In the course of the evening *a laughable comic Song* by
MR. AUGUSTUS STRUT.
The whole to conclude with, never acted, a laughable Farce, to be called

SHE *SHALL* BE AN ACTRESS.

COLONEL DASH, by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!
HARLEQUIN, by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!
VENUS, by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!
MOLLY O'ROONEY (an Irish Girl), by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!
JEANNIE M'BRIDE (a Scotch Girl), by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!
EUGENIE LA BELLE (a French Girl), by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!
MATILDA SCHWABSTZ (a German Girl), by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!!
AND
LADY CLARA LOVELY (an English Lady of Fashion) by Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!!!

On this occasion, Mr. SNOXELL *and* Mrs. BIGGLESWADE *will perform.*

On this occasion Mr. TIPPLETON *will perform.*

On this occasion Miss JULIA WRIGGLES, Miss WARBLE, *and* Mlle. SARA DES ENTRECHATS *will perform.*

On this occasion Mr. TIPPLETON and Miss JULIA WRIGGLES WILL PERFORM IN TWO PIECES!!!

On this occasion the WHOLE of the POWERFUL and UNPRECEDENTED COMPANY *engaged at this theatre, and announced, as above, to perform in the evening's performances*, WILL PERFORM!!!

"This will do!" exclaimed Strut, as he finished the reading of this extraordinary announcement. "This *must* do. If this don't bring them it is all over with the legitimate drama."

Mr. Strut rang the bell for Stumps, the messenger of the theatre.

Strut. Is Mr. Dumps, the treasurer, in the theatre?

Stumps. Yes, Sir; he is up in the treasury very busy sorting the checks for Monday night.

Strut. Tell him I wish to see him when he is at leisure. And, Stumps! Is Mr. Tippleton arrived yet?

Stumps. I have not seen him, Sir. But I believe that in that heap of letters you will find one from him.

Strut. Letters! Ha! I have not had time to open them. One—five—ten—fifteen—twenty—twenty-three! Twenty-three letters to read and reply to! If I were not apprehensive that my correspondents would suspect that I could not write a common letter with common propriety, I would follow the example of Scrubs, the manager of the Theatre-Royal, Fudgeborough, and mount a private secretary. Let me see. Ha! this is it! Confound the long-winded fellow! Three closely-written pages, containing a detailed account of how he chanced to miss yesterday's coach, by which accident he was prevented being at Little Pedlington last night; and one line (in a postscript) informing me of all I care to know—"Shall be with you in time for rehearsal to-morrow!"—Now, as soon as Mr. Tippleton comes, let him be sent to me. And, Stumps! You have a list of the persons I have appointed to see me here?

Stumps. Yes, Sir.

Strut. Then, mind me! I am not to be seen by any one else upon any pretence whatever.

Stumps, having received his instructions, quits the room.

"And now to read my letters!" exclaims the manager. "On the eve of my opening, they are doubtless all upon subjects of importance and interest to me."

He opens the first of the heap, and reads:—

"*Little Pedlington,*
"Saturday morning.

"DEAR SIR,

"As a lover of the drama, and a well-wisher of yours, permit me, though almost a stranger to you, to express my delight at your having resumed the management of our theatre. '*The drama must be supported;* and the magnificent bill you have just issued, confirms, what never has been doubted, that, under your liberal and spirited management, it will *deserve* support. Pardon the liberty I take in thus wishing you success, and assuring you that no one is more anxious to promote it than

"Yours faithfully,
"EPHRAIM SNARGATE."

"Upon my word," says Strut, "this is gratifying! After this, who shall say there is no patronage for the theatre in Little Pedlington? But stop! here is something more:"—

"Please turn over.—Postscript. *Could* you oblige me with an order for two for your opening night?"

"Ha! one of the true patrons of the drama. Under such auspices I *must* succeed. Well! to the rest."

"*Vale of Health, L. P.*
"Saturday morning.

"MISS CRIPPS presents compliments to Mr. Strut—would be obliged by an order for two for Monday. Miss C. wishes two places *to be kept for her* on the front row of one of the stage-boxes—whichever may be most convenient to Mr. S.—though the left-hand side is her favourite side of the house.

"Should Mr. S. happen not to be in the theatre when this note arrives, he will have the kindness to send the orders to the V. of H. by his messenger; as Miss C. cannot conveniently send for them, her maid being engaged washing."

"Well! cool, it must be acknowledged!" cries Strut. "My announce-bills are scarcely dry, the last year's dust is scarcely swept from the stage, ere I am thus beset by my friends and patrons! Come! to the next.—Business, at last!—From Bellowmore, the great tragedian who leads the business at Dunstable. This is worth attending to."

"SIR,

"It is not my intention to play anywhere this summer"—[*Then, why the plague does he write to me?*]—"my health, owing to my great exertions for some time past, rendering it imperative upon me that I should remain quiet for a few weeks. No doubt you have learnt from the newspapers that I have drawn immensely wherever I have acted,"—[*Oh!*]—"and my last night at Dunstable produced *the greatest receipt ever known!*"—[*Ah!*]—"But I must consider my health; and, so resolved to do, I have *refused engagements* OF THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS KIND, which have been PRESSED UPON ME from all parts of the country."—[*Ah! ha!*]—"My apothecary prescribes a few weeks of the air of Little Pedlington:"—[*I see.*]—"and, should my health improve by it, perhaps I might have no objection to go the round of my principal characters. I have, over and over again, refused *eight-tenths* of the *clear receipts* and a *free benefit*, for a twelve nights' engagement, in theatres *holding more than your's*. If you could make it worth my while, by advancing upon these terms, *and my health should so much improve as to enable me to encounter the fatigue of twelve performances*, perhaps I should have no objection to treat with you.

"Your's,
"AUGUSTUS FRED. BELLOWMORE.

"Favour me with your immediate reply, *as I am not quite decided* whether to *rusticate* at L. P. or at Fudgeborough, where (as I understand) Mr. Scrubs is *straining every nerve* to secure attraction."

"Tragic and dignified," observes Strut. "Worth consideration, though. Let me see. Eight-tenths? That will leave two-tenths to be divided amongst the rest of the company, the orchestra, painters, tailors, carpenters, servants, &c.—and myself.—I must consult Dumps upon the matter. Now, to the next."

"MY DEAR STRUT,

"Perhaps you may remember meeting me one evening last season at Mr. Rummins's *conversazione*, where I enjoyed half an hour's very delightful chat with you. You may recall the circumstance to mind

—though my name may have escaped your recollection, as we never met but that once—by my having had the good fortune to agree entirely with you in everything you said upon every subject, and by my requesting you (at the end of our *confab.*) to take me behind your scenes, and to give me an order for the following night's performance—both which requests you most politely, obligingly, and good-naturedly granted. I like your bill amazingly—it must carry all Little Pedlington before it. I should like much to bring Mrs. A. and my young folks to witness your first night's triumph,—which will be a glorious one, and well do you deserve it, my dear fellow,—but, as they are just cleared of the sick-list, you can, perhaps, spare me a private box for them. However, should this be at all inconvenient to you, use no ceremony about saying so; in which case, orders for six must content us, and we must do the best we can for ourselves, in the *public* boxes. On occasions like this, one is bound to make some sacrifice of one's own convenience to the advantage of the house.

"Wishing you every success, believe me, my dear fellow,

"Your's very sincerely,

"ANDREW ASKENOUGH.

"P.S. Do drop in some evening and take a friendly dish of tea with us."

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Strut, as he threw down the letter. "This from a man who, according to his own confession, never spoke to me but once in his life, and who doubts whether I shall even recollect his name! Well; there are many more like him in Little Pedlington. Now to proceed." And he continued to open and read his letters.

"Captain Sniggerston's best compliments * * * * orders for two."

"Mrs. Stint'em presents her kind regards and * * * * orders for four."

"Dr. Drench presents his very best respects * * * congratulates him * * * spirit and enterprise * * * success * * * every true lover of the drama * * * oblige him with orders for three, or so."

"Mr. Snargate, Sen. will esteem it a favour if Mr. Strut will send him orders for himself and lady. He would not trouble him, but that, fond as he is of a play, he is free to confess that these are not times for people to spend money for theatrical amusements. He sincerely wishes Mr. Strut every success."

"All singing to the same tune, by the Lord Harry! So, because these are not times for people to pay for their amusements, I am expected to open a theatre *gratis!* One-half of Little Pedlington—the *patrons* of the drama—are of this opinion; the other half—the would-be fashionables, the little Great, who imagine that when they have voted the theatre *vulgaw* they have established their own claim to be considered somebodies and somethings—never go to a play at all. Thus, between the two parties, my chances of success are in a hopeful way! Well; on with my correspondents.

"SIR,

"Being out off an engagment shud be glad to engag in yor kumpny if yo can find Rome to engag me. i hav lead the Bisnies inn Mr.

Scrubs kumpny att Fudgebery for 2 ears besids staring att other plasis inn my Princeple Pats. Left Mr. S. kumpny becas Mr. S. find me 2 shilans & deduckt out off my sallyry last sataday becas i refus to leaf the stag wen i was rehorsing Richard the 3rd upon Mrs. S. haven the impotence toe order me toe goe toe the Buchers toe fetch the muton chopps for thare dinner & i apel toe yo Sir if i warnt write to uphold my digginty & refus toe goe toe fetch the chopps haven to play Richard that very nit. Sir i dont pertend to kompar mysulf with Mr. Tipiltin and Mr. Snoxil but i send yo a peas cut out off the Fudgebory Gazete toe shoe what they sed off me att my bendyfit when I plaid Archer inn the Bostrantygum after which lipt threw a Noop 15 feet i. Also sung 2 komac songs with grat aplaws—after which Othelio in 2 ax—the hole to conklud with litel pikel inn the Spile chile. Sir i inclos a list of 103 pats what i am quit component to play & am quit up inn them & cud get out off my bed any nit and play them at a mommins notas. & opin for your reply i am Sir yor most humbil servent toe comarnd

"CHAS. SEYMOUR ST. EGREMONT.

"P.S. i can also manige the gash lites, dans the tit rop, & mak fire works."

"So so, Mr. St. Egremont! A gentleman who can play everything, from Archer in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' and Richard the Third, down to Little Pickle in the 'Spoilt Child'—sing comic songs, and leap through a hoop fifteen feet high, into the bargain—is worth attending to. But as to the praises of the 'Fudgeborough Gazette,' on the occasion of your own benefit, I have been manager of a playhouse long enough to know how to value that."

Here was a loud tap at the door. "Come in!" cried the manager; and Mr. Snoxell, the leading tragedian, with a painted wooden hatchet in his hand, entered the room.

"Mr. Strut," said the tragedian, in an angry tone, "I have a complaint to make—two complaints; in short, Sir, I have many complaints to make. In the first place, Sir, look at this hatchet."

Strut. Well, Sir; what's the matter with it?

Snoxell. Matter, Sir! Do you expect that I should go on at night with such a thing as this for a hatchet?

Strut. Why, really, Snoxell, it seems to me that the property is remarkably well made.

Snoxell. Well made! well made! See this, Sir. (*Pointing to a play-bill.*) You have made a line of it in your bills. The public will expect something. One little dab of red ochre—one paltry, small tuft of horse-hair glued to it! Why, Sir, it won't be seen by the third row in the pit.

Strut. Rely on it, my dear Snoxell, it will *tell* exceedingly well at night.

Snoxell. Very well, Sir; I have only this to say: I have a reputation at stake in Little Pedlington, and I *will—not*—go on at night with such a thing as this for a hatchet.

Strut. Sit down for a minute, Snoxell; we'll see about it.

Mr. Strut rang the bell, and desired Stumps to send Squeaks, the property-man, to him. Squeaks—a little man, with a voice like that of Punch in a show-box—speedily appeared.

Strut. Come here, you scoundrel. Is this a property fit to be given to such a person as Mr. Snoxell?

Squeaks. Why, Sir, I made it agreeable to the order I got from Mr. Siffle, Sir, the prompter, Sir.

Strut. And what was his order, you rascal?

Squeaks. Why, Sir, he ordered me to make the identrical blood-stained 'atchet, Sir, with a lock of the victim's 'air sticking to it, Sir, with which the murder was committed, Sir. And there's the blood, Sir, and there's the 'air, Sir, and thet's all I can say about it, Sir.

Strut. Get along, you little villain, and put more red paint, and another tuft or two of horse-hair to it.

Squeaks. Very well, Sir; if you please, Sir. But I can only say, Sir, that 'ere property, Sir,will come to near ninepence as it is, Sir; and Mr. Dumps, the treasurer, Sir, will grumble at *that*, Sir; and if it comes to any more, Sir, Mr. Dumps 'll stop it out of my salary o' Saturday, Sir; and that 'll be very 'ard upon me, Sir.

Strut. Get out, you scoundrel, and do as you are ordered.

[Squeaks, with his blood-stained hatchet, withdrew.]

Strut. There, Snoxell; I hope you are satisfied.

Snoxell. Yes—perhaps,

Strut. Now, what more have you to say?

Snoxell. Why—I have next to say, I will not act Grumps in the new piece.

"Not act Grumps!" exclaimed Strut, with astonishment. "Bless my soul! Mr. Snoxell; what can you possibly object to the part? It is a very fine part, and so you said at the reading."

Snoxell. And so I thought; but it does not come out in acting, and I won't play it.

Strut. Won't! *Won't*, indeed! Either, *I* am manager in my own theatre, Mr.—aw—Snoxell, or—aw—you are. (And as he uttered these words, Mr. Strut put his hands into his breeches pockets, slid gently down his chair, his head falling back, and his feet sliding under the table.)

Snoxell. Sir, I will not play the part.

Strut. You won't? Does it occur to your recollection, Mr.—aw—Snoxell, that there is such a word as "forfeit" in your articles? And that if you refuse a part, Sir, I can forfeit you ten shillings?

Snoxell. Forfeit!—Forfeit! Do you say forfeit, Sir? Forfeit me! Snoxell! "The heart-rending Snoxell," as I am generally designated. That word again, Mr. what's—your—name, and I'll throw up my engagement.

It must here be observed that, but for the letter just received from Bellowmore, the manager would no more have ventured, at such a juncture as the present, to assume the tone he did towards his leading tragedian, than attempt to swallow him alive. He used the circumstance adroitly, and the conversation thus proceeded.

Strut. Throw it up, if you please, Sir.

Snoxell. Throw it up!—Mr. Strut—you—surely you are not in earnest. Who could you find to lead the serious business?

Strut. Bellowmore.

Snoxell. Bellowmore! What! Is he in Little Pedlington?

Strut. No; but here is a letter I have just received from him.

Snoxell. What can *he* want?

Strut. An engagement. I can have him at a day's notice, and upon my own terms.

Snoxell: Ha! ha! ha! Bellowmore! I have a great respect for him —think highly of his talents—but he can no more lead the tragic business in such a place as Little Pedlington than ——. I should be the last man in the world, my dear Strut, to throw any impediment in the way of your opening, as my retirement from the theatre just at this time would do; therefore ——. Confess that—come now, confess that my retirement would——

Strut. Why—aw—certainly—aw—I—aw—

Snoxell. That's sufficient—I am satisfied—I'll play the part. But upon one condition.

Strut. What's that?

Snoxell. Why, there's that speech, a very fine speech, in the part of Growler, which Waddle is to play: the speech, you know, when he discovers me, with the hatchet in my hand, lifting the latch of the cow-house—you know the speech I mean—beginning "Rumble, thou hurricanous winds, and shake the trembling stars out of their firm-set hemispheres, till all is clouded in one black ruin." Now, I'll tell you in confidence: Waddle can do nothing with that speech. It is too much for him. It is riding fifteen stone on a pony. He'll not get a hand to it—let me speak it, and I'll bring down three rounds.

Strut.—Very well, Snoxell. Speak to Dowlas, the author of the piece, about it, and settle it as you please.

Snoxell. Bellowmore, indeed! My dear Strut, with that speech in the part, I'll make such a thing of Grumps as shall astonish even Little Pedlington.

Not only soothed but satisfied, Snoxell quitted the room.

The manager, left to himself, prepared to answer his correspondents. Scarcely had he taken pen in hand, when he was startled by a violent thump at the door. "Come in," cried the manager; and Mr. Waddle rushed into the room. For some minutes Waddle was unable to speak. With hurried and unequal step he paced the apartment, he rubbed his face with his handkerchief, drew his fingers through his hair, and occasionally gave a twitch under the cuff of his coat-sleeve, as if a little snow-white Holland had been there to appear at the summons.

Strut. Now, Waddle; what is it you want? You see I am very busy.

Waddle. Want, Sir? Want, indeed! Why, Sir, what I want is this: do you expect me to play Growler to Mr. Snoxell's Grumps? That's what I want, Sir!

Strut. Certainly I do, Sir.

Waddle. What, Sir! and cut me out of the speech about "hurricanous winds!" Why, Sir, it is the only bit of fat I have in my part: ten lengths, and all the rest as flat as a pancake—no possibility of getting a hand. I have a great respect for Mr. Snoxell—very great—and think highly of his talents; not but that I *do* think there is somebody else in the theatre who *could* play Grumps—fine as the part is—as well as he. But to add my only *telling* speech to such a part as his—where every line would be a hit, if he knew what to do with it—why, it is absolutely putting butter to bacon. However, Sir, as I have a reputation

at stake in Little Pedlington, I have thrown the part down on the prompter's table.

Strut. Very well, Sir; then when you go into the treasury next Saturday you will find yourself *minus* ten shillings.

Waddle. Why, Sir, it is not only my own opinion that I am not well treated in the matter; but everybody at rehearsal, from Mrs. Biggleswade, down to little Laura Dobs, who goes on in the choruses, thinks so too. The speech had better have been given to Miss Julia Wriggles at once, and that would have made the thing perfect.

Strut. I desire, Sir, you will make no impertinent allusion to that young lady.

Waddle. I don't intend it, Sir. But even Mrs. Biggleswade says, that the whole bill is sacrificed to her, and that every one in the company is made to hold up her train.

Strut. Do you mean to play the part, or not, Sir?

Waddle. Why, Sir, as my salary is but twenty-five shillings a week —although Snoxell has two pounds—I cãn't afford to pay forfeit. But I'll tell you what, Sir: as I know that withdrawing my name from the piece would be fatal to it, I'll play the part *without* the " hurricanous winds," on condition that you put me up to sing the " Little Farthing Rush-light," in the course of the evening.

Strut. Very well, very well; sing a hundred-weight of rush-lights, if you choose.

Waddle. But I must be announced in as large letters as Mr. Tippleton.

Strut. You shall, you shall.

Waddle. And I must not come *after* Miss Wriggles's song.

Strut. Very well.

Waddle. Nor *before* her broadside hornpipe.

Strut. Very well, very well.

Waddle. Nor *between* her——

Strut. You shan't, you shan't. Now, d—nation! do but leave me to my business, and you may come on and sing your song at three o'clock in the morning, and have the house all to yourself.

Waddle. I'm satisfied. There is not much left in Growler, to be sure; but I see where I can hit them; and if I don't stick it into Snoxell in a way to astonish all Little Pedlington, you may send me on to carry a message—that's all.

The door had hardly closed on Waddle when there was a gentle knock; which being duly responded to by the permissive " come in," Mrs. Biggleswade—both the Siddons and the Jordan of the company—entered the room, and took a seat at the table opposite to Strut.

Mrs. B. My dear soul, I see you are busy. I have but one word to say. I have been up into the wardrobe, and there is not a dress I can wear for Dame Squigs, in the " Hatchet of Horror." I must positively have a new one made for me; and so Mrs. Tinsel, the wardrobe-keeper, says.

Strut. My dear Mrs. Biggleswade, I cannot afford anything new, in the way of dresses, for this piece—not a quarter of a yard of six-penny ribbon. I am at a ruinous outlay in the getting-up, as it is: if I get clear for seven pounds I shall think myself fortunate.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear creature, what *is* to be done? There is no-

thing in the wardrobe that comes within a hundred miles of the thing: besides, you advertise dresses, and so forth, entirely new.

Strut. Ay; that is matter of course.

Mrs. B. Well; then I suppose I must go on for Dame Squigs in my Lady Macbeth dress: for Mrs. Tinsel declares *she* can do nothing to help me. Now, my dear soul, what *am* I to do?

Strut. Why, my dear madam, according to your articles you are bound to find your own dresses; and——

Mrs. B. Why, yes, but—this is a sort of character-dress, you know, and—Indeed the only thing Mrs. Tinsel thinks *can* be done is to put the skirt I wore in the "Blue Posts" to the body I wore in the "Cruel Murderer," with the trimmings from my "Ferocious Farmer" dress. It *may* look very well at night; and if you think *that* will do, why——

Strut. O, it will do very well.

Mrs. B. Then we'll manage it so. But, my dear soul, you will allow me to have a new——

Strut. Not a pin that is not found sticking in my wardrobe; so let us say no more about it.—How is your rehearsal going?

Mrs. B. Very well; very well, indeed.

Strut. And—pray—and—how is Miss Wriggles getting on?

Mrs. B. That little girl will do Martha charmingly—considering. But don't you think Miss Phobs would have been better in the part?

Strut. Miss Phobs! Miss Phobs!! A girl at seven shillings a week, who goes on in the choruses! Why, bless my soul! what *can* you be thinking about! In my opinion, Miss Wriggles is the very thing for it, in all respects.

Mrs. B. Yes; she is tall, well-made, handsome; and between ourselves, my dear soul, beauty is all that the public look for now-a-days.

Strut. You don't pretend to say, Madam, that she has no talent?

Mrs. B. Bless your soul! no: she is full of talent—but raw, very raw. Though that is nothing: for *we* know very well that after three or four years' hard practice she may turn out a very good actress. Now—now don't be angry: you know I always speak candidly, though I never say an ill-natured thing of anybody; and, considering it is to be the dear child's *first appearance on any stage*—Ahem!—Wigs was saying, just now, he has a *faint* notion of having acted with her for the last three years in Scrubs's company over at Fudgeborough.

Strut. Wigs said so, did he? Very well.

[Strut writes a memorandum upon a slip of paper.]

Mrs. B. But there is one thing you must do for her—come now, you must: she will require a pretty dress for the part, and you must let her have the best that can be found in the wardrobe.

Strut. O, there are some new dresses being made for her.

Mrs. B. So; I have you. Miss Julia Wriggles can have what she pleases, whilst poor Biggleswade——! O, you naughty man! But I hope poor dear Mrs. Strut has no notion ———

Strut. I must request, Madam—desire, Madam—no insinuations, Madam——That young lady, Madam, is a—a—niece of mine, and—and——

Mrs. B. Of course, of course; and it is natural that one should do the best for one's own family.—Ahem!—But I never heard that you have a brother—or a sister; and I know poor dear Mrs. S. has not;

so how can she be your niece? Ha! ha! ha! Now don't be angry. Your cousin, your cousin, it is all one. Ha! ha! ha! Well; I mustn't keep the stage waiting. By the bye, whilst you have the pen in your hand, just write me an order for two for Monday.

Strut. Very sorry to refuse you—not a single order will be admitted.

Mrs. B. Very well, very well. Ha! ha! ha! O, you naughty man! But you must give an order or two to poor little Wriggles. One's own niece, and a first appearance, too! She'll require support, you know. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Biggleswade obeyed the call-boy's summons of "Everybody for the last scene," and quitted the room.

Again Mr. Strut resumed his pen: but he had proceeded no farther in his answer to the first of his letters than—"Sir, In rep—" when (without the usual formality of tap-tap) the door was thrown open, and Miss Julia Wriggles—the talented, the refined, the elegant—appeared.

Strut. Well, my love, what do you want?

Miss W. My love, indeed! What a fool you are! My *love!* Do you want to be heard all over the theatre, you stupid fool?

Strut. Well, dear, I only spoke.

Miss W. Spoke, indeed! Hold your tongue, do. An't I to play Colonel Dash in "She *Shall* be an Actress?" And an't I to go on in male attire? Hold your tongue. Then why an't it printed in the bills—Colonel Dash, in male attire, by Miss Julia Wriggles? Hold your tongue. Every one of them 'ere bills as is gone out must be called in, and fresh 'uns, with my name in male attire, must be printed.

Strut. Preposterous, my love! Are you aware that to *bill* such a town as Little Pedlington costs nearly eight shillings?

Miss W. Hold your tongue: I'll have it done. At least it must be done in the bills of the day, and that's letting you off easy. Hold your tongue. Do it, or I shall just walk myself back to Fudgeborough, and then where are you? And then, again: I find the people here complain of your late hours—that they can't get to bed before eleven o'clock; and I'm not going to stand playing 'em out at that time o' night. The "Actress" must be done as a middle piece.

Strut. But, my dear darling creature, it can't be. Mr. Tippleton—the "facetious Tippleton," as he is called here—always stipulates for the middle of the evening.

Miss W. Hold your tongue, you stupid fool! I don't care for Tippleton, or you either. If you don't do it I walk myself off to Fudgeborough, that's all. And the dress they've made me for Martha Squigs won't do by no manner o' means. They must make me another. Hold your tongue. And if they dare even to show me that dress again, I'll tear it into ten thousand million of atoms. Hold your tongue, and immediately give orders to Tinsel to obey my orders, and make me whatever I think proper to order; or this very day I walk myself off to Fudgeborough. And that reminds me—give me some orders.

Strut. Really, Julia, I—I can't. Orders won't go; and I have just refused Mrs. Biggleswade.

Miss W. I don't care for that. Mrs. Biggleswade may stand being

refused; I don't, you know. Hold your tongue. Give me a dozen double box-orders; if I want more I'll send for them. Hold your tongue. I'm called. Now remember what I've told you to do; and if it an't done in less than no time at all, I just walk myself back to Fudgeborough; and then how will you look?

Miss Julia Wriggles bounced out of the room. At the same moment the manager was cut short in the middle of a deep sigh by the entrance of Stumps.

Stumps. The gentleman who sent the new tragedy the other day, Sir, wishes to see you. He will be glad of your answer about it.

Strut. Busy,—can't see him,—no answer, at present,—must come some other time.

Stumps. Yes, Sir. And Mr. Bray, Sir, the man that belongs to the donkey, is here.

Strut. The donkey-man! Why didn't you show him in instantly? Admit him. O, here he is. Bray, my dear fellow, how d'ye do? Devilish glad to see you. Take a seat. Well, how did your donkey get on at rehearsal: d'ye think he'll do?

Bray. Do! Why, Master Tim, I wish some of the humane donkies in your company would act their parts as well as my donkey will act his'n. Sew'd up in the hide, too, he looks a 'nation sight more like a cow than many of t'others will look what they've got to represent. To be sure, he set off a-braying in high style in the principal scene; but that's natural enough, you know: even a donkey, when he gets upon the stage, likes to have a bit of gag of his own. Hows'ever, that won't do at night, so I'll muzzle him, 'cause it arn't in the natur of a cow to bray, you know; and in this theatre natur' goes afore all. Why, don't you know, Tim, that for a cow to bray would be like his talking a foreign lingo, just the same as if me and you was to talk French—and the Little Pedlingtonians are deep enough to know that a real cow, as you've advertised him, would never think of doing that.

Strut. That's true. Now, as to terms, I believe we understand each other. Two shillings a week for the use of him.

Bray. That's to say, I let him out to play for three nights a-week, at two shillings.

Strut. Three nights! Nonsense! there was no such limitation understood.

Bray. Don't care. Mine's the principal donkey in the piece, 'cause he's the only one; and he shan't injure his constitution by playing more than three nights a-week unless he's paid extra for it, just the same as the principal actors of your own. Come—fourpence for each night additional, or I goes directly and rips him out of the hide and takes him home; and if I takes away my donkey, what'll you do for a cow?

Strut. Well; if I must, I must. Agreed.

Bray. Now, then; what am *I* to be paid?

Strut. You! For what?

Bray. Why, master Tim, you've engaged my donkey, but you havn't engaged me to drive him; ha! ha! ha! and he'll be of no use if you don't. My donkey's as obstinate as a mule, and nobody but me can manage him; and I can't think of taking a less salary than his'n. Ha!

ha! ha! You see I have you there. No use to talk; he won't move a peg if I an't with him.

Strut. Then I must say, this is the most unblushing piece of——

Bray. Stuff and nonsense, Tim; it's all fair in a Theatre, you know. Besides, you can't do without *that* hanimal in the piece no more than any of the others; so pay me you must.

The manager having no refuge but in compliance, this new and unexpected demand is agreed to, and Mr. Bray takes his leave. He is presently succeeded by Mr. Dumps, the Treasurer.

Strut. I am glad you are come, Dumps. I am expecting Tippleton, and I should wish you to be present when he comes? But, how do you like the bill?

Dumps. Hm! Don't know. Wants cutting. Where's the use of saying at the bottom of the bill, that on this occasion Tippleton will perform, and Snoxell will perform, and so forth, when you have already said so in the middle?

Strut. The use of it, my dear fellow! Why, look at its length! A reader might forget all that, but for such a remainder at the end of it.

Dumps. Then, why advertise "The Hatchet of Horror" as a new piece, when you know very well it was run off its legs two years ago, over at Fudgeborough. I don't think that's quite the thing at the Theatre-Royal, Little Pedlington.

Strut. Hush! Nobody here will be the wiser for it, unless we tell 'em. But I say, Master Tommy; I have been looking over the salary-list: it is awful!

Dumps. Hm, hm! *That* wants cutting, at any rate.

Strut. Then cut Wigs. He's a bad actor—of no use—and—and a troublesome fellow in the company. Pay him a week's salary and discharge him. Have you seen the box-book? How does it look?

Dumps. Hm! Why—that *don't* want cutting. Only thirteen places taken.

Strut. Thirteen already! Why, my dear fellow, that's glorious.

Dumps. Hm! The old set of orderlies: the Cripps's, the Stint'ems, the Snargates. They have all just now written to me for orders.

Strut. To you also? Why, confound their impudence! They have applied to me too! Secure the best places in my boxes, and——These be your only patrons of the drama. But, see: here's a letter from Bellowmore. What think you of it?

Dumps. "Eight-tenths of the clear receipts!" Hm! Cool. Better ask for eleven-tenths. Do no good. Never drew his salary.

Strut. And what's your opinion of——? [*Tap-tap.*] Come in.—— My dear Hobbleday, I am exceedingly busy, and can't speak to you now. Is it anything very particular you have to say?

Hobbleday. No, my dear Strut; nothing. See you are busy. No ceremony with me. How-do, Dumps? Merely called to wish you success. Saw your bill. Splendid! All Little Pedlington raving about it. Julia Wriggles. Charming girl, I understand, eh? No doubt of your success. All the town will come. May be sure of *one* person, and that's little Jack Hobbleday. Good pair of hands, eh? Well, I see you are busy. Good bye. Wish you success. Sure of a bumper. Good bye. Make your fortune, take my word for it.—Oh! I say, Strut: could you just scribble me such a thing as an order for two for the first night?

Strut. I'm sorry to refuse you, my dear fellow; but not an order of any kind or description whatever, will be admitted on any account or pretence whatever. However, I'll put your name on the free-list for the season.

Hobbleday. No !. Will you ? Well, now—really—vastly kind—greatly obliged—most flattering compliment, I declare. Haven't words to express how much I am obliged.

Strut. It is but fair, though, to apprise you that on that particular occasion, and on every night of performance throughout the season, the free-list will be altogether, entirely, and totally suspended, *in toto.*

Hobbleday. No matter. That don't signify. A most flattering conpliment, nevertheless. Greatly obliged—highly flattered. Good bye, Strut. Good bye, Dumps !

The manager and his right trusty chancellor of the exchequer had scarcely recovered from this interruption, when again they were disturbed by a tap at the door, and Mr. Tippleton (who had but just descended from the top of the coach) made his appearance.

Tippleton. How are you, Strut? How do, Dumps? I 've a complaint.

Strut. What! You have scarcely set foot in the theatre, and already you complain ?

Dumps. Hm! What the deuce can *you* find to complain about? Haven't you the highest salary in the theatre ?

Tippleton. Yes; and that 's my complaint. Look to my articles. Tippleton is to be paid the highest salary of anybody—two pounds a-week. Now I have discovered that you pay Snoxell two pounds a-week, so that mine is no longer the highest salary.

Dumps. And how does that affect you? Snoxell had eight-and-thirty shillings; this season he is advanced to two pounds. Would you have us reduce his salary for a point-of form ?

Tippleton. No. I'll injure no man, no man shall injure me. I'll tell you how the affair may be amicably arranged: raise my salary to two-pound-two. There.

Dumps. Hm! And where's the money to come from? As it is, we shan't draw up the curtain under nine-pound-eighteen; and cram the house to the roof we can't get more than fifteen pounds into it.

Tippleton. Don't care. Look to my articles. Money come from! Who bring the money? Tragedians ?—No. The comedians bring the money. Who *are* the comedians? Bobby Tippleton. Therefore Bobby Tippleton must be paid. Don't care. Can go over to Fudgeborough—*carte blanche*—my own terms—do what I like.

Strut. Well; I suppose I must comply. You shall have two guineas.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I've a complaint.

Strut. What now!

Tippleton. Look at this play-bill. Look to my articles. My name to be printed in the largest-sized letters.' See here.—" *All round my Hat.*"—Tippleton in italic capitals, Miss Julia Wriggles in large capitals. Great respect for Miss Julia Wriggles—don't want her to hold up my train— won't hold up her train. Thing must be altered.

Strut. 'Tis a mistake of the printer's: it shall be set right in the bills of the day.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I've a complaint.

Strut. Another!

Tippleton. "*Who are you?*" Tippleton and Gigs in one line—Miss Julia Wriggles in a line by herself. Great respect for Gigs, also; but Tippleton must stand alone. Offered my own terms at Fudgeborough, remember.

Strut. Well; that also shall be altered.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I've a complaint.

Strut. And what—the—devil—more—can you find to complain about?

Tippleton. You've sent me a part in a new piece to study.

Strut. And a very fine part it is.

Tippleton. Don't say the contrary. But I stand to my articles. Willing to oblige. In these times an actor ought to put his shoulder to the wheel; I put *my* shoulder to the wheel: so if it be a good part, and the best part in the piece, and I happen to like the part, and the part should please me in every possible respect, why I have no objection to——

Dumps. Hm, hm! But there's no such clause as *that* in your articles, I'll swear; though there *is* something about a fine for refusing a part.

Tippleton. Don't care for articles. Fines are all very proper—never could get through business in a theatre without them—any performer, high or low, who refuses a part, fine him—all right—only you mustn't fine Bobby Tippleton. Scrubs, over at Fudgeborough, has offered me——

Strut. You are a pleasant fellow, Master Bobby! Now, suppose I sign a blank sheet of paper, and allow you to fill it up with terms, conditions, and stipulations, entirely according with your own wishes—will that content you?

Tippleton. Can't say—must look to my articles. Well—I'm called to rehearsal. Good day.—Stop! I've a comp—— No matter: I'll think it over, and let you know by-and-by. [*Tippleton withdraws.*]

Strut. Well, Dumps, what think you of the appearance of affairs *now?*

Dumps. Hm! I'll tell you what I think: Tippleton and Snoxell, and Mrs. Biggleswade and Miss Wriggles—pull altogether as hard as they will—won't draw expenses into the house.

Strut. Psha! With such flattering assurances—(*he points to the pile of applications for orders*)—of the support of the worthy towns-people;—with such friendly, such zealous, such disinterested co-operation on the part of the company—the THEATRE ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON, must succeed.

Dumps. Hm, hm, hm! I wish you may get it.

P*.

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM AMOS STOKES, ESQ., OF NASHVILLE, U. S., TO WASHINGTON NOKES, ESQ., OF LIVERPOOL,

Commencing the account of a very remarkable aërial voyage made in
THE GRAND KENTUCKY BALLOON.

IN ordinary times and moods, dear Nokes,
You might for centuries have had to whistle,
Ere I,—the plain prosaic Amos Stokes,
Should send you a poetical epistle;
But the muse sometimes visits solemn folks,
As a flower blossoms even on the thistle,
And mine 's a theme so startling and sublime,
That it affords good reason for my rhyme.

I have been far above the clouds—and seen
Sights unreveal'd before to mortal eye!
You know that merry madcap Harry Green,—
Well—he persuaded Ebenezer Guy,
A Latin usher—solemn—long, and lean,
Whose talk was pompous, polyglot, and dry,
And your unlucky friend—(a witless wight!)
In Hudson's grand balloon to take a flight.

Hudson—long practised in balloons, was meant,
To steer our bark, and manage every part,
For we three others were as innocent
As babes unborn, of aeronautic art:
In fact, all four were seated—all intent
On making quickly an auspicious start,
When, leaning to untie the rope too far,
Our clumsy pilot tumbled from the car.

As Hudson was a heavy man, of course
The loss of his preponderating weight
Made the machine start upwards with a force,
As if a whizzing rocket went elate.
So instantaneous was our earth-divorce,
We had no time the crowd to calculate,
Or note their shouts, fast dwindling to a hum,
When the whole scene grew indistinct and dumb.

E'en I, dear Nokes, an unreflecting wight,
Felt an awe-stricken, and a solemn mood,
In being sever'd from the world outright,
And floating upwards, thro' th' infinitude
Of space, as if, while bless'd with life and light,
A sort of dissolution had accrued,
And I had bid a last adieu to earth,
To find, in some new sphere, a second birth.

Is that dim mass, methought, obscured with clouds,
Looming below, a doubtful vapoury form,—
Is that our planet, with its countless crowds,—
Its nations, empires, cities? Is the storm
Of vice and passion that man's heart enshrouds,
The virtues that the female bosom warm,
Thrilling and throbbing in that little sphere?
Oh! what an ant-hill does the whole appear!

And other planets, throng'd like ours, perchance,
With beings that seem only born to die;
Why do they weave their rotatory dance,
Like gnats disporting in a summer sky?
Why do they fill the limitless expanse
With sepulchres that whirl eternally
Around the central fount of life and light?
What was their dawning—when will be their night?

While thoughts like these were flashing through my mind,
With lightning speed, adapted to our motion,
My comrade, Harry Green, remain'd resign'd
To a convulsive laughter, at the notion
Of the fat sprawler whom we left behind,
Till, having wiped the tears that made a lotion
For either cheek, he cried—"I can't forget
Hudson's own wonder at his somerset."

"Had *he* been with us, our retarded flight,
If we could fly at all—a doubtful case,—
Had been no higher than an urchin's kite,
Or eagle 'towering in its pride of place,'
And never had we known the keen delight
Of soaring thus triumphantly through space,
And looking, every moment as we climb,
Down on the earth with feelings more sublime."

"Do you remember, Guy, the well-known joke
Of singing Dignum at a public dinner,
Who, slicing from a pudding, at one stroke,
A mass that left it full three-quarters thinner,
Said, as he moved the dish, 'Some pudding, Skinner?'
'Which,' replied Skinner, while his glances stray
From plate to dish, 'which *is* the pudding, pray?'

"So I, while gazing on the sphere below,
And that above, which, like a silken moon,
Sustains our car, am half in doubt to know
Which *is* the earth, and which is the balloon.
How beautiful is this celestial show!
Methinks it were an enviable boon
Ne'er to revisit earth, but in the sky
Amid these glorious scenes to live and die."

"There 's little doubt about the *last*," replied
The hollow voice of Guy, who hitherto,
While, as with fear transfix'd, he sternly eyed
The mass above him, evidently drew
Grim auguries he did not seek to hide,—
"Prepare for death—you 've nothing else to do—
Giving false hopes I'll not be a colleague at,
For *dubiam qui dat salutem, negat.*

"An endless holiday my school will have,—
I never more shall wield the birch or cane;
No human agency our lives can save,
In this accursed car must we remain,
Until it proves—as soon it will—our grave.
Our fate is manifest,—the case is plain,—
I wouldn't hurt your feelings,—never mind,
Mors omnibus communis,—I'm resign'd."

As his affrighted looks the boast belied,
  We called upon him for an explanation ;
When, in the same sepulchral voice, he sigh'd—
  "As Hudson tumbled, in his agitation
He caught the string that to the valve is tied,
  And snapp'd it off—so that no operation
Can now let off the gas, and we must rise
Till cold or famine kill us in the skies!"

"Nonsense!" cried Harry Green,—who loved his joke,
  Bad as it might be, better than his friend,—
"While thus we soar (excuse the equivoque),
  Into the grave we cannot well descend."
"So much the worse," with melancholy croak,
  Responded Guy, "we shall not in our end
Have even decent burial, but be cast to
And fro in air—*nantes in gurgite vasto,*—

"Until the flesh is wasted from our bones,
  (Dying of famine, *that* will soon be done!)
When for unnumber'd years our skeletons,
  Floating in space, may reach at least some zone,
Or sphere remote, whose geologic sons
  In a glass case may have us clapp'd, and shown
As fossils of the air—*quis talia fando*—
But I 'll not weep—*Fortunæ omnia mando.*"

At first I thought, by climbing up some rope,
  That we might cut the silk, or tear a rent,
So as to let the imprison'd gas elope,
  But after each had tried th' experiment
In climbings numberless, we lost all hope,
  For none by grappling made the least ascent;
The car hung low—the cords were small—and we
Had ne'er since boyhood even climb'd a tree.

Little supposing, when we first went up,
  That we should spend the morning in the sky,
Still less that we should want to dine or sup,
  We had ne'er dreamt of taking a supply;—
Of liquids we had not a single cup,
  Nor would our solids bear a scrutiny,
Consisting of a quince cake, small enough,
  Three pears, two apples, and one penny puff.

"We 're stump'd, I fear," said Harry Green, whose mood
  Changed with his grave and lengthen'd countenance,
"But our first duty is to share the food,
  So as to give to each an equal chance.
The puff and quince-cake must not now be chew'd;
  The pears are three, a lucky circumstance;
The apple-sharing I myself will see to,
There's one for you two, and there's one for me too."

At first I thought this trite and sorry jest
  Was merely fun, until he ate the prize,
When Guy and I our discontent exprest,
  Whereat he said decisively—"Be wise,
Discard all thoughts of quarrel from your breast,
  If we *fall out* we 're dash'd to atomies."
"Humph! a high joke," quoth Guy; "you little ween,
Hi joci in seria ducunt—Mr. Green."

In fact, we all look'd serious as he spoke,
  Eyeing each other with distrust and fear,
And none of us the sulky silence broke,
  For now the sun was setting—night drew near—
None had an extra Macintosh or cloak,
  And the cold grew so nipping and severe,
That though no single syllable we said,
  Our teeth began to chatter in our head.

The cold augmented as we soar'd more high,
  But this, though most distressing, would not bear
Comparison with the sharp agony
  Caused by the rarefaction of the air.
We gasp'd for breath as if about to die,
  As fishes on dry land pant, gulp, and stare,
And swell'd, as if our blood and bones were thirsting
To quit our bodies by a general bursting.

This must have been our dismal fate, indeed,
  But that our noses, in a copious stream,
At the same moment all began to bleed,
  Which gave us ease.—Your ministers may deem
The pressure from without a bore—agreed:
  That from within though is a worse extreme,
When your exterior seems all turn'd about,
  And your inside is struggling to get out.

Up in that keen attenuated air
  Th' evaporation is so great and swift,
That we already wither'd, as it were;
  Our parch'd and rattling tongues we could not lift,
Our eyes were solder'd up—no tears were there,
  And when that æther rare we breathed or sniff'd,
Our stomach's region, and brain's *pia mater*,
Felt twice as dry as a limeburner's gaiter.

The silence, too, so thrillingly intense,
  Caused a fresh pain:—dilated and acute,
Our ears ached piercingly, because their sense
  Could catch no sound—all, all was hush'd and mute;
While now the darkness most profound and dense,
  Might half persuade us Death had won his suit,
And struck us all, but that by fits and starts
We heard the feeble beating of our hearts.

Oh! there 's an awfulness most dread and deep
  In piercing thus night's topmost atmosphere,
And feeling that, however fast you sweep,
  You never need look out ahead for fear
Of running foul of others, since you keep
  A course that none have ever dared to steer,
And have all space before you, all your own,
E'en to the wide creation's widest zone.

But what!— methought, if like our planet, Space—
  Holds some vast desert,—some Zahara dark,
Where the Creator's hand has left no trace,
  A primal Chaos, never cheer'd by spark
Of sun or moon, and that our airy chase
  Should finish by delivering our bark
Into that limbo, and so leave us fated
'Mid nothingness to be annihilated!

From this appalling reverie I woke,
  By seeing in the blazing skies afar
A fearful storm, which suddenly outbroke
  In the full rage of elemental war,
Amid whose lightning flash and lurid smoke
  Diminish'd earth, no bigger than our car,
Seem'd to sustain a contest most uneven
With all the dread artillery of heaven.

Tremendous must have been the thunder's peal,
  But not the faintest murmur reach'd mine ear,
A fact, dear Nokes, which will alone reveal
  Our measureless remoteness from earth's sphere.
As the storm died away I seem'd to feel
  The darkness that return'd more deep and drear,
And nought disturb'd the silence of the sky
Save the mix'd snores and mutterings of Guy,

Mumbling his prayers, and dreaming that he heard
  His boys their Greek and Latin tasks repeat,
I caught this galimathias absurd—
  "*Amo-amas*—a dactyle has three feet—
God's will be done!—that 's not a Latin word—
  Tupto-tupteis, means—*verbero*, to beat:"
And then he murmur'd, in a tone more drowsy,
"Amen! good night— *tuptomen*, boy, *tuptousi*."

Harry, meanwhile, as if he strove no more
  With adverse fate, began to nod his head,
And soon set up a comfortable snore,
  Like him who when, his bark resistless sped
Tow'rds dread Niagara's engulphing roar,
  Threw down his oar, his cloak above him spread,
Stretch'd out his legs, composed himself to sleep,
And thus perform'd his last tremendous leap.

Our plight, in sooth, was much the same as his,
  Save that *our* vortex was a stream of air,
Which hurried us to some unknown abyss;—
  And yet, perhaps, we better might compare
Our danger with Mazeppa's wretchedness,
  For our wild steed no curb nor check would bear,
And if he would, to dream of it were idle,
For in the valve string we had lost the bridle.

I could not sleep; for, through the darkness dense
  That hitherto had compass'd us about,
In beautiful and bright magnificence,
  The constellations, signs, and stars shone out,
Like monarchs stepping from their thrones;—my sense
  Ached at their flashing crowns, which made me doubt
Whether they were the same whose duller glories
I had oft mark'd from Earth's observatories.

At length, when, all unconscious of the lapse,
  I sunk into a short and broken rest,
It was this vision, doubtless—(though, perhaps,
  Mazeppa's horse occasion'd half the pest)—
That brought, 'midst other painful afterclaps,
  The nightmare to bestride my labouring breast;
And conjured up, out of this heavenly glory, a
Most diabolical phantasmagoria.

The Zodiac's monsters and celestial signs
Seem'd to take living bodies, near and far;
Their arms they snatch'd, and, quitting their confines,
Cried "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."
The trumpet's clang rang loud along their lines;
While shouted fiercely every sign and star,—
"Sacrilege! sacrilege! Destroy—o'erwhelm
The impious mortals that invade our realm!"

The roaring Lion, rushing from his lair,
Lifted his paw and bared his snarling teeth;
Up, with a growl appalling, sprung the Bear;
The hissing Serpent, darting from his wreath,
Transfix'd me with his eyeballs' fiery glare;
And all the forms I saw—(I'm here beneath
The mark)—were ten times bigger, every one,
Than Doctor Mantell's famed Iguanodon.

The Scorpion huge, his shudd'ring prey to reach,
Stretch'd out his bristling claws; the Hydra rear'd
His furious heads, each horrider than each;
Orion with his cries the Dog-star cheer'd;
The Twins (not Siamese), with hideous screech,
Urged on the Crab and Lizard;—all appear'd
Eager and rampant for the sign when all,
With ravening rage, upon their prey might fall.

It was not long delay'd.—From out her chair
Cassiopeia rose, and shouted "On!"
Twang! went the archer's bow; and through the air
Claws, teeth, horns, hoofs, and weapons fell upon
Our wretched *trio*; while the startled zone,
Still more our wild'ring faculties to scare,
With roaring, growling, grunting, hissing rang,
The clash of cymbals, and the clarion's clang.

Roused by this *charivari*, when I woke,
Shivering and stupified with cold and fear,
The baseless fabric of the vision broke,
And all again was silent, dark, and drear,
Except when Guy, in mingled mutterings, spoke,
Or Harry's hearty snorings met mine ear.
So pass'd the night;—but oh! with morning's beam,
The real sight was ghastlier than my dream!

Gaunt—stiffen'd—pale—desiccated—adust,—
Our clothes and faces in a gory smear
With our nose-blood,—our stony eyes out-thrust,
Striving in vain to shed the frozen tear:
Harrow'd with horror, sicken'd with disgust,
Our teeth's sharp chatter all that met our ear,—
We look'd like corpses, or three dismal dumbies,
Hung up to dry till we should turn to mummies.

How long we thus remain'd transfix'd and mute,
I cannot tell—perhaps an hour or more,
Till, pinch'd with hunger, I drew out the fruit
Which I had pocketed the night before:
So did my friends, all eating with such brute
Voracity, that breakfast soon was o'er,
Tho' every pear was large and full of juice—(it's
The sort that here is called the Massachussets.)

O Nokes! how suddenly our frame derives
  Fresh vigour, sometimes from the scantiest meal!
Our moisten'd tongues threw quickly off their gyves,
  And, as his mood relax'd from woe to weal,
Cried Hal, "We draw (to judge by what I feel)
  From the first *pear* a second time our lives."
Whereat Guy, frowning, said, "Don't talk at random,
Ne lude sacris, Mr. Green——*nefandum*!"

Alas! our subsequent and dire distress
  Was but augmented by this short relief,
For hunger's gnawings and cold's bitterness
  Return'd with tenfold sharpness; but our chief
Torment was thirst, increased by the excess
  Of dryness in the atmosphere;—in brief,
I stated that if others felt as I did,
I thought our quince cake ought to be divided.

"Quince cake," laugh'd Harry, with a look of *bonhommie*,
  "To tell the truth I swallow'd it last night,
From pure and abstract motives of economy,
  Fearing it might evaporate outright;
But some concession you have fairly won o' me,
  So of the penny puff I waive my bite."
"Sir!" muttered Guy, "I hate and I despise you,
Thus *blando fraudem pretexere risu*."

To guard against th' extension of this code
  So treacherous and base, myself and Guy
Shared the small puff—no very heavy load
  For stomachs yearning with inanity;
And now, in our most desolate abode,
  Was left no drop—no mouthful of supply,
Whatever crib or cruise we might examine,
To save us from th' extremity of famine.

Our woes to aggravate, we found, alas!
  That when the outward pressure was reduced,
In its endeavours to escape, the gas
  Thro' the stretch'd silk had gradually ooz'd,
Until the whole machine's suspended mass,
  Balanced in equilibrio, refused
To rise or fall, affording us the pleasure
To starve, or freeze, or wither up at leisure.

"Ha!" suddenly cried Hal! "I have found a way,
  By which we all may shun our threaten'd fate."—
"What is it?" we together cried—"Oh say!"
  "You may jump out," drawl'd Harry. "I, elate,
Then to some higher habitat may stray,
  While you a starving death will evitate."
Quoth Guy—"You should have left these jests, *jamdudùm*
Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum."

"'Tis our sole chance," quoth Hal, "for our career,
  When lighten'd thus, will doubtless recommence,
And we may soar until some higher sphere
  Bring us within attraction's influence—
Some peopled globe, where hospitable cheer
  May welcome us with glad benevolence:
Heaven grant that we may find, for our revival,
A smoking dinner waiting our arrival."

His lowering looks soon darken'd to a stern
And fell expression that confirm'd his speech ;
And thus we sate in silence, each in turn
Eyeing his comrade with misgiving—each
Holding dark counsel with his thoughts, to learn
How he might save himself—and overreach
His friends. So lawless in its operation
Is that remorseless law—Self-preservation.

Heavy and slowly dragg'd the dreary day ;
Our bosoms rankling with a fiercer ire,
As the light ominously died away,
And thirst, and cold, and hunger grew more dire.
I hoped some rain or dew-drops might allay
Our raging thirst's insatiable fire ;
But in those altitudes, dear Nokes, there's neither
Rain-drops nor dew to damp the parching æther.

What horrid thoughts of violence and crime
Haunted my comrades in the dead of night,
I know not ; but the Devil at one time
Urged me to grapple Green with all my might,
And throw him out ; but Hal was in his prime,
And, waking, might on me bestow the flight
I meant for him. Guy *was* awake, poor elf !
So Satan whispered me—throw out thyself !

These temptings I resisted, Heaven be praised !
And bore my torments till the break of morn,
When Harry, as his heavy eyes he raised,
And mark'd our looks, grim, haggard, and forlorn,
Cried—" Gentlemen, you surely must be crazed
To think these pangs much longer can be borne.
We'll wait till sunset, then draw lots, to know
Which of the party overboard must go.

" But it were well (the hint I venture here
Is offer'd to your *joint* consideration),
If one of you would kindly volunteer
To act the Curtius on this sad occasion,
By leaping in the gulf—a fate, 'tis clear,
Better than *vi et armis* jactitation,
And as you're oldest, Guy, I tell you plump,
'Tis yours to make the sacrificial jump."

" Mine !" cried the pedagogue, with angry sneer ;
" In your own idle vein to give reply,
I might maintain that, as I'm tallest here,
And we are doom'd to die by inches—I
Must perish last ;—besides, your loose career
Has prematurely destined you to die.
Against all suicide I make disclaimer,
Quocunque trahant fata nos sequamur.

" Moreover, I've a nephew, full of glee,
Yet fonder still of learning than of frolics,
For all his Latin who depends on me,
And has begun translating his Bucolics :
On *his* account I wish my life to be
A little lengthen'd—not of course *too* prolix ;—
At thought of leaving him my very gorge aches,
At least—before he gets into his Georgics."

"Well then," said Green, "you, Stokes! will not pretend
That you have niece or nephew—what say *you?*
Will you jump overboard to save a friend?"
"I would," said I, "but I 've a cousin who
Is giddy—young—wants watching, or he 'll spend
His cash too fast. Oh, Harry! if you knew
My cousin Tom, I ne'er had been expected
To leave him cousinless and unprotected."

"As for myself, I own," said Green, and smiled,
"That I am free from every social clog,
Have neither kith nor kindred, chick nor child,
But I 've a poodle puppy—*such* a dog!
He, too, depends on me—is young and wild,
And from his home might wander in a fog:—
You 're Christians, gentlemen! have hearts—confess
You *wouldn't* leave that poodle masterless."

The voluntary principle, we saw,
Had no supporters in our coterie,
So we resolved, at sunset, lots to draw,
And sacrifice one victim of the three.
Thus sat we grim and silent, cold and raw,
Two destined murderers, and one murderee;
Eyeing each other, all that day of fate,
With scowls most savage, fell, and desperate.

As the watch'd sun went down—(it was the last
Sunset that one of us was doom'd to view)—
An ominous and baleful glare it cast
On our most ghastly and sepulchral crew:
Our senses swam—our hearts beat loud and fast,
And more convulsively our gasps we drew,
Clenching our teeth, and holding in our breath,
As Green prepared the paper lots of death.

There was a leering devil in his eye,
A look of cruelty and craft combined,
Which satisfied me that some treachery
Lurk'd in his bosom. My misgiving mind
Whisper'd that if he drew the lot to die,
Some fraudulent evasion he would find,
Or might, in desperation's last resource,
Throw overboard myself or Guy by force.

Resolved to see fair play, and sell my life
As dearly as I could, if thus defied,
I kept my hand upon a large clasp knife
In my coat pocket, while I gave, aside,
A friendly wink to Guy, in whom the strife
Of hope and fear was potent, as he cried,
"My pangs can't last; one plunge and I shall lose 'em,
In space profound—*profundo—profudi—profusum.*"

"The hour is come!" croak'd Green, and well we knew
What was to follow that appalling text.
"The hour is come!"—Adzooks! that 's very true,
'Tis twelve—the Packet sails at one—I 'm vex'd
To break off here, dear Nokes!—in haste adieu!
Allow me to refer you to my next,
Which will contain a full and true relation
Of what next happen'd in our aërostation.

H.

MORALITIES FOR FAMILIES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

No. I.—The Wine-Cellar.

Stephen Curlew was a thrifty goldsmith in the reign of the second Charles. His shop was a mine of metal: he worked for the court, although, we fear, his name is not to be found in any record in the State-Paper Office. Stephen was a bachelor, and, what is strange, he never felt, that is, he never complained of, his loneliness. His chased ewers, his embossed goblets, his gold in bars, were to him wife and children. Midas was his only kinsman. He would creep among his treasures, like an old gray rat, and rub his hands, and smile, as if communing with the wealth about him. He had so long hugged gold to his heart, that it beat for nothing else. Stephen was a practical philosopher; for he would meekly take the order—nay, consult the caprice—of the veriest popinjay with the humility of a pauper, when, at a word, he might have outblazoned lords and earls. If this be not real philosophy, thought Stephen, as he walked slip-shod at the heels of his customers, what is?

Stephen was a man of temperance: he was content to see venison carved on his hunting-cups; he cared not to have it in his larder. His eyes would melt at clustering grapes chased on banquet goblets; but no drop of the living juice passed the goldsmith's lips. Stephen only gave audience to Bacchus when introduced by Plutus. Such was the frugality of Stephen to his sixty-fifth year; and then, or his name had not been eternized in this our page, temptation fell upon him.

It was eight o'clock, on a raw spring evening, and Stephen sat alone in his back room. There was no more fire upon the hearth than might have lain in a tinder-box, but Stephen held his parchment hands above it, and would not be cold. A small silver lamp, with a short wick—for the keen observation of Stephen had taught him the scientific truth, that the less the wick, the less the expenditure of oil—glowed, a yellow speck in the darkness. On the table lay a book, a treatise on precious stones; and on Stephen's knee, "Hermes, the True Philosopher." Stephen was startled from a waking dream by a loud and hasty knocking at the door. Mike, the boy, was out, but it could not be he. Stephen took up the lamp, and was creeping to the door, when his eye caught the silver, and he again placed it upon the table, and felt his way through the shop. Unbolting the five bolts of the door, but keeping fast the chain, Stephen demanded "who was there?"

"I bear a commission from Sir William Brouncker, and I'm in haste."

"Stay you a minute—but a minute;" and Stephen hurried back for the lamp, then hastily returned, opened the door, and the visitor passed the threshold.

"'Tis not Charles," cried Stephen, alarmed at his mistake, for he believed he had heard the voice of Sir William's man.

"No matter for that, Stephen; you work for men, and not for Christian names. Come, I have a job for you;" and the visitor, with the easy, assured air of a gallant, lounged into the back parlour, followed by the tremulous Stephen.

"Sir William—" began the goldsmith.

"He bade me use his name; the work I'd have you do is for myself. Fear not; here's money in advance," and the stranger plucked from his pocket a purse, which, in its ample length, lay like a bloated snake upon the table.

Stephen smiled, and said, "Your business, Sir?"

"See here," and the stranger moved the lamp immediately between them, when, for the first time, Stephen clearly saw the countenance of his customer. His face was red as brick, and his eyes looked deep as the sea, and glowed with good humour. His mouth was large and frank; and his voice came as from the well of truth. His hair fell in curls behind his ears, and his moustache, black as coal, made a perfect crescent on his lip, the points upwards. Other men may be merely good fellows, the stranger seemed the best. "See here," he repeated, and produced a drawing on a small piece of paper, "can you cut me this in a seal ring?"

"Humph!" and Stephen put on his spectacles, "the subject is"—

"Bacchus squeezing grape-juice into the cup of Death," said the stranger.

"An odd conceit," cried the goldsmith.

"We all have our whims, or woe to the sellers," said the customer. "Well, can it be done?"

"Surely, Sir, surely. On what shall it be cut?"

"An emerald, nothing less. It is the drinker's stone. In a week, Master Curlew?"

"This day week, Sir, if I live in health."

The day came, Stephen was a tradesman of his word, and the stranger sat in the back parlour, looking curiously into the ring.

"*Per Bacco!* Rarely done. Why, Master Curlew, thou hast caught the very chops of glorious Liber, his swimming eyes, and blessed mouth. Ha! ha! thou hast put thy heart into the work, Master Curlew; and how cunningly hast thou all but hid the dart of Death behind the thyrsus of the god. How his life-giving hand clutches the pulpy cluster, and with what a gush comes down the purple rain, plashing into rubies in the cup of Mors!"

"It was my wish to satisfy, most noble Sir," said Stephen, meekly, somewhat confounded by the loud praises of the speaker.

"May you never be choked with a grape-stone, Master Curlew, for this goodly work. Ha!" and the speaker looked archly at the withered goldsmith; "it hath cost thee many a headache ere thou couldst do this."

"If I may say it, I have laboured hard at the craft—have been a thrifty, sober man," said Stephen.

"Sober! Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the speaker, and his face glowed redder, and his eyes melted; "sober! Why, thou wast begot in a wine cask, and suckled by a bottle, or thou hadst never done this. By the thigh of Jupiter! he who touched this," and the stranger held up the ring to his eye, and laughed again, "he who touched this, hath never known water. Tut! man: were I to pink thee with a sword, thou'dst bleed wine!"

"I," cried Stephen, "I bleed;" and he glanced fearfully towards the door, and then at the stranger, who continued to look at the ring.

"The skin of the sorriest goat shall sometimes hold the choicest liquor," said the stranger, looking into the dry face of the goldsmith. "Come, confess, art thou not a sly roisterer? Or art thou a hermit over thy drops, and dost count flasks alone? Ay! ay! well, to thy cellar, man; and,—yes,—thine arms are long enough,—bring up ten bottles of thy choicest Malaga."

"I!—my cellar!—Malaga!" stammered Stephen.

"Surely thou hast a cellar?" and the stranger put his hat upon the table with the air of a man set in for a carouse.

"For forty years, but it hath never known wine," cried the goldsmith. "I—I have never known wine." The stranger said nothing; but turning full upon Stephen, and placing his hands upon his knees, he blew out his flushing cheeks like a bagpipe, and sat with his eyes blazing upon the heretic. "No, never!" gasped Stephen, terrified, for a sense of his wickedness began to possess him.

"And dost thou repent?" asked the stranger, with a touch of mercy towards the sinner.

"I—humph! I'm a poor man," cried Curlew; "yes, though I'm a goldsmith, and seem rich, I—I'm poor! poor!"

"Well, 'tis lucky I come provided;" and the stranger placed upon the table a couple of flasks. Whether he took them from under his cloak, or evoked them through the floor, Stephen knew not; but he started at them as they stood rebukingly upon his table, as if they had been two sheeted ghosts. "Come, glasses," cried the giver of the wine.

"Glasses!" echoed Stephen, "in my house!"

"Right, glasses! No—cups, and let them be gold ones,"—and the bacchanal, for it was plain he was such, waved his arm with an authority which Stephen attempted not to dispute, but rose, and hobbled into the shop, and returned with two cups, just as the first cork was drawn. "Come, there's sunlight in that, eh?" cried the stranger, as he poured the wine into the vessels. "So, thou hast never drunk wine? Well, here's to the baptism of thy heart." And the stranger emptied the cup, and his lips smacked like a whip.

And Stephen Curlew tasted the wine, and looked around, below, above; and the oaken wainscoat did not split in twain, nor did the floor yawn, nor the ceiling gape. Stephen tasted a second time; thrice did he drink, and he licked his mouth as a cat licks the cream from her whiskers, and putting his left hand upon his stomach, softly sighed.

"Ha! ha! another cup? I know thou wilt,"—and Stephen took another, and another; and the two flasks were in brief time emptied. They were, however, speedily followed by two more, placed by the stranger on the table, Stephen opening his eyes and mouth at their mysterious appearance. The contents of these were duly swallowed, and lo! another two stood before the goldsmith, or, as he then thought, four.

"There never was such a Bacchus," cried Stephen's customer, eyeing the ring. "Why, a man may see his stomach fairly heave, and his cheek ripen with wine; yet, till this night, thou hadst never tasted the juice? What—what could have taught thee to carve the god so capitally?"

"Instinct—instinct," called out the goldsmith, his lips turned to clay by too much wine.

"And yet," said the stranger, "I care not so much for—How old art thou, Stephen?"

"Sixty-five," and Stephen hiccuped.

"I care no so much for thy Death, Stephen; instinct should have made thee a better hand at Death."

"'Tis a good Death," cried the goldsmith, with unusual boldness, "a most sweet Death."

"'Tis too broad—the skeleton of an alderman with the flesh dried upon him. He hath not the true desolation—the ghastly nothingness of the big bugbear. No matter; I'm content; but this I'll say, though thou hast shown thyself a professor at Bacchus, thou art yet but a poor apprentice at Death."

Stephen Curlew answered not with words, but he snored very audibly. How long he slept he could not well discover; but when he awoke, he found himself alone; no, not alone, there stood upon the table an unopened flask of wine. In a moment the mystery broke upon him—and he sprang to his feet with a shriek, and rushed into the shop. No, he had not been drugged by thieves—all was as it should be. The stranger, like an honest and a courteous man, had taken but his own; and, without disturbing the sleeper, had quitted the house. And Stephen Curlew, the wine glowing in his heart—yea, down to his very nails, stood and smiled at the unopened flask before him.

Stephen continued to eye the flask; and though its donor had shared with him he knew not how many bottles, Stephen was resolved that not one drop of the luscious juice before him should wet an alien throat. But how—where to secure it? For in the new passion which seized upon the goldsmith, the one flask seemed to him more precious than the costly treasure in his shop—a thing to be guarded with more scrupulous affection—more jealous love. In what nook of his house to hide the glorious wealth—what corner, where it might escape the profane glances and itching fingers of his workmen? The thought fell in a golden flash upon him—the cellar—aye, the cellar! Who of his household ever thought of approaching the cellar? Stephen seized the flask and lamp, and paused. The cellar had no lock! no matter; he had a bag of three-inch nails and a stout hammer.

The next morning, neighbours met at the closed door and windows of the goldsmith, and knocked and shouted—shouted and knocked. They were, however, reduced to a crowbar, and, at length, burst into the house. Every place was searched, but there was nowhere visible old Stephen Curlew. Days passed on, and strange stories filled the ears of men. One neighbour vowed that he had had a dream or a vision, he knew not which, wherein he saw the goldsmith whirled down the Strand in a chariot drawn by a lion and a tiger, and driven by a half-naked young man, wearing a panther skin, and on his head vine-leaves and ivy. An old woman swore that she had seen Stephen carried away by a dozen devils (very much in liquor), with red faces and goat legs. However, in less than a month, the goldsmith's nephew, a scrivener's clerk, took possession of Curlew's wealth, and became a new-made butterfly with golden wings. As for Stephen, after various speculations, it was concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, that he must have been carried away by Satan himself, and the nephew cared not to combat popular opinions. But such, in truth, was not the end of the goldsmith. Hear it.

Stephen, possessed by the thought of the cellar, with the one flask, a lamp, nails and hammer, proceeded to the sacred crypt. He arrived in the vault, and having kissed the flask, reverently put it down, and straightway addressed himself to the work. Closing the door, he drove the first nail, the second, third; and borrowing new strength from the greatness of his purpose, he struck each nail upon the head with the force and precision of a Cyclops, burying it deep in the oak. With this new-found might, he drove eleven nails; the twelfth was between his thumb and finger, when, looking round,—oh! sad mishap, heavy mischance! awful error!—he had driven the nails from the wrong side!—In a word, and we tremble while we write it, he had nailed himself in! There he stood, and there stood the flask. He gasped with horror, his foot stumbled, struck the lamp, it fell over, and the light went out.

Shall we write further on the agony of Stephen Curlew? Shall we describe how he clawed and struck at the door, now in the hope to wrench a nail, and now to alarm the breathing men above? No; we will not dwell upon the horror; it is enough that the fate of the goldsmith was dimly shadowed forth in the following paragraph of last Saturday.

"Some labourers, digging a foundation near"—no, we will not name the place, for the family of the Curlews is not yet extinct, and there may be descendants in the neighbourhood—"near——, found a skeleton; a hammer was beside it, with several long nails: a small wine-flask was also found near the remains, which, it is considered, could not have been in the vault in which they were discovered, less than a century and three quarters!"

Oh, ye heads of families—and oh, ye thrifty, middle-aged bachelors, boarding with families, or growing mouldy by yourselves, never, while ye live, forget the terrible end of Stephen Curlew. And oh, ye heads of families—and oh, ye aforesaid bachelors, albeit ye have only one bottle left, never—NEVER NAIL UP THE WINE-CELLAR.

THIRTY-SIX AND THIRTY-SEVEN!

OLD Time was taking his rounds last night,
  As is ever his wont to do,
To see that the old year's dead outright,
  'Ere he turns his glass for the new:
The old Man paused in his silent rout,
  When to Marlborough Street he got,
"And people," he said, "there live hereabout,
  If my memory cheat me not,
Who never yet, would the old year let,
  Pass quietly up to Heaven;
They were tipsy in Thirty-six—I'll bet
  They're not sober in Thirty-seven!"

He pass'd the Office where everyday
  Flock gentleman and gipsy,
And poor Lord Waterford's made to pay
  Five shillings for being tipsy;

But never a murmur disturb'd the sleep
Of Messrs. Conant and Dyer,
But he fancied he heard a murmur deep
From a window a little higher;
"Oho!" he said, "at the same old tricks,
Two doors from number Eleven,
They were *very* bad in Thirty-six,
But they're *awful* in Thirty-seven."

He stopp'd when he came to the corner door,
And he listen'd there a minute,
And, "Well," he said, as he heard the roar
Of the laugh and song within it;
"Where *Horace*, and *Poole*, and *Crowquill* were,
There was little chance of quiet,
But now they have got that *Gurney* there,
We *shall* have a *precious* riot!"
But still they sang, till the echos rang,
"The chance on Life's dice is even,
But the bowls we mix, in Thirty-six,
May we mingle in Thirty-seven!"

"Let rogues and rebels go grumbling on,
Declaiming against their betters,
And swear that our liberties here are gone,
And that freedom is bound in fetters:
But lawyers over the seas will fag
At our laws and our institutions,
And scraps be imported to Brobdignag,
From England's Lilliputians.
Sedition sticks to her good old tricks,
And works with the same old leaven,
But she couldn't upset us in Thirty-six,
And she 'll hardly, in Thirty-seven!

"So here 's a welcome to thee, New Year!
Tho' clad in thy mantle cold,
And for all the blessings he leaves us here,
A kind good-night to the old!
Here 's Gurney's health in a bumper-toast,
May his sceptre be long above us—
Here 's a health to those that we love the most,
And to those the most that love us;
Come shine, come shower—the sky may lower,
But the pilot-star 's in heaven,
And the bark that it lighted in Thirty-six,
It will shine on in Thirty-seven!"

Just then a blue coat who chanced to pass
In charge of a noisy Paddy,
Perceived old Time with his scythe and glass,
And "Hearkee!" he said, "good daddy!
Take a friend's advice,—leave them all alone,
For you 're only cracking your bellows,
And you might as well whistle to this flag-stone
As to any of them 'ere fellows:
One *Gurney* 's there, in the president's chair,
And they 'd heed not a voice from Heaven,
For in Thirty-six though their fun was rare,
'Twill be rarer in Thirty-seven!"

LITERATURE.

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.*

WHO is there that ever took up the inimitable correspondence of Horace Walpole, and perused half-a-dozen of his spirited and graceful letters, without arriving at the conclusion that he was the most bewitching letter-writer that England had ever produced? There is much art in writing a good letter, but with Walpole, as honest Dogberry has it, "writing came by nature." We know little of phrenology, but if among the various polysyllabled organs which the learned Thebans of that science have mapped out upon the skull of poor humanity, there be such an one as *Philo-post-officeness*, in Horace Walpole must that organ have been largely developed. He loved gossip, to gather, and to retail it; and was especially fitted for the office to which fate seemed to have predestined him—that of chronicling the follies, fashion, politics, and wit of the eighteenth century, by his nimble fancy, his love of fun, his sprightly power of description, and above all, by that chit-chat knowledge of every body whom one cares to hear about, which few had so good an opportunity of acquiring as the son of "old Sir Robert."

He was, moreover, all things to all men. With West he talked of *virtu*,—with old Cole, the parson of Bletchley, his discourse was of antiquities,—with George Montagu and his cousin, Harry Conway, politics and fun formed the staple of his converse;—while with Lady Ailesbury and Lady Hervey he dissertated learnedly touching fashion, scandal, and old china. He was as gossiping as Brantome, as speculative as Montaigne, and as learned in the history of intrigue as his favourite Grammont himself. He was every thing by turns, and nothing long; and his "tricksey spirit" skipped at the bidding of his fancy from Pam to politics—from genealogy to the last bon-mot. It has been objected to our literature by our lively neighbours the French, that it possesses few, comparatively speaking, of those amusing collections which, under the title of *Ana*, form so conspicuous and interesting a portion of the literature of France. The charge is, to a certain degree, well founded; but the Correspondence of Horace Walpole answers completely to our idea of what such collections should be. In it we find dissertations on points of remote and recent history, pleasant anecdotes, shrewd apophthegms, clever puns, and learned discourses, blended together most delightfully; and related in a style which fully justifies us in applying to the writer the admirable character which he himself has sketched of "*Notre Dame de Livry*," the goddess of his idolatry, Madame de Sevigné: "her every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and even with the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian.

* Correspondence of Horace Walpole with George Montagu, Esq., &c. New edition, with illustrative notes now first added. 3 vols. 8vo.

Pray read her account of the death of Marshal Turenne, and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression, I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi.*" And Walpole certainly practised what he admired. His writings abound in heartiness: one's feelings in perusing them are not excited by maudlin sentiments or affected passion. No, he was uncompromising as an enemy, he was unflinching as a friend, and we are led by the honest fervency with which he makes known his likings and his antipathies, to hate those whom he hated and love those whom he loved.

It is indeed the spirit of earnestness which pervades Walpole's letters, that gives to the scenes and actors described in them, that extraordinary air of reality which none but a master-hand could throw into the picture. Like the Arabian magician, he calls up before us,

"In the same figure, like the king that's dead,"

every one whom we would fain confront. In his enchanting and graphic pages we live amidst the beauties and the wits of the by-gone century. We feast on the matchless charms of the Gunnings; we worship Pam with the Duchess of Grafton; we listen with admiring ears to the eloquence of Chatham, the wit of Selwyn, and the repartees of Charles Townshend; we drink deep of the courtly knowledge of Lady Suffolk and Oronooko Chetwynd; we laugh at Dean Milles and the "Antiquaries;" and "sometimes touch a card with the Clive." By the power of his pen we are transported to those days of political agitation when the dull and plodding man of business mixed politics and bills of parcels, and blundered forth to his astonished correspondent, "I take the *Wilkes and Liberty* to acquaint you;" and we are of the party, when the writer giving way to the natural buoyancy of his spirits romps with the boys at Ragley; mystifies Mrs. Younge by sticking flowers in his hair, and protesting that the Duke of Bedford had brought the fashion from Paris; or rolls on the grass with Rosette.

These letters are indeed for all time. They were valuable at the period at which they were written; they are still more so now, when those who figure in them have passed away; many of the bright names recorded in them being rescued from oblivion solely by "the sprigs of rosemary" which Walpole has cast into their graves. We are, therefore, well pleased to see a new edition of this correspondence, and that too with the addition of such notes as are necessary to make generally intelligible those allusions which time has rendered somewhat obscure; nor are we disposed to differ from the opinion expressed in the Preface, "that the *omission* of several passages unsuited to the taste of the present period, more particularly to that of female readers of any refinement, will render the present edition most acceptable to the public."

To that public we feel in some measure bound to justify the encomium we have passed both upon the letters and upon the writer, by extracting a few passages from the correspondence; but as this is familiar to many of our readers, we will substitute in lieu of them a selection from the notes, biographical, anecdotical, and literary, with which the Editor has very agreeably illustrated the pages of his author, while he has embodied in them many personal reminiscences of the period at which Walpole wrote.

"Walpole calls the Hercules' Pillars an ale-house. Whatever it might have been at the period he wrote, it is very certain that in twenty-four years after that time it laid claim to a higher appellation. After the peace of 1762, it was a respectable tavern, where the Marquis of Granby, and other persons of rank, particularly military men, had frequent dinner parties, which were then fashionable. It was also an inn of great repute among the west-country gentlemen coming to London for a few weeks, who thought themselves fortunate if they could secure accommodations for their families at the Hercules' Pillars. Hotels were, at that time, unknown. It was in this tavern that the Duke of Athol sheltered his family when the house which he inhabited in South Audley-street was burnt to the ground. It may be interesting to add, that the spot where it once stood is now occupied by the noble mansion of the Duke of Wellington."—vol. i. p. 54.

"A comical instance of the little value which ministers place upon a mere title occurred during the administration of Lord North. Sir Richard Philips, who lived near Pimlico, and was a supporter of the minister in parliament, asked permission to pass through Buckingham-gate and St. James's-palace on his way to the House of Commons. Lord North expressed his regret at not having it in his power to comply with his request, as the king did not like carriages passing so near his palace; but if Sir Richard would like an Irish peerage, he should have pleasure in recommending him to his Majesty for one. Sir Richard, nothing displeased, accepted the offer, and was created Baron Milford."—vol. i. p. 96.

"Miss Lucy Young, maid of honour to the Princess Dowager of Wales—Lord Rochford had for some time paid her great attention, but without making any proposal of marriage, which occasioned remarks detrimental to her reputation. One night that Lord Rochford was with her at Vauxhall, Miss Young became so distressed by the sneers of some ladies belonging to the household of the Princess, that Lord Rochford's honourable feelings were aroused—he made her an immediate tender of his hand, and the next day Miss Young became Countess of Rochford."—vol. i. p. 106.

"Betty Neale, who for many years lived in St. James's street, in a small house with a bow-window, on the western side, afterwards occupied by Martindale. It had not the appearance of a shop, but was exactly as it now is. It had been built by subscription for her, and was, in fact, the rendezvous of the Opposition party, who met at her house every day. She never admitted chance customers, and one day upon Colonel Luttrell's calling and asking for fruit, Betty desired him to walk out, as she only kept fruit for particular persons. Betty Neale was greatly in the confidence of the heads of the Opposition party, and often employed by them in gaining intelligence."—vol. i. p. 150.

"Lord Townshend was very fond of drawing caricatures, in which he excelled. He published a set of twelve, to which he affixed the name of Austin, a drawing-master; but well known not to have been done by him. Whilst Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he had an aid-de-camp, who was not far inferior to his Lordship in drawing caricatures. His name was Captain Teasdale:—One day when Teasdale was the aid-de-camp in waiting, and sitting at the foot of the vice-regal table, he observed Lord Townshend taking a sketch of his face, which was by no means remarkable for beauty—Teasdale immediately took his pencil from his pocket and drew a portrait of the Lord Lieutenant, who was too much engaged with his own drawing to perceive what his aid-de-camp was about. Lord Townshend, greatly satisfied with his performance, handed it to the person who sat on his right hand, and Teasdale at the same moment presented the portrait of the Lord Lieutenant to his nearest neighbour at the bottom of the table on his right hand, and the two caricatures simultaneously made the tour of the table—Lord Townshend took it with great good humour, and was not offended.—vol. i. p. 326.

"Among the persons killed at St. Cas, was Sir John Armitage. The fate of this gentleman was excessively lamented: he was a *volunteer*, but without having intended being one upon this expedition,—his mind was far differently engaged, in making preparations for his approaching marriage with Miss Howe, sister of the three gallant brothers who successively bore the title of Lord Howe. Sir John went to the levee at the time when officers and volunteers were taking leave of his Majesty to join the army. The brave old King (whose mind was bent upon the expedition), supposing Sir John, who had been a volunteer upon a previous occasion, had still the same military spirit, asked him, 'When he meant to set out?' Taken, as he was, by surprise, sir John answered, 'To-morrow,' and unhappily kept his word. The lady, several years after, married Sir William Pitt. A black collar, which she always wore around her neck, concealed a splendid brilliant necklace, given to her as a nuptial present by her ill-fated lover—a man very greatly and generally esteemed. He was a member of parliament for York."—vol. i. p. 391.

"General Townshend acted very improperly in receiving the surrender of Quebec, and a few days afterwards made an *apology in writing* to General Monckton, who, being his superior officer, had succeeded General Wolfe as Commander-in-chief. King George II., who was a strict disciplinarian, was so much displeased that when General Townshend, upon his return to England, attended for the first time at the levee, to pay his respects to his Majesty, the brave old King turned his back upon him, and was with some difficulty persuaded to speak to him.—vol. i. p. 423.

"Miss Fenton, the original Polly of the Beggar's Opera. Charles Duke of Bolton took her off the stage, and, after having children by her, married her. According to Walpole, 'after a life of merit, she relapsed into Polyhood.' Two years before her death, she picked up an Irish surgeon at Tunbridge, who, when she was dying, sent for a lawyer to make her will; but he, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. Another less scrupulous was found, and she left her three sons a thousand pounds a-piece, the surgeon about nine thousand."—vol. ii. p. 6.

"Miss Ford, the writer of the letter in question, appears to have been the object of an illicit, but unsuccessful attachment on the part of Lord Jersey, whose advances if not sanctioned by the lady, appear to have been sanctioned by her father, who told her *she might have accepted the settlement his lordship offered her, and yet not have complied* with his terms. The following strange extracts from the letter will explain the history alluded to by Walpole.

"'However I must do your lordship the justice to say, that as you conceived this meeting (one with a noble personage which Lord Jersey had desired her not to make) would have been most pleasing to me, and perhaps of some advantage, your lordship did (in consideration of so great a disappointment) send me, a few days after, a present of a boar's head, which I had often had the honour to meet at your lordship's table before. It was rather an odd first, and only present from a lord to his beloved mistress; but its coming from your lordship gave it an additional value, which it had not in itself; and I received it with the regard I thought due to every thing coming from your lordship, and would have eat it, *had it been eatable.* * * * * * I am impatient to acquit your lordship and myself, by showing that as your lordship's eight hundred pounds a-year did not purchase my person, the boar's head did not purchase my silence.'"—vol. ii. p. 57.

"It was during the debate on the subject of the cider tax that Mr. Grenville acquired the name of the Gentle Shepherd. He was contending, in answer to Mr. Pitt, that such a measure was unavoidable, as government knew not where to impose another tax of equal efficiency. 'The right honourable gentleman,' said he, 'complains of the severity of the tax; why does he not propose another tax instead of it. *Tell me where, tell me where,*' this he repeated several times with great energy: '*tell me where you* can

lay another tax?' '*Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!*' replied Mr. Pitt, in a musical tone, repeating the words of a popular canzonet; immoderate bursts of laughter followed, and Mr. Grenville retained for ever the name of *The Gentle Shepherd.*"—vol. ii. p. 183.

"Nancy Dawson was a very popular song at that time, which Walpole seems to have considered it as desirable not to hear, as John Cramer did some recent popular melodies, which in their day were equally intrusive. 'Remember,' said the musician to a footboy whom he was engaging—'Remember there are two things I insist on: that you never let me hear you mention the name of Fauntleroy, or whistle a tune from the 'Frieschutz.'"—vol. ii. p. 273.

"It was Le Kain who replied to an officer who had spoken contemptuously of actors, comparing their situation with that of a military man compelled after long service to retire upon half-pay, 'How, sir, do you not reckon as any thing the right you have to talk to me in this way?"—vol. ii, 292.

"A want of legs is not the only deficiency under which the cherubim labour, according to the capital story told of St. Cecilia. That saint was one day singing and playing on the organ, when the chapel was suddenly filled with cherubim, who kept fluttering round her as long as she continued her tuneful devotions. The saint, apprehensive that they must be tired from the length of time which they had been poising themselves on their downy wings, addressed them with—'Asseyez vous, mes enfans;' to which she received for answer, 'Merci, madame, merci, mais nous n'avons pas *de quoi.*'"—vol. iii. p. 48.

The Notes we have here extracted are but a few from among a host of similarly agreeable "aids to knowledge," with which the diligence and taste of the editor have enriched this collection. It is stated that many of these notes were first written on the margin of the leaves of the original edition, very soon after its appearance; and were derived from the impression remaining upon a very retentive memory of the transactions of long by-gone years, and from the recollection of conversations with, and communications from, individuals much farther advanced in life than the writer, and possessing authentic and important information; nor was the idea of publication entertained until very recently. The decision which has now given them to the public is to be applauded; and, with such valuable accession, it is not to be doubted that the large mass of Walpole's letters given in the work before us, and known popularly as the "Correspondence with Montagu," will be received with fresh zest and avidity.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

WANT of originality is the besetting sin of our literature. Half our writers only write because others have written before. Rochefoucault says, "Il y a des gens qui n'auroient jamais été amoureux, s'ils n'avoient jamais entendu parler de l'amour." This would be equally true as applied to composition. Sir Walter Scott drew from history the material wherewith to give a reality and a utility to fiction before unknown; at once sprang up a host of imitators, whose Parnassus was the British Museum, and who, from the remains of chronicles and legends drew the clay whereof they modelled their figures. They only forgot the fire from heaven, with which our modern Prometheus animated his beings. And herein consists the difference between the

creator and the copyist—between the man of genius and his follower. The first flings his own fire into "his young creation, his soul's child." The other gives you a worn plaster cast. At all events this fault cannot be laid to Mr. D'Israeli's charge—he is entirely original. We are never reminded of any one else, we never half close the book, saying, "surely we have read this before!" No, we are startled, surprised, and always carried on to the last. In any other age than the present, or even now, had he lived less in society, Mr. D'Israeli would have been a poet. He has essentially the poetic temperament—the intense self-consciousness, the impetuosity, and the eye for the beautiful. Many of his single phrases are perfect pictures; what can be more happy than the line in which he calls Florence

"The airy Athens of the Apennine."

What a world of association is at once called up! the loveliness grows more lovely, because the shadow of the remembered is flung around it. We not only see the fair city, but we see the statesmen, poets, and painters who lived amid its walls, and left life's undying life, the mind, behind them.

It is an epoch in youth's memory—the first reading of "Vivian Grey." It embodied the only enthusiasm of our day excitement,—it was one of those books over which we read ourselves out of breath. It is curious to return to its pages, after a few years have passed by; we know nothing that makes us more sensible of the change in ourselves. It appears to us even cleverer on the second reading than it did at first—then we felt with it, now we think over it. It is a strange and striking picture of the vain struggle of talent against circumstance and wealth; the life of the world is intellect, but it is life in death. It matters not in what way a man may be distinguished among his fellows, so surely as he is endowed by nature, fate will ordain that he shall "a double penance pay." Cleveland, the gifted, the disappointed, the suddenly struck down, is but the type of thousands. The destinies of to-day are the same dark deities as of old, they demand their victims.

The second series of "Vivian Grey" indicated even more variety of talent than the first. We remember an American describing its effect in his own country, and saying, "We read it as we walk in a noble picture gallery." How much of poetry, and therefore of the thoughtful, the feeling, and the picturesque, is there invested with existence! Vivian Grey is himself the type of the imagination subservient to emotion, because invested with humanity; what can such a history be but of strife and of disappointment! There is the perpetual seeking for love and for the ideal, which come not, at least to stay; they are angels known but by the shining of the white wings they only spread to depart.

This principle was even more strongly developed in "Contarini Fleming," one of the most remarkable and thoughtful works of the day—and in which the history of the hero's love and marriage showed what was the writer's power over our softest and most subtle sensations. "Henrietta Temple," a love story from him who imagined the soft yet sunny being of Violet Fane, or the more passionate mystery of Alceste, might well excite attention. He has looked in the heart's paradise and "caught its early beauty."

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparalled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

It is of this time that Mr. D'Israeli writes, and never yet did the weary one go down to the valley of the shadow of death without having known that time whose feeling condenses all other in itself. All have known

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day."

Who has not loved, has not lived; the cycle of their being is incomplete; as yet they know not how completely they can be carried out of themselves—as yet they know not the meaning of poetry; to them the deepest harmonies of nature are mute. But suddenly even as the south wind opens the hidden crimson of the rose, a new breath has warmed the heart, till then cold and closed. We wonder how we could have lived and not loved before, so natural does it seem to love. We recall our former indifference only to wonder at it, and cling with a more eager delight to our new-found treasure. We feel a tender pity for what before appeared to us either impossible or absurd, and we have a vainly checked fear of punishment for our once lack of sympathy. We marvel at the intenseness of our own happiness; the presence of one beloved being has changed our whole world; we would stay for hours only to gaze on one face, which is to us even as sunshine,—light in itself, and making all things light as well. We talk, yet care not what is talked about; one low voice has a charm beyond all that wit or intelligence could put into words. We think with perpetual reference to one object, which mingles with the last thought that melts into sleep, and which is the first to float upon the light of morning. What a charm is flung around the commonest things! what power is there in a step! how soon do we learn to know that step amid a thousand! What power to make the cheek colour and the heart beat, beat with a sweet tumultuous beating never known before! How impertinent appear all our ordinary enjoyments,—we live but in the existence of another, we ask for nothing, but so to exist! It is this "haunted hour" which Mr. D'Israeli has painted, as only the poet paints, with a beauty and with a truth at once ideal and real. We linger with a delight he has conjured from our own past, or with a hope lighted up in our own future, over

"The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers."

Truly does he himself say, "What a mystery is love! all the necessities and habits of our life sink before it. Food and sleep that seem to divide our being, as day and night divide time, lose all their influence over the lover; all the fortune of the world, without his mistress, is misery, and with her all its mischances are a transient dream. Revolutions, earthquakes, the change of governments, the fall of empires, are to him but childish games. Men love in the plague, and forget the pest

though it rages about them. They lead a charmed life, and think not of destruction until it touches their idol, and then they die without a pang, like zealots for their persecuted creed." Such is the exalted and fervid faith that here pours forth its eloquence—which casts

> " A wide and tender light,
> Leaving that beautiful which still is so,
> And making that which is not, till all things
> Become religion, and the heart runs o'er
> With silent worship."

A thousand exquisite touches come out in the narrative. How true is the following:—" The curiosity of woman, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exciting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her lover. She is jealous of all he has done before she knew him, of every person to whom he has ever spoken. She will be assured a thousand times that he never loved before, and yet she credits the first affirmation. She envies the mother who knew him as a child, and even the nurse who may have rocked his cradle."

What is the next remark but poetry—the true and the earnest:—" The separation of lovers, even with an immediate prospect of union, involves a sentiment of deep melancholy. The re-action of our solitary emotions, after a social impulse of such peculiar excitement, disheartens and depresses us. Mutual passion is complete sympathy. Under such an influence, there is no feeling so strong, no fancy so delicate, that it is not immediately responded to. Our heart has no secrets, though our life may. Under such an influence, each unconsciously labours to enchant the other—each struggles to maintain the reality of that ideal, which has been reached in a moment of happy inspiration. Love is the May-day of the heart. But a cloud, nevertheless, will dim the genial lustre of that soft and brilliant sky when we are alone; when the soft voice no longer sighs, and the bright eye no longer beams, and the form we worship no longer moves before our enraptured vision. Our happiness becomes too much the result of reflection. Our faith is not less devout, but it is not so fervent. We believe in the miracle, but we no longer witness it."

With one assertion we must take leave to differ. Mr. D'Israeli says, " Fortunate the youth the romance of whose existence is placed in a scene befitting its fair and marvellous career; fortunate the passion that is breathed in palaces."

Little does it matter where passion breathes. What are surrounding objects to eyes that

> " Look love
> To eyes that look again ?"

The presence of the beloved one is its own palace.

> " It is the heart doth magnify this life,
> Making a truth and beauty of its own."

We have dwelt so much on the sentiment of this work that we have left ourselves little space for its gay portions. We can do little more than allude to its playful satire and lively sketches of character. Lady Bellairs is a finished portrait, drawn, though we must say, too much *en couleur de rose*. What but the truth should be said of the

representative of a social system, remarkable for insolence and servility, without a kindly feeling to redeem, or a true principle to support, its miserable mixture of impertinence and expediency?

There are some fine bits of description scattered like pictures through the work; and, whether amid the graceful pleasure-grounds of England, or the olive groves of Italy, the whole *locale* is worthy the fair and fairy-like heroine, Henrietta Temple.

THE DUCHESS OF LA VALLIERE.

The age of Louis XIV. was one of those periods which turn history to romance. It was the time in the annals of France that answered to the reign of our own Elizabeth. Like that time it was the herald of fierce struggle, and of important political change. It was equally remarkable for a sudden burst of literary talent, not addressed, as now, to the public, but to the throne. Flattery was half redeemed by the grace with which it was offered. The last colours of chivalry yet lingered on the horizon, and gave a lofty and picturesque tone to the manners which it yet influenced. The tournament was a theatrical but still splendid display of that gallantry which had originated in the southern imagination of the troubadour. The personal character of the monarch impressed itself on its dazzling and gorgeous hour. Louis possessed in an eminent degree that personal fascination which is the genius of a king;—young, handsome, graceful, he inspired a devotion saved from ridicule by its truth. When Lauzun flung at his princely master's feet his sword and his glove, telling him that honour and life were alike in his keeping, he but gave words to the enthusiasm of a whole people. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and that one touch is in the history of Louise de la Vallière. At once it arrests our sympathies, and unlocks the fountain of our gentlest tears. Madame de Genlis has, we think, had scant justice awarded to her in this country. Mixed up with an unpopular party, a courtier and somewhat overmuch the woman of the world, the world of the French capital, her personal and her literary reputation have not been kept sufficiently apart. And yet she is the writer of some most charming fictions: many of her short stories are among the happiest things we know. The history of the Duchess of La Vallière* is, however, her master-piece; and a most exquisite narrative it is. The *chef-d'œuvre* both of herself and her gifted contemporary, Madame de Stael, is alike the history of a woman's beating heart. But Madame de Stael takes a wider range; her heroine is a glorious exception, and in her she idealizes the conflict of genius and of love with destiny. Madame de Genlis only paints the affections, unaccompanied by the talent and the energy that make the struggle more terrible. Her heroine is a young, simple, confiding girl, whose fate is the fate of thousands. To love and to suffer is a common lot. If it were possible for a woman not to love, a woman's would be an incomplete existence. Love calls forth all that is most generous, most true, and most beautiful in her nature. It is like the flowers that sleep in the soil till the sun calls them forth; and often only to be withered, or gathered and flung

* The Duchess of La Vallière, and Madame de Maintenon; 2 vols.

carelessly aside. Historically correct—for Madame de Genlis was most careful in consulting contemporary authorities—the character of Madame de la Vallière is developed as only one woman can enter into the character of another. We see her first an orphan, lonely amidst the gaiety of a court, which is to her but like the shining of fairy-land, where—

> " All is glittering show,
> Like the sunny gleam
> That December's beam
> Can fling o'er icy snow."

The progress of her passion for Louis, rather than the monarch, is told with equal sweetness and truth. Next we see her his devoted but miserable mistress, snatching " a fearful joy " in the belief that she can at least make him happy. Men are rarely generous to women; they forget, it may be questioned whether they even know, how dependent is feminine affection for happiness on a kind word or look. Madame de la Vallière finds even these at last withheld. Remorse is rendered doubly keen by jealousy; and at length she seeks, if not peace and content, the rest of positive duties, and the hope born from penitence, in the convent of the Carmelites. Such is the outline which Madame de Genlis has filled up with the most touching and womanly feelings. She has also the merit, at that time, one much rarer than it is now, of giving an accurate historical picture. Both Madame de la Vallière and Madame de Maintenon are actual transcripts of their day. We have not dwelt on particular scenes, though possessing great dramatic merit, but as a whole we repeat our assertion that neither history nor fiction can furnish a more deeply pathetic chronicle than the life of Louise de la Vallière.

MUSIC.

Le Troubadour du Jour. Nouveau Recueil Périodique de Musique de Chant, Français, Italien, et Espagnol, avec accompagnement de Piano-forte et Guitarre.

This is a publication on an entirely novel plan; but novelty is by no means the limit of its attraction. There are existing many separate collections of German, French, and Italian songs; but we have as yet had no *recueil*, the object of which is to assemble together the lyric gems of France, Italy, and Spain. The songs of the latter country are so beautiful, so characteristic, and so sure to please as soon as they are heard, that it is matter of surprise they are not more generally known in our musical circles. The charming Malibran occasionally introduced us to a few of them; and we trust that the present publication will render our acquaintance with them more extended. Each song occupies one *cahier*, and forms a number of the publication. The numbers are beautifully printed in uniform style, and are sold separately, thus affording the opportunity of making a *chosen* selection from the whole. The publication, as far as it at present extends, embraces many beautiful compositions of Rossini, Bellini, Vaccai, Panseron, and other favourite composers of the day. No. I., "Il faut Pleurer," by Romagnesi, is an elegant and feeling tribute to the memory of Madame Malibran.

Mr. M'Dowall's Musical Game.

All who have had the least degree of experience in the tuition of young people, must be aware how much time, trouble, and dissatisfaction may be

spared, both to pupil and teacher, by conveying instruction in the form of amusement. Every effort of ingenuity which tends to facilitate this desirable object, is deserving of commendation. Such is the "Musical Game," which comprises those first rudiments of instruction, which it is necessary to impress on the memory of the young musical student, whether directed to the practice of the piano-forte, or of any other instrument. The game is played with a set of cards, on each of which there is a question. On a card being turned up, the question it presents is to be answered by the players, who, according as their answers are correct, or incorrect, receive, or forfeit, a certain number of counters. When all the cards have been turned up, the holder of the greatest number of counters is the winner. In cases of doubt, the accuracy of the answers may be decided by reference to a "Key," which contains the correct answer to every card, arranged numerically; corresponding numbers being printed on the cards. The course of musical instruction conveyed by this game is quite rudimental; commencing with notation, and ending with the keys in each scale, major and minor. The cards, counters, and the whole apparatus of the game are packed in a little box, whose pretty exterior strongly recommends it as an acceptable Christmas present.

THE DRAMA.

To begin the new year with the record of a loss is unseasonable for the moment, and a poor omen of the future. A solemn and final leave-taking is no suitable subject at a holiday-time, and the last parting with the last of the Kembles ill associates with the theatrical pranks of Christmas. Yet so events ever run, on and off the stage, showing us of what a mingled yarn the "web of our life" is composed. Pantomime follows tragedy; and the *Clown* at Covent-garden was in full tumble on the evening of the twenty-sixth upon the boards which Charles Kemble trod for the last time three nights before,—upon that spot whence he was borne away by the force of circumstances, and which he quitted with the air of one who leaves the best of life behind him. Partings of this kind are always affecting. We, who never saw Bannister, felt sensibly touched the other day on reading his "farewell" in another portion of this Magazine; and the farewell note of the most gay and gallant of our actors was to be heard by nobody with indifference. The regret struck deeper than we expected, for the actor's regret gave tenfold poignancy to the sentiment. We saw Charles Kemble abandoning the "art which he passionately loved, with a reluctance "deep almost as life;" and retiring from its circle of brilliant and enduring fictions into a reality which he felt to be, in comparison, a blank and dreary shadow. He seemed to feel, in short, all the concentrated regrets of that vast audience whose applauses, the audible music of the player's fame, he was never again to hear. And this he gave up in the full consciousness of a power to entertain, of a mind to picture vividly many of the creations with which its finest accomplishments were associated, and with a heart to throb, for years to come, with some of the most genuine impulses of comedy. He seemed fettered, and drops from the dramatic scene, not by the arbitrary decrees of age, but of accident. He had said but a few days before, that he loved his profession still, as he loved it when a boy; and he could not help feeling that his time had not come for parting. And thus, after playing Benedick, not with all the buoyancy, but with all the keenness of relish for which it has been long remarkable—with a little want occasionally, as well there might be, of animal spirits, but with a full and perfect sense of the intellectual richness and delicacy of sentiment in the character which was exclusively *his* of all living actors—after realizing this solid and brilliant picture—the pang of a final separation may be supposed to be acute indeed. Having spoken his farewell word, he was led up the stage, and then he returned, bowing to the

various parts of the house, and then, says one description, "with the most melancholy face we ever beheld," he once again reluctantly retreated, and then the curtain came "between them and the light," hiding for ever the enchanted scene in which he had passed more than forty years of his existence.

Nothing that Mr. Kemble ever delivered upon the stage, great as were his powers, affected his audience so deeply as the few words which he, with difficulty, uttered at the close of his brilliant career.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My professional career is ended; and had I consulted my own inclination in the choice of a character, I should have selected a part of a graver cast, and more in harmony with the feelings under which I have laboured this night. To do anything with a consciousness that it is to be done for the last time must cast a shade over the exertions of the most buoyant disposition. How dense is the cloud which now hangs over my mind, I have no language to express. To renounce the practice of an art which I have passionately loved, is most painful; and to take leave of you, my most indulgent and most liberal patrons—to know that in a few moments I shall bid a final adieu to you, my kind benefactors, whose approbation has been at once the stimulus and the reward of my exertions—[*Mr. Kemble's voice here became broken and inaudible from emotion.*] I entreat you to excuse this weakness. From early youth to this, my latest hour, I have always received from you favour and encouragement; and to that alone I ascribe any little merit which your indulgence has allowed me to possess. I only wish it had been a thousand times greater, that I might have been able to show myself more worthy of your kindness. For many, many years, I have been your faithful servant; and I trust that you will not consider me presumptuous if, on the score alone of that long service, and my unremitting exertions to please you on the stage, I express a hope that they will entitle me to your kind recollections hereafter. Your goodness is engraven deeply on my heart, and will never be obliterated till I cease to exist. Long life, health, and all happiness attend you; and with this 'prayer of earnest heart,' I now respectfully, most repectfully, and mournfully, bid you farewell."

This retirement renders some half dozen characters, at least, blank and void; and so, we fear, they will remain for some time. We have no present promise of a successor to Charles Kemble. Instead of reading plays for us, would that he could teach others how to act in them, as he acted; he who so perfectly embodied images of humanity that would rank foremost in "a nation of gallant men, of men of honour, and of cavaliers."

Notwithstanding these mournful ceremonies, we may indulge a hope that Mr. Kemble, with the spirit of youth still eager in him, will enjoy, ere the festival season is spent, even some of the pantomime pleasantry which has succeeded to the last scene of his stage history. There is much to laugh at in both the leading pantomimes, if men-children will only consent to lay aside their wisdom, and be merry with their wiser juniors, renouncing criticism as an un-Christmas-like quality, and "giving up the reins of their imagination into Farley's hands," being pleased they know not why, and care not wherefore—always the shortest and surest road to pleasure. Without this feeling, no man should venture to intrude himself among the spectators of a pantomime; and with it, he will find abundant tricks, and infinite absurdities, in Drury-Lane's "Gammer Gurton," and Covent Garden's "Georgey Barnwell." Of course, the subjects might have been better chosen—the latter especially; but morality is not likely to sustain much damage, and mirth has no leisure to think of mischief. The most elegant of the other Christmas gambols is the Vestris-vagary at the Olympic, a little theatre that ought to be large enough for all London.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Zoological Society.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this body was held on the 1st ult. The report of the council announced that the receipts of the past month were 382*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The presents to the museum were numerous, including donations from the Duke of Northumberland and professor Passerine. The donations to the menageric, were a brown coatamundi, from J. E. Davis, Esq.; a reindeer, from Captain Meys; and three rattle-snakes, from Robert Small, Esq. In conformity with the recommendation of the previous meeting, a list of the number of the animals, with their mortality during the past month, was given. On the 1st of November, the total number of specimens was 1037, of which 18 had died, and two had been killed by accident. On the period of the meeting, the collection contained 295 mammalia, 697 birds, and 25 reptiles, making a total of 1017 specimens.

Infusoria.—At a recent meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Dr. Daubeny gave some account of observations he had lately made on thermal springs, and presented a list of no less than thirty, from various parts of Europe, which evolve nitrogen gas in greater or less proportion, over and above those of the Pyrenees, already noticed by Longchamp. He stated that the red film or crust which collects on the surface of many chalybeate springs, has lately been determined by Ehrenburg to consist of a congeries of minute Infusoria, which secrete iron as well as silex.

Royal Asiatic Society.—The first sessional meeting of this society took place on the 3rd ult., on which occasion numerous presents were announced, including the *ornythorynchus paradoxus* from Australia, a specimen of the puff adder, with poison in its bags, and two packets of the poison of the upas tree. A paper was read by Colonel Smythe on the habits of the Thugs, a singular race of marauders and assassins, in Hyderabad. These people believe that by the exercise of their vocation they conciliate the approbation of their deity, who once formed the determination of destroying all mankind, except their own race. Owing to the secrecy and cautiousness of their plans, they have long perpetrated their crimes with success. They destroy their victims by strangulation, and bury them as soon as they are despatched.

Medical Society, Ghent.—A curious paper was read before this society, by M. Nobill, relating the following remarkable case of the loss of a great part of the substance of the brain. A youth, sixteen years of age, of a gloomy and saturnine disposition, and a limited degree of intelligence, fancied that he had been deceived by a girl to whom he was attached, and who, he believed, entertained a reciprocal attachment. In consequence of the supposed slight, he determined upon committing suicide; and for this purpose fired a pistol, loaded with two balls, through his head. The balls passed out at the same orifice, and with them a portion of the brain sufficient to fill two moderate sized tea-cups. On receiving the wound, the young man became insensible, but recovered at the expiration of twenty-four hours, with the loss of his sight. Each day, when the wound was dressed, large portions of the brain came away with the dressings; and by the twenty-eighth day, the part was entirely healed. After the healing of the wound, a wonderful change took place in the character of the youth; instead of being gloomy and taciturn, he became lively, intelligent, and talkative, appearing to feel the greatest interest in what was passing around him, and suggesting a variety of improvements in matters which seemed previously beyond his comprehension. The other senses remained intact, but he did not recover his sight. He never appeared to suffer the slightest aberration of mind, notwithstanding the enormous loss of cerebral substance, amounting, in all probability, to the whole of the left anterior lobe of

the brain. He survived the injury two years, presenting, during that period, a strange puzzle to the phrenologist.

THE FINE ARTS.

The sixty-eighth anniversary of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on the 10th ult., at their apartments in Somerset House, when the following distributions of premiums took place:—To Mr. Douglas Cowper, for the best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, handsomely bound and inscribed.—To Mr. Ebenezer Butler Morris, for the next best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal.—To Mr. John Waller, for the best drawing from the life, the silver medal.—To Mr. John Tarring, for the best drawing of the principal front of Goldsmith's Hall, the silver medal.—To Conway Weston Hart, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal.—To Mr. George Mitchell, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal.

A few days since, Mr. Haydon delivered a lecture on the Fine Arts at the London Mechanics' Institute, in which he gave a full description of the state of the arts of painting and sculpture in the British empire, and insisted upon the necessity of state-patronage for the perfecting of native talent. In support of the opinion thus advanced, he referred to the success which had attended the Grecian, Italian, and Flemish schools, under the fostering encouragement of their respective governments; and happily ridiculed the notion that poverty was the best stimulus to successful exertion in the arts. Competence, he averred, was much more likely to foster and strengthen talent. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Basil Montagu related an anecdote of Mr. Haydon, equally creditable to his enthusiasm for the fine arts, and his discrimination of their beauties:—About thirty years since, Haydon, it seems, came to London, a mere boy, and called at Mr. Montagu's house to express his conviction that some of the finest treasures of art lay mouldering and neglected in a damp cellar. Mrs. Montagu, an admirable judge of excellence, and a ready patroness of talent, immediately accompanied the young artist to view the neglected works, which were subsequently and by her exertions restored to light, and were none other than the Elgin marbles. Mr. Montagu eulogised the character and talents of Mr. Haydon, and concluded by expressing his conviction, that the dawn of a happier day had arrived both for the arts and the artist.

The Fine Arts have not a more interesting province than that which engages them in tracing the outward lineaments of living genius. A portrait of Mr. Moore, the poet, recently painted with great spirit by his countryman, Mulvany, and engraved in mezzotint, by G. R. Ward, has just been published. The fidelity of the likeness is the theme of admiration among the friends of the poet, and will confer a lasting value on the production in the eyes of all who are curious in literary portraits. The engraver, who is a son of Ward the academician, is, we are glad to observe, fast rising into eminence in his profession.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

A New Air Meter.—Mr. T. Elliott, of Pincher colliery, has received ten guineas from the Coal-trade Committee of Newcastle, as an acknowledgment of his skill and industry, as displayed in the invention of an instrument for measuring the velocity of air in coal-mines. The instrument is set in motion by the current of air in the mine, which acts upon four wands, in the

manner of a windmill. By means of this piece of machinery and a tube, the velocity of the air, at any instant, may be determined with the greatest facility. The invention is calculated to be of great service in the ventilation of mines.

Mineral Tallow.—Specimens of this substance have lately been found in a bog on the borders of Loch Tyne. It was first discovered by some peasants on the coast of Finland, in 1736. A similar substance was found at Strasburg by Dr. Herman, and in this country by Professor Jameson. It has the colour, the feel, and the taste of tallow; but it is without smell, though as volatile and combustible as any of the volatile oils or naptha.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.—The domestic politics of the month present few noticeable points. The several parties are preparing themselves for the ensuing Parliamentary campaign with all due diligence, and are trying the strength and temper of their weapons by an occasional skirmish. Dinner-parties are converted into belligerent forces, and upon the quality of the wine greatly depends the amount of the execution done. If we may believe the respective parties, each is certain of victory.

Foreign States.—In France, the all-absorbing topic is the failure of the African expedition under Marshal Clausel, which was to occupy Constantine, but which has terminated scarcely less disastrously for the troops engaged, than the ever-memorable expedition to Moscow. The Marshal, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, marched from Bona with 7000 men, and would, it was confidently affirmed, enter Constantine on the 19th of November. The elements, however, as well as the Arabs, fought against them, and with such fatal effect, that after a vain attempt to get possession of the city, they returned to Bona, scarcely 3000 in number. Those slain by the Arabs bore no proportion to those frozen to death in the snow. The intelligence of the disaster has created great consternation in France, and it is believed that the stability of the Ministry will be affected by it. The Duke de Nemours has returned, without sustaining injury, though destitute of the wreath of glory which he was to win in the African deserts. Marshal Clausel is recalled, and will, no doubt, undergo a severe ordeal. In the mean time, it is believed that the government will persist in occupying Algiers and its dependencies.

The French Chambers met on the 27th November, but hitherto nothing but the usual preliminary business has been transacted. The friends of the Ministers affect to have no fears on the Constantine affair; the policy in respect to Spain is said to be the vulnerable point, in the estimation of M. Thiers, who boasts of daily adding to his strength upon this question.

The French officers implicated in the silly affair of Louis Buonaparte, at Strasbourg, not having been claimed by the French government, are at large. The trials of the Vendôme mutineers closed on the 12th ult. in the conviction of four of the accused—two of whom were sentenced to death, and the other two to five years' imprisonment each.

The relations between France and Switzerland, which had "momentarily been interrupted," have been placed on their former footing; and the Voorst, in compliment to foreign powers, had offered rewards for the arrest of four of the foreign refugees, who, it was intended, should be expelled the cantons, but who had hitherto concealed themselves.

Spanish affairs are still in a state of doubt and perplexity. Rodil, whose faithlessness had become too manifest to be longer questionable, has been

superseded in his command by Narvaez, a spirited and skilful soldier, who would by this time have given more decisive proofs of his ability and bravery but for the conduct of the traitor Alaix. Gomez has encountered Narvaez in the south of Andalusia, and sustained great loss; and had not the Christino general been compelled to give up his pursuit of the enemy, in order to punish a detachment of Alaix's troops, who were committing excesses in Jaen, it is more than probable that the Carlists would have been completely destroyed. Cabrera, too, it seems, had been defeated by Brigadier Albrein, on the night of the 2nd, at Anevalo, on his way, probably, to form a junction with Gomez, near the Ebro. Should both accounts be true, the Queen's cause will be placed in a most favourable position.

In the north of Spain, things remain much as they were a month since, if we except the increased inconvenience and suffering within the walls of Bilboa, occasioned by the long protracted siege of the town. The place has held out most gallantly, though unaccountably deceived in its expectations of assistance from Espartero, who, after taking up a position on the Cadaqua for the relief of the town, suddenly fell back upon Portugalette, with his artillery and bridge of boats, in order to await a reinforcement of troops! At San Sebastian all is inactivity as regards the enemy, and insubordination as to military discipline.

At Madrid, the Cortes are sitting, and have just placed extraordinary powers at the command of the Government, with the view of repressing and punishing treason against the constitution.

The Queen of Portugal has issued a decree, bearing date November 18th, granting an amnesty to all concerned in the occurrences of the 4th and 5th of that month. A very curious decree has been published, classifying and regulating the exportation of wines from Oporto; in the programme of which document the Minister of Finance states that the wine which is usually exported to England being of superior and medicinal quality, and subject to an excessive rate of duties in England, excludes the introduction of the second quality into that kingdom, but that it may find a market in America, and being inferior to that exported to England, ought consequently to pay less export duties. The provisions of this decree, founded upon the Minister's report, are—1st, that the first quality of wine, usually exported to Great Britain, may henceforward be exported to all parts of the world; 2nd, that the second quality can only be exported to America, paying the same duties (12,000 reis per pipe) as paid by the superior quality, the casks to be branded with the Custom-house mark, "Second Quality;" and 3rd, that half the duties shall be refunded on proof of the same being landed, when exported in foreign, and two-thirds if in national, vessels.

It is reported that Mehemet Ali is again pressing upon the great powers the recognition of his family's right of succession to the Asiatic provinces conquered by his son; but the impression appears to be that with himself will terminate his dynasty, and that on his death the possessions wrested by Ibrahim from the Turkish empire will revert to the Sultan.

In America, the currency, the crops, and the elections for the Presidentship, occupy and absorb public attention. The measures taken by General Jackson to suppress the paper currency are still operating with great severity in some of the States, although the consequences are greatly mitigated in their pressure. The wheat crop, it appears, is very deficient, and the necessity for an importation of 5,000,000 of bushels is anticipated. This calculation is made after all allowances consequent upon increased economy. It is stated, as a new and curious circumstance, that wheat may be shipped from the Baltic and Mediterranean, at about half the rates charged upon

the same article from Rochester to New York, and at about one-fourth of what is charged from Ohio.

There is little doubt of the election of Van Buren to the President's chair.

LONDON OCCURRENCES.

The "Gazette" of the 2nd ult. contains a royal proclamation, further proroguing the Parliament to the 31st of January, when it is summoned to meet for the despatch of "divers urgent and important affairs."

Prince Polignac, accompanied by his eldest son, arrived in London on the 3rd ult. from Dover, where he had landed on the preceding day from Calais.

The letters patent constituting the University of London have been issued. The corporation is to consist of a Chancellor, appointed for life by the Crown; a Vice-chancellor, appointed in the first instance by the Crown for one year, and subsequently by the annual election of the senate; and a body of Fellows or members of the senate, of such number as the Crown shall determine from time to time—the number now appointed being thirty-five. These, and their successors, are constituted a body politic and corporate, with the usual grant of a common-seal, the right of sueing and being sued, &c., under their corporate name, and that of holding personal property to any extent, and real property not exceeding the value of 10,000*l.* per annum. This body politic and corporate is empowered to confer, after examinations, the several degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Medicine, Doctor of Medicine; and to examine for medical degrees in the four branches of medicine, surgery, midwifery, and pharmacy, charging reasonable fees for these several degrees. Persons presenting themselves for examination, are to produce certificates of having gone through the proper course of study, from the London University College, King's College, or such other institutions, in any part of the king's dominions, as his Majesty by his sign-manual may hereafter authorize to grant such certificates. In the case of candidates for medical degrees, the certificates of the medical schools of Great Britain, or even of such foreign countries as the senate of the University may recommend to his Majesty for that purpose, are to be accepted. The Crown reserves to itself to be the Visitor of the University, with the usual powers appertaining to that office. It is strange that any mistake should have occurred as to the identity of the corporation styled in the royal charter "The London University." Yet it is so; the University in Gower-street having been confounded, by several public writers, with this newly-created body. The chartered "University" is, in fact, nothing more than an Examiners' board, empowered to hold property and confer honours, under the qualifications set forth in the charter; and the "London University" in Gower-street is only one of the "colleges" qualifying for the degrees to be conferred by the royal body.

The London and Greenwich Railway was formally opened on the 14th ult. by the Lord Mayor, attended by the other civic authorities. It is said that the receipts now amount to nearly 100*l.* a-day.

The Court of St. James's went into mourning on the 18th ult., for the demise of his late Majesty Charles the Tenth.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

The crisis in the monetary and commercial affairs of the country, which created so much—not unfounded—alarm, has, we have reason to hope, passed away, without producing such extensive calamity as was necessarily anticipated. The step taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in raising the interest on some of the exchequer bills, has made them again negociable

securities; and thus relieved the money market from much of the pressure under which it previously suffered. The foreign exchanges, too, have become more favourable for England: the prices of stocks have recovered their usual height: and the increased accommodation which the Bank of England has afforded to the commercial interest and the joint stock banks, has tended greatly to give an impetus to trade and commerce. The share market has partaken of the improvement, and exhibits a good deal of firmness, with higher prices. The account of the quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 20th of September to the 15th of December, inclusive, was published in the Gazette of the 16th ult., as follows:—*Liabilities*—circulation, 17,361,000*l.*; deposits, 13,330,000*l.*; making 30,691,000*l.* *Assets*—securities, 28,971,000*l.*; bullion, 4,545,000*l.*; total, 33,516,000*l.*; whence it appears that, compared with the returns of the previous month, the circulation had been diminished by 182,000*l.*, and the deposits increased by 648,000*l.*; while the securities had been increased by 837,000*l.*, and the bullion reduced by 388,000*l.*

The difficulties of the Northern and Central Bank are such, that it has been compelled to apply to the Bank of England for assistance, and the negociation was brought to a favourable conclusion about eight days since. The directors of the Bank of England stipulated that the affairs of the Northern and Central Bank should be wound up, and the only difficulty in the way of an arrangement was understood to arise out of a large claim on the part of the London and Westminster Bank, which acted as London agent for the Northern and Central Bank. Every difficulty, however, was ultimately removed, and the Bank of England advanced the necessary funds.

The Gazettes of the past four weeks show 123 bankrupts; 12 insolvents; 9 Scotch sequestrations.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Practical verification of the Reasons before urged with regard to the depression in the Price of Wheat—Present state of the Market—Notions of Scarcity refuted by Facts—Improved Credit in which the Trade of Agriculture is now held by the Monied Interest—Annual Meeting of the Central Agricultural Association—Remarks on the Report delivered on that occasion—Tendency of the Age to a free interchange of Products—Present condition of the Crops, &c.

We have seldom, if ever, known a period of less excitement with respect to the commerce of agriculture, than that which has passed since the rapid rise of wheat. The loud lamentations of last year, which gave birth to the Central Agricultural Association, and produced the parliamentary committees, and their abortive results, not only subsided, but were rendered ridiculous, by the sudden turn of things,—a turn instantly, practically, and conclusively demonstrating that the whole history of the long depression of price lay in these two emphatic words,—*demand* and *supply*. We have, in our last, not only shown how and why price fell, but the prospective probabilities of the case. The transactions of the month which has since passed have continued to verify, not our predictions, but our reasoning. The delusions of panic, and the hopes of speculation, have been to a great degree dispersed; a sober and rational view has supervened, the prudent farmer has been desirous to avail himself of the chance which gave him a "remunerating price," the market has filled, and it has been tolerably steady, with the allowance that the tendency has been to slow declination. The delays of the season have had the simple and natural effect to render the samples moister and softer than they would otherwise have arrived had the weather been brisk and dry; they came up too in greater bulk at last, and thus the price has been in the last market (December 19) further

brought down. Even wheats of the best quality were submitted to this deduction, in order to get the inferior sorts off hand. This is an effect often known in the mart, but not sufficiently comprehended at a distance. The farmer reads of a large supply, and a higher price, of a small supply, and a lower market. It is, however, thus accounted for. An extensive quantity yields choice of samples; the best only are taken off, and the best price is accordingly given. A scant supply exhibits a very partial set of samples; and those who want, purchase the inferior in greater proportions than the superior qualities. A lower price is general, and the market appears to fall. These appearances contradict the established maxim, but they are only appearances, and reconcileable upon the grounds stated.

But speculation will always be on the wing. *Now* we are told the state of the crops in the spring will decide the subsequent rates,—not the supplies in hand. Both, however, will have their due effect. We have laboured hard to show that it was difficult to substantiate any deficiency considerable enough, under the ascertained results of former years, to affect price long, or powerfully. No man could be brought to believe in the possibility of scarcity. It was contrary to the whole experience of the last forty or fifty years. Even when prices were highest, in 1812, there was no actual want. In 1818, the foreign supply which came in, knocked down price *for years*, proving, thereby, how nearly adequate the growth was to the consumption. For the last five seasons there has been, if not an accumulation, an almost wasteful expenditure, by introducing the wheat as food for cattle, and other uses to which, perhaps, it was never before turned. All these things, we say, render it incredible that there should be actual scarcity; and nothing else could *keep* up price. Even under existing circumstances, we entertain no doubt that the amounts to be made by the sale of barley approaching so near the same bulk of wheat as it did not long since, has tended more to keep the market bare of the latter grain, and to enable the farmer to choose his time and article, than any consideration connected with quantity or quality of the crops grown, or growing. Again, a most important influence is that which is derived from the superior credit in which the trade of agriculture is held by the monied interest. What with reduction of rent and poor's rate, the settlement of tithes on the one side, and the rise of price on the other, the bankers know the trade to yield fair profits; the farmer no longer runs riot in his modes of life,—he is again become the careful cautious character—and improved too by the improved education of the age—he was before the high times. Advances of money are now no longer withheld, and the farmer feels that he need not be driven to sell, by the want of occasional accommodation. These facts adequately account for all we see, without having recourse to any exaggerated statements of deficient harvests; and we cannot hesitate to confess the strongest convictions that the same feeling and reasoning we have observed to prevail during the last few weeks, will go on through the year, namely, a slow tendency to decline.

The only event connected with the politics of agriculture worth notice is the report delivered at the annual meeting of the Central Association, read by the honorary secretary. The whole document is indescribably weak—being one of puling complaint and ineffective supplication for a union, which everybody knows can never be realized, and if realized, could never invalidate or nullify the great principles which govern the concerns of the landed interest. There is one sentence, however, which deserves to be extracted, as the climax of this unreasoning address. The report says, "It was not for the committee to say why no report was come to, but the friends of agriculture were compelled to adopt the alternative of no report, rather than have a report forced upon them, which, in the end, would have been detrimental rather than otherwise to the agricultural interest." Now, why were "the friends of agriculture" thus "compelled?" Two forces present themselves. Either the evidence produced the convictions described on the majority of the members, or they were partial and corrupt! *Utrum horum?* Which will you have, gentlemen? We know that county members, and members

who were styled the friends of agriculture, composed, if not the majority, at least so very large a proportion of the committees, that no such alternative could have been forced upon them, without supposing no slight number of the "friends of agriculture" to have been thus convinced or thus corrupt. The truth is, the evidence completely stultified the currency quacks, and those who wandered from the straight path away from the sufficient and final causes—demand and supply. Subsequent events have made that stultification even more complete and palpable. There is not a farmer in England gifted with plain sense who does not perceive the nonsense the Central Association has been uttering ever since its institution. The appeal will therefore, it needs no prophet to predict, fall hurtless and profitless. All that has been said about Sir Henry Parnell, Lord John Russell, and Ministers, amounts to this, and no more than this—statesmen must take their tone from the incidents of the time, according to the principles those incidents establish. The tendency of the age is to the freest interchange of products, and corn being the most important of these products, must be subject to the law which governs all others. In opening the subject to discussion, the government merely expresses its willingness to hear the argument, and to act in consonance with the convictions that argument may work upon others and themselves. It is worse than nonsense, for it is wicked, to endeavour to preach up a crusade for individual against general interests, or even for the community of one interest against that of the commonwealth. If the growth of manufactures do indeed greatly transcend the powers of agriculture, and render their products more important to the empire than the production of the land,—if agriculture be the second, and the commercial the first, the unshunned consequence must be, that they will fall into those positions which time, improved science, accumulated capital, and the national ingenuity have wrought. To take up "the protection of agriculture" under such circumstances is neither more nor less than to arraign and stop the progression of nature. And what, after all, is this cry about? Why the returns from capital employed upon land must be kept by artificial provisions above those of capital employed in other pursuits—who is now so ignorant as not to know, positively to know, that the very means defeat the end? No, if such be the condition upon which the paralyzed carcass of the Central Association hopes to crawl, they will look in vain for support. The incidents of a few weeks have, we repeat, stultified all their views.

IMPERIAL AVERAGES:—Wheat, 60*s.* 4*d.*; Barley, 37*s.* 4*d.*; Oats, 26*s.* 5*d.*; Rye, 44*s.* 11*d.*; Beans, 45*s.* 9*d.*; Peas, 40*s.* 2*d.*

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

The Country.—THE sum actually subscribed for the Liverpool Musical Hall is 22,000*l.*; but the intention of the committee is said to be to raise 50,000*l.*, so as to erect a building which shall surpass everything of the kind in the kingdom.

The remains of Madame Malibran de Beriot have at length been disinterred at Manchester, and transported to the continent. The condition upon which the petition was granted, is said to be, that her friends should defray the whole of the expenses, reported at 1200*l.* The faculty for removing the body was granted to Madame Garcia, the mother of the deceased. The instrument is drawn upon vellum, bearing a 40*s.* stamp, and having appended to it a large seal, inscribed "the seal of Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the diocese of Chester."

An interesting experiment has been made by the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, of Arbroath. He commenced digging early potatoes on the 28th of June, which he had planted in his garden; and after removing the potatoes, he immediately replanted the stems. On the 12th of November he commenced digging a second time, and although his first crop was considered a good one, the second was found superior,—more abundant and of better quality.

OBITUARY.

Richard Westall, A. R. This amiable man and eminent artist died on the 4th ult. in the 71st year of his age, at one of the suburban villages on the banks of the Thames. Although Mr. Westall occupied so high a place in public estimation during nearly half a century, his poverty and embarrassments were such as to leave little doubt that mental anguish accelerated his decease. Previously to the appearance of Lawrence, Westall had won for himself perhaps the highest reputation for that style of drawing in portrait and poetical composition which has since been brought to such high perfection. He was the first who made finished pictures in water-colours of historical and poetical subjects. His "Sappho in the Lesbian Shades chanting the Hymn of Love;" "Tubal, the First Voice of the Lyre;" "The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus;" "The Storm in Harvest;" "The Marriage Procession" (from the shield of Achilles), and others of the same class, must be familiar to all persons conversant with the productions of art during the last thirty years. These were followed by his water-colour drawings for the illustration of "Boydell's Milton," and many of those for the "Shakspeare Gallery," and "Boyer's History of England"—second to none in the class of subjects to which they belong. As an illustrator of books Mr. Westall has perhaps done more than any other artist; but the quantity of his productions in this line has not tended to raise his reputation. As the tutor of the Princess Victoria in drawing and painting, the deceased artist demonstrated his possession of that aptitude to teach which is not always the concomitant of genius, and which should have protected him against want in his declining years. Few men have been more generally esteemed in private than Mr. Westall, and the painful circumstances attendant upon his demise are therefore the more remarkable.

The Hon. Mr. Lamb.—This young gentleman, the only son of Viscount Melbourne, died at his lordship's residence, in South-street, on the 27th of November, in the 30th year of his age, after a short illness. His remains were interred in the family vault, at Hatfield, near Brockett Hall, Herts.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, M. P.—The death of this amiable gentleman occurred at Edinburgh on the 19th ult. The honourable baronet was in the 49th year of his age. A fall from his horse about twelve months since produced an inflammation of the spine, which has terminated thus fatally. The honourable baronet is a descendant of Sir John Stewart, of Ardgowan, one of the illegitimate sons of the Scottish king, Robert the Third. This gentleman obtained sundry grants of lands from his father, particularly the estate of Achingoun, in Renfrewshire, the lands of Blackall, and the estate of Ardgouan, by charter; and one of his lineal descendants, Archibald Steward, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia in 1667. The remains of the deceased baronet have been interred in the family vault at Innerskip; and he is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, who is little more than ten years of age.

MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCES.

The marriage of Otho, King of Greece, with the Princess Amelia of Oldenburgh, was celebrated on the 22nd of November, in the Palace at Oldenburgh. The scene is described as having been most imposing, and as calling to mind the solemnities of the Vatican.

The marriage of the Hon. Mr. Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, to Miss Campbell, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Campbell, was solemnized on the 10th ult. in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of London.

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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.

Butler tells us that—

> "All love, at first, like generous wine,
> Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
> But when 'tis settled on the lee,
> And from th' impurer matter free,
> Becomes the richer, still the older,
> And proves the pleasanter the colder."

A humorous description of the effects of this *pleasant* frigidity is given by the facetious, yet almost now forgotten, George Alexander Steevens, who says, "Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweethearting,—a sunshine holiday in summer time; but when once through the turnpike of matrimony, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold fit, to which the faculty give the name of Indifference. Courtship is matrimony's running-footman, but is too often carried away by the two great preservatives of matrimonial friendship—delicacy and gratitude. There is also another very serious disorder with which ladies are sometimes seized during the honeymoon, and which the College of Physicians call Sullenness. This malady arises from some incautious word which has been addressed to the patient, who then leaning on her elbow on the breakfast-table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, and her feet beating tat-too time. The husband, meanwhile, is biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like Old Nick. At last he abruptly says, 'Well, Ma'am, what's the matter with you?' The lady mildly replies, 'Nothing.' 'What is it you *do* mean?' 'Nothing.' 'What would you have me do?' 'Nothing.' 'What *have* I done, Madam?' 'Oh, nothing.' And this quarrel arose at breakfast: the lady very innocently observed she thought the tea was made with Thames water; the husband, in mere contradiction, insisted upon it that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River."

This, and the domestic felicity of Sir Charles and Lady Racket "three weeks after marriage," brought to my recollection the scene I had witnessed between Mr. and Mrs. Daly at their lodgings in London, and made me congratulate myself upon the escape I had made from the superficial attractions of Emma Haines. Thence my thoughts glanced to the expatriated husband and the separated wife in that case; and I began to wonder what had happened to my once worshipped idol, and how she was "making it out" with her mother and the major.

Nothing at all comparable with this, was happening to *me*. Harriet

was still all gentleness and playfulness. Her wishes seemed to be bounded by the desire of pleasing *me;* and her kindness transferred on my account, not only to my brother, but to the children of his late wife, and even beyond them to others who had no tie or claim whatever upon us, except as apparently contributing to his comfort, was unqualified as it was unaffected. This is charming; but still——

Here are the three Falwassers—two misses and one master. What then?—they are endeared and attached—*they* scarcely know why—to my brother Cuthbert, who is their father-in-law. Kitty Falwasser, a fine girl of thirteen or fourteen, rubs his temples with eau-de-Cologne. "Jenny," as *he* calls her, fetches his snuff-box, cuts the leaves of his books, puts the additional lump of sugar in his tea when Harriet does not make it sweet enough, and even goes the length occasionally of drinking it for him. Tom Falwasser is a pyrotechnist; his whole holidays are passed in making squibs and crackers; and he comes in, after dinner, as his father-in-law desires, smelling of gunpowder like a devil.

I remember, in some former notes of mine, I explained the innocence of this same word as used colloquially to designate a certain wooden implement, in which I greatly rejoiced before my union with Harry,—I call her Harry now: how odd!—and it is again necessary to say, lest I might be considered profane, that when I state that Tom smelt like a "devil," I mean that he smelt like one of those little, black, haycock-shaped mixtures of gunpowder and water which that mischievous dog, Daly, mixed with Lady Wolverhampton's pastilles upon that celebrated night when her lovely niece fell into the recorded error committed in other days by Dr. Green's dairy-maid, under the auspices of that reverend and much revered gentleman.

"Gilbert," said Cuthbert to me, "these children of Emily's—just give me my pocket-handkerchief, Jenny.—Poor Emily! Well, I wish you had known her; it would have saved me a world of trouble in explaining all her—ah!—virtues and—ah!—merits.—They are nice children, and I love them as if they were my own. Besides, here they are —ah!—no trouble to me——"

I could not help thinking, mischievously perhaps, of the "ready-made family" warehouses which one sees advertised about town.

"—— And they have petitioned me to be allowed to invite Mrs. Brandyball, their schoolmistress, or, as they call her, their governess, to come here for the last week or fortnight of their holidays, so that they may go back with her to school."

"I'm sure," said I, "nothing can be more agreeable than to do what you like. Harriet's confinement is shortly expected; but that, of course, will make no difference."

"She is a very nice woman, indeed," said Cuthbert. "I did not take the trouble to talk to her much; but she seems very full of proper feeling, and that sort of thing; and is about as good an European as I recollect to have seen for a great many years."

A good European! thought I to myself. Well, I see what must happen; Mrs. Brandyball must come. "Anything, my dear Cuthbert, you wish," said I, "of course you will command."

"No, no," said Cuthbert, "I can't exert myself to command; only I think it would please the children, and their dear mother, who—to be sure, she is gone; but then she is at rest—that's a great thing; only I

should like to pay every respect to her memory; and to her children. They think it would make them well considered by the whole school, if she came here, and saw how well they lived; and besides, it would save me the trouble of writing a letter, or dictating to Hutton what I wished to say to her respecting my views of their future education; and you *have* another spare room."

What *could* I reply? All the rooms in the house were spare rooms to *him*. So I said—"My dear Cuthbert, not another word. Mrs. Brandyball will be most welcome to Ashmead; as, indeed," I added, "is anybody upon earth whom you wish to come here."

"I have not many friends in this country, said Cuthbert; "that is to say, I dare say I have a good many people with whom I have been very intimate in India, and to whom I am really very much attached; but I have no idea how to find out where they are; some, of course, are dead, and—so——Well, but I am very glad you have no objection to Mrs. Brandyball's visit. Now, the next thing we must do, is to get somebody to write to her to invite her."

"I think if Kitty Falwasser were to write," said I, "it would perhaps be thought a civil way of doing the thing."

"Yes," said Cuthbert; "but then you know she does not write without lines; and then we should have to rule them, and when she had finished, to rub them out,—and besides, she does not like writing,—she is too young for that yet. My poor wife gave instructions to Mrs. Brandyball, when the children were sent home, not to force their intellect,—let it develop itself,—don't fatigue their minds, poor things,—think what a thing it would be to learn half a page of a French vocabulary in a day, and take a lesson of dancing afterwards, it's enough to wear them to skeletons!"

"I quite agree with you," said I, "that nothing is more absurd, not to call it barbarous, than the system of forcing to which you allude, nor anything more lamentable than to see children repeating by rote whole pages of history or poetry, conceived in terms, which, to them, are inexplicable, and even then delivered in a language which they don't understand. Yet still I think Kitty Falwasser might in her fourteenth year contrive to write a letter to her governess, inasmuch as she wrote you a remarkably nice announcement of the approaching holidays."

"Oh, that," said Cuthbert, raising himself a little upon one of his elbows, "took her thirteen days constant labour,—so she tells me—did it over two-and-twenty times; and at last got one of the teachers to put in all the capital letters,—no,—Kitty has no turn for writing,—she colours prints very nicely: she has painted all the kings' heads in her 'History of England,'—she has a genius that way,—her poor mother used to be very clever in—what they call—I cannot recollect,—but it was cutting holes in cards, and painting through them—something about tinting I think—no—if you don't like to write, I'll dictate a note to Hutton, and then he can take it himself to the post-office. I want to send my watch down to Stephenson's shop, for somehow, I have lost—or dropped—or mislaid my watch key; I dare say it is somewhere under the sofa cushions: however, he'd better go and get me another; and then Stephenson can set the watch by the church clock. I only found out half an hour ago that it has not been going since Tuesday, when I set it last."

I could scarcely keep silent during this beautiful illustration of my helpless brother's character, which developed itself in every action of his life, if actions the evitation of all movement in which he delighted, could be called. However, I wanted to hear the conclusion of his labour-saving scheme, before I suggested to him that my wife would probably be the properest person to give the invitation.

"Oh! certainly," said Cuthbert; "but that will give her a great deal of trouble: and then so near her confinement,—somebody had better write it in her name."

"No, my dear brother," said I, "Harriet is quite strong enough to write a letter; she likes employment both mental and bodily,—she'll be delighted."

"So shall I," said my brother; "but it is quite wonderful to see her; and to think,—Oh dear, dear, what a heap of trials women have to undergo! Yes; then that, I think, will be the best way,—it will look civil, and attentive, and kind. I wonder I had not thought of that at first."

"I suppose," said I, "it had better be done immediately?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Cuthbert; "Kitty was very anxious about it this morning, because I think she told me the lady was gone somewhere—where, I don't remember—to stay for a fortnight,—from whence she could take this on her way home. I'm sure you'll like her—she is so lady-like in her manners, and so gentle, and talks so well, and so very much attached to the children."

"That her presence will be agreeable to you," said I, "is, as I have already said, sufficient of itself to render her a welcome visiter."

"There's another thing the girls told me to ask you about," said Cuthbert; "your youngest sister-in-law has been talking to them about—oh dear, my head—about some very clever dancing-master who lives here; and they were saying, if you had no objection, they should like to take lessons three or four times a-week for an hour or two,—it would put them forward,—and how they can take this trouble I don't understand; but they are young and light, to be sure,—and so,—I said I would ask you. The drawing-room isn't used in the mornings, and—perhaps—"

"Oh, certainly," said I; "they will not in the least interfere with us, only, perhaps, when Harriet is confined, we may—"

"Oh, that's another matter," said Cuthbert; "Mary has got all the particulars of the man's terms; and I had the paper yesterday, but I'm sure I haven't any idea where it is now. Do just ring the bell, Gilbert; I'll get Hutton to look for it, and then he can take a message about it."

I rang the bell, and Hutton appeared.

"Have you seen," said Cuthbert to the servant, "a paper about the terms of a dancing-master that Miss Falwasser gave me yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir," said Hutton, "Mr. Kittington; I have been there, Sir,—to his house. Miss Falwasser told me to desire him to call upon you to-day: he said he would be here at three. I thought, Sir, Miss had told you so herself, or I should have mentioned it."

"Oh, that's all very convenient," said Cuthbert; "I'll see him when he comes. Where are the young ladies?"

"Out in the laundry, I believe, Sir," said Hutton, "acting a play;

Master Tom has got some fireworks there, and they are all dressed up; and Miss Fanny Wells, and her sister, and Mr. Merman are there."

"Dear me," said Cuthbert; "what a pity they don't come and act here, it would amuse us excessively; it is out of the question going all the way across the court-yard. What droll things,—eh?"

This all sounded mighty playful and pretty; but the circumstances, the free and easy manner of Miss Kitty Falwasser considered, are not altogether satisfactory to *me*, I confess. It was clear that the two girls entirely managed their indolent father-in-law; and that the elder one, fully conscious of her power over him, had, having merely expressed a wish, and asked permission to take lessons in dancing, reckoned upon his compliance so much a matter of course, as not to think it necessary to wait till she had obtained it, before she sent for the Terpsichorean professor. As to *my* opinion or objection upon the subject, it was clear that none of the family considered them of the slightest importance.

I certainly had the curiosity to visit the "theatre," where I found Miss Falwasser with her face blackened, dressed up in a shawl and turban, having squeezed herself into a pair of her brother Tom's trowsers, personating Othello, while Jenny was exhibiting herself as Desdemona,—Tom's only bargain being, that he was to fire the salute from the batteries at Cyprus, which were ingeniously represented by one of the coppers in the laundry, which was fitted up with battlements, and cannon round its edge, while the active contriver was concealed within, from which ambush he cunningly managed to raise his hand unseen to the touchhole of his small artillery, the first one of which that was fired recoiled with considerable force, and severely wounded the boy just between his eyes.

Tom bellowed, the girls screamed, and the only thing to be done was to send for Sniggs. Fanny Wells was dreadfully agitated, and was led to her room by the attentive and assiduous Lieutenant, her sister Bessy following her, but with a far different expression of countenance. All this was unpleasant; but what could I do? It was clear to me that the elder of the young ladies was blessed with what is called a spirit—a lively imagination, and not the most profound veneration for rigid truth. Her ideas were rather of the romantic, and although her ignorance of the essentials of education were to my eyes and ears apparent, nature had compensated to her for any deficiency of taste or erudition by giving her a disposition to inquisitiveness upon all matters except those which were likely to be advantageous either to her manners or her morals.

Unfortunately for Kitty she was handsome, and every body was foolish enough to tell her so, which so long as fortune afforded her a maid and a mirror, was evidently a work of supererogation. Her sister Fan was her slave, and with a totally different character, temperament, and disposition, compelled to join in pursuits for which she had naturally no inclination, because she literally dared not disobey her senior.

Sniggs arrived in less than half an hour to examine Tom's wounds, and a few minutes after came Kittington, the dancing-master, to receive Cuthbert's commands about the lessons. Harriet, who certainly was not so much affected by the bump on Tom's nose as I apprehended she might have been, sat down to write Mrs. Brandyball a letter of invitation; and while Tom was bellowing like a calf up and down stairs, Fanny Wells sobbing most interestingly, and Jane and Bessy talking over the explosion as something terrific, I was assailed at once in the

drawing-room, where Cuthbert was deposited, by the medical opinions of the apothecary, the discussion of terms with the dancing-master, and the hypocritical sentimentalism of Lieutenant Merman, whom I admit I cordially detested.

"The accident," said Sniggs, "is providentially unimportant: an inch one way or the other might have made it serious—right eye—left eye—one or the other might have gone—but in the middle, between the two eyes, is what I call 'In medio tutissimus *Eye bis*'—not bad that, Mr. Gurney, considering I am only a pupil myself. The worst effect will be a little discolouration of the skin. I'll send up something by way of fomentation, which shall set all to rights; but I would advise you to caution Master Falwasser not to repeat the experiment."

"Certainly, I shall," said Cuthbert. "Foolish boy, to take all that trouble to load all those little cannon, and then to get into a copper to fire them. Dear, dear, how indefatigable youth is, in the pursuit of pleasure?"

"Ah!" said Sniggs, turning to Mr. Kittington, "good day—how is Mrs. K.—lumbago better?—did not call this morning—used the opodeldoc—children quite well, dear little things?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Kittington.

"Well, I'll be off home for the lotion for Master Tommy," said Sniggs, "and will look in in the evening to see how he is going on."

Away went Sniggs, with this friendly promise of another visit. I left Cuthbert to settle his schemes with Kittington, to whose presence he felt it necessary to summon his two fascinating daughters-in-law, in order to give him a notion of their peculiar graces. Bessy Wells had been his pupil, so the meeting was no doubt extremely satisfactory. All I know of it was that at its termination Mr. Kittington was appointed to attend Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and that Merman invited himself not only to be present at the performances, but to join our family circle on the then present day—

"His custom always in the afternoon."

Well, this was certainly no improvement to my prospects, nor were the comfort and regularity of my establishment very much improved by the extraordinary proceedings of Cuthbert, not only as regarded his promiscuous invitations to strangers, but as related to the little nick-nackeries in which he was in the habit of revelling, himself. After various attempts to describe, through Hutton, the *véritable* mode of dressing a kabob, or sending up a pillau, he went the length of having my cook,—I say *my* cook, as if, in point of fact, every thing in the house were not his, into the breakfast-room or the drawing-room, if that happened to be "head-quarters" with the ladies, whom he never left; and there instruct her in the arcana of Oriental gastronomy, not theoretically but practically, by superintending in his horizontal position the cuttings and choppings, triturations, amalgamations, and all the other botherations which he considered necessary to produce one or two dishes, his partiality for which, he attributed to the circumstance of the late Mrs. Cuthbert Gurney having been particularly fond of them.

There really was something in Cuthbert's indolence which was extremely trying to the patience, or the activity, or whatever it might be, of those who were around him. He seemed unconsciously to glory in his, to me, melancholy inanition. He certainly was one of those of whom

Johnson says, "They boast that they do nothing, and thank their stars that they have nothing to do; who sleep every night till they can sleep no longer, and rise only to take sufficient exercise to enable them to sleep again"—in this particular the likeness failed, for Cuthbert took none—"who prolong the reign of darkness by double curtains, and never see the sun but to tell him how they hate his beams: whose whole labour is to vary the posture of indulgence, and whose day differs from their night only as a couch or chair differs from a bed."

Well, then came another worry. Harriet, first prejudiced against my poor friend Sniggs by her mother, who certainly entertained a sneaking mistrust of his professional skill, and now, in the case of becoming a mother, still more disinclined to attempt to conquer her dislike, resolved, even if she were to have no medical attendant and certainly to die, not to have Sniggs as her "doctor" on the approaching occasion. I ventured to remonstrate, ran over a catalogue of names of the best people in the neighbourhood who employed him; but all in vain: to her the loss of her infant sister Adelgitha, was light by comparison with the anticipation she entertained of his giving a sort of circular description of all the circumstances connected with her case, whatever it might turn out to be. And she afforded me the first proof of a resolution to have her own way upon this occasion. But then it was quite reasonable. She had, in the first place, no confidence in his abilities; and, in the second, she had heard him give relations of the calamities of all our neighbours in a tone and manner which she dreaded when her own indisposition became the subject of general conversation.

"A newsmonger," says Butler, "is a retailer of rumour, that takes upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh, although true in its origin, it lies on his hands and will yield nothing. True or false it is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as well as a lie: and as a slight suit will last as well as a better, while the fashion holds, a lie will serve as well as truth, till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he prefers the bad, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers, for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry, and when he does it well he is clapped on the back and fed for it; for he does not take it altogether, like a gentleman, for his pleasure: but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarters himself upon it, until he has eaten it out: and, by this means, he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season: and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate."

Such a man Harriet set down Sniggs to be. And there are certain points upon which a woman must neither be thwarted nor disturbed. Harriet was about to assume a new character in the world—so was I; but then, dear soul, she was so much more personally concerned with the change, that the moment she expressed her decided aversion from calling Sniggs into council, I resolved that he should most certainly not be admitted; but, as one likes to live peaceably with his neighbours,

and, as Sniggs was, I am sure, a kind-hearted man, and, as I believe, an able practitioner, I saw at once that the only way to soothe his feelings and moderate his anger at being excluded would be to send to London for some most extraordinarily popular accoucheur, a baronet if possible, but decidedly not below the degree of knighthood, whose unquestioned claims would set to rest in a moment the uneasiness of the Blessford apothecary, even though the magnate himself had in other days filled a similar situation to his own.

All these things worried me. I have a strong feeling that genius and talent are to be found in thousands of places besides the highest, if one only knew where to hit them; and that not only in medicine and surgery, but in every art and science in the world, which, without some accidental circumstance, some coincidence for which none of us are prepared, to bring them into notice, remain to

"Waste their 'powers' on the desert air."

In no pursuit is this truth more evident than that of literature. If ever I should have an influence over publishers, which,—since my literary hopes were nipped in the bud by the unequivocal condemnation of my first and only farce at the Haymarket playhouse, now seven years ago, is not likely,—I would endeavour to impress upon their minds the vast injustice they do, not only to the said genius and talent, but to themselves, in unequivocally rejecting works by unknown authors. Every author must be at first unknown, and every author must write a first work—unless, indeed, he could adopt the course proposed by an Irish gentleman who wished to learn German.—"The first half-dozen lessons, Sir," said the master, "are tedious, difficult, and disagreeable; but after *that*, you will begin to appreciate the beauties of the language."—"Then, Sir," said Mr. O'Brallaghan, "hadn't we better begin with the seventh?"

One of the strongest proofs that genius must triumph without the aid of a name, is to be found in the anonymous publication of "Waverly." Of the author of "Waverly," when it first appeared, who knew anything? Not a human being supposed that this leader of the most splendid course of fiction that ever graced the annals of our literature would have been rejected—most probably unread—because it bore no known writer's name on its title-page! The supposition is perfectly natural. Such things happen every day, as injudiciously as unjustly; and sure I am, that, if I were a writer enjoying a considerable share of popularity, derived more perhaps from good fortune than merit, I should be the first to endeavour to overturn this system of exclusion, and give every man or woman of talent (equal in all probability to my own, although kept in obscurity by adverse circumstances) a fair chance of starting in the race, if not for fame, at least for *that* which, in these mercenary days, is perhaps no more substantial received for their labours.

However, able or not, skilful or a bungler, wise or foolish, my wife will not have Sniggs; so I must look out.

In the course of the afternoon, peace was perfectly re-established, and Cuthbert, quite overcome by the effort of hearing Sniggs's scientific description of Tom's accident, and making his arrangements with Mr. Kittington, was reclining on the sofa, with Kitty sitting rubbing his ancles, and Jenny bathing his temples with what his man Hutton called "O, go along," meaning thereby "Eau de Cologne." Tom, with his head

dressed like Cupid, but in every other respect looking like an imp, was seated at a table thumbing over a book, which he affected to be reading, and Fanny Wells was occupied in painting a rose upon the top of a paper card-box.

"Well," said I, as I entered the room, "the invitation to Mrs. Brandyball is gone—are you pleased, Kitty?"

"Oh yes, uncle," said Kitty, "it will make her so good-natured to us when we go back."

"Ah, poor things," said Cuthbert, "they have enough to do when they are at school. Oh dear! Well, Gilbert, I have settled about the dancing. He can come very early in the morning twice a-week, and about the middle of the day on the other two days; but he seems to think you must have the carpet taken up in the drawing-room. They can't do their—what does he call them?—some of the steps—on a carpet. So I told him I thought it would take great labour to do that, but Hutton says that he, and James, and the coachman, can take it up in an hour."

"Yes," said I, not quite gratified at the proposal of uncarpeting the best room in my house and converting it into a dancing school, the more especially as it joined our own bed-room, and as the early lessons might in some degree interfere with Harriet's morning slumbers; however, I *said* yes.

"What a nice little foot Mr. Kittington has got!" said Kitty Falwasser, as she rubbed, as I thought with an air of invidious comparativeness, those of Cuthbert.

"Law, my dear child," said Fanny, "how came you to notice that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, cousin," said Kitty; "I always look at gentlemen's feet; he is a very nice man altogether I think, and so does cousin Bessy."

Yes, thought I, and *you* are a very nice young lady; however, the holidays don't last for ever.

"He is quite a swell," said Tom, looking out from under the bandage which Sniggs had applied to his darkening eyes.

Charming boy, said I to myself.

"Much smarter than the chap as teaches at Doctor Brusher's."

"Tom," said I, "what sort of a master is the doctor?"

"He's a rum-un to look at," said Tom; "a hold chap and wears a wig, all fuzzy out, and we sticks pens hinto hit, whichever on us his behind im hat lesson time."

"Is he much in school himself?" said I.

"Not a great deal," said Tom; "he's a good deal hover at the White Art; he's a dab at billiards, and e's halmost halways hat hit: yet e wollops hus like sacks if he kitches us playing marvels for hanythink."

"Are there many boys at the school?" said I, marvelling myself at the style of Tom's language and his mode of pronunciation, of which, as he was always, till the recent accident, somewhere out of sight playing with gunpowder, I had not had any great previous experience.

"Ow many?" said Tom, "heighty-height last alf."

"Are you kept very hard at work, my dear boy?" said Cuthbert, looking at him with a mingled expression of affection and compassion, which to me appeared most absurd.

"Oh, yes, Pa," said Tom. "I believe so too; we get hup at six,—too minutes hallowed to dress,—then down to prayers. Billy Dixon

gabbles them over fast enough I can tell ye. Old Brusher don't get hup imself so hearly."

"And who is Billy Dixon, dear?" said Cuthbert, in a tone of inquiry so pathetic, that, although he *was* my brother, I could scarcely help laughing.

"Billy Dixon," said Tom, "is one of the hushers; is name is Williams. All the chaps calls him Billy Dixon, just as they calls Opkins, the Hinglish husher, Snob. E reads the prayers; then we as to say the lessons we learnt hover night; then them as is igh hup, does Hugh Clid and Matthew Mattocks. I'm not hin them yet. And we does ciphering till height; then we breakfasts, and after that, we goes into the back yard and washes our ands and faces; then hout into the play ground till ten; then in agen till twelve; hout till dinner at one."

"And do you live well, my poor boy?" said Cuthbert.

"Lots of grub," said Tom, "sich as it is. Sundays we has baked beef—long, bony bits—hunderdone—and plenty of ard pudden; Saturdays, scrapings and stick-jaw. Hobliged to bolt all the fat, else we kitches toko. They gives us swipes for dinner and supper, with cheese as ard as hiron, hand as black has my at; but they tells us it's olesome."

"And does Dr. Brusher," said I, curious to ascertain the advantages which Tom derived from the tuition of so able a man, in return for sixty pounds a-year, and no extras—"does the Doctor attend much to your general conduct?"

"Yes," said Tom; "he reads lectures to us, and hexamines us in the hevenings."

"But I mean with regard to your manners and conversation," said I.

"Bush—he be smoked!" said Tom. "If e was to hinterfere with our big boys, they'd

'Send him to the chimney-top to fetch away the bacon.'"

"What a droll boy you are!" said Cuthbert.

"Mother Bopps is very good-natured to some of the little chaps," continued the communicative pupil.

"And who may *she* be?" said Fanny Wells.

"Oh! Mother Brusher," said Tom; "but only we halways calls her Bopps. I don't know why;—hit's halways bin so, afore I went."

"Ay, it is the nature of women to be kind," said Cuthbert, sighing.

"She takes care," said Tom, "that we wash our faces and hands Saturday nights, to be all nice and clean for church on Sunday morning."

"But I presume," said I, "you repeat your ablutions when you get up?"

"No we don't," said Tom; "we repeat the Colic of the day—the little uns does Cathekiss. As for our feet, we as 'em washed once a quarter."

"And in what," said I, perfectly astonished at the erudition, delicacy, and cleanliness of my young connexion, "does the Doctor examine you?"

"In is front parlour," said Tom.

"No," said I; "but I mean upon what subjects?"

"Oh!" said Tom; "e hasks hus hall manner of rum questions hout of istory or the Dixonary."

"Well, now, shall I ask you some?" said I.

"Oh, don't give the poor boy any trouble in the holidays, Gilbert," said Cuthbert; "he is home for relaxation and amusement."

"Oh, but hi likes hit, Pa," said Tom.

"So do I," said Kitty; "I like to be examined. I have got two medals and Thomson's 'Seasons,' for prizes in jography."

"Well," said I, "Kitty, you shall join our class." So, taking up the newspaper, which, as newspapers will do, happened to lie upon the table, I asked my fair young friend where the Mediterranean was?

"In Asia, uncle," said Kitty, without the slightest hesitation.

"Oh, you fool!" said Tom; "hi knows better than that; it's in America."

"But how do you get into it, Kitty?" said I.

"Through Behring's Straits,'" answered the young lady.

I stared, smiled, and proceeded.

"What is a quadruped, Tom?" said I.

"A large fish," replied Tom.

"That it an't, Tom," said Kitty. "I know what it is: it is an animal that runs upon the ceiling, with a great many legs."

Whether Cuthbert was himself not more enlightened than his dear daughter and son-in-law, or whether he thought it too much trouble to set them right, I don't pretend to say; he looked perfectly satisfied, and I thought it not worth my while to endanger his repose by questioning the accuracy of their answers.

"Jenny, dear," said I to the simple creature, "what is a pedagogue?"

"A place to put statues in, uncle," said fair innocence.

"I wonder," said Kitty, "how you come to know that so well—somebody must have told you—I could not have guessed it."

"What king of England," said I to Kitty, "reigned immediately before George the First?"

"Before him?" said Kitty; "George the Second, uncle."

"Bush," said Tom, "how could that be, you fool? he reigned after im. I guess oo hit was that reigned directly afore him."

"Who?" said I.

"Heddud the Fifth," said Tom.

"It is unlikely," said I, reading from the newspaper, "that the French minister will be able to cajole the emperor into such a measure." "What does cajole mean?"

"To kill a man," said Tom.

"Well," said I, "I won't bore you any more, for your Pa is getting sleepy; but what are you, Tom—animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"I am a vegetable," said Tom.

"Then," said I, "what is a cauliflower?"

"A mineral," said Tom.

"I know I'm an animal," said Kitty.

Yes, thought I, my dear; and rather a strange one too.

If this examination were written to meet the public eye, the reader would fancy its absurdities too gross to bear even the semblance of probability; but, nevertheless, I have put down this portion of it *verbatim* from the lips of the hopeful children with whom my house is so elegantly furnished.

"How soon an accident happens," said Cuthbert, gravely raising himself in his usual manner on one elbow, and looking at Tom—"that dear boy might have lost his sight by the blow of that cannon. I'm sure I never see anything of the kind without thinking of the day my poor dear father and I were coming down Shooter's Hill—near that

Severndroog place, and the horses took fright at something in the road, and——"

"Yes, Pa," said Kitty, "but then they stopped of themselves when they got to the bottom of the hill. You see I never forget anything you tell me."

"Dear girl," said Cuthbert, making a sort of kissatory motion with his lips, to which Kitty responded, by leaving his feet, and conferring on him a chaste and filial salute.

"I fancy," said I, "it is getting on for dinner-time. Who dines here?—does anybody know?"

"I have asked the Nubleys," said Cuthbert.

"And Harriet has asked Mr. Merman," said Fanny.

"And I begged dear Bessy to stop," said Kitty.

"And I think," said Fanny, "Harriet invited Ma, because Pa dines at Lord Fussborough's."

Well, thought I, this sounds to *my* ears very much as if I had painted over my door—"An ordinary here at six o'clock every day, Sundays not excepted;" or rather, as if I were the keeper of a *table d'hôte*, at which, as *hôte*, I was permitted to preside, rather as an accommodation to the company in the way of carving, than as being master of the house.

These were minor evils, but I could not, without pain and apprehension, witness the growing power and influence of the three alien children of the late Mr. Falwasser over my kind-hearted placid brother. Upon every occasion, before and since his return from India, he had practically evinced his affection and regard for me, and I am the last person in the world to be jealous of any kindness or liberality which he may feel inclined to bestow upon others; but in this case he seemed to me to be entailing upon himself a responsibility of which he himself was not aware, and to sustain which he was physically as well as morally incapable.

When Kitty grew to be fifteen or sixteen—or rather when she became fifteen or sixteen, for she had grown in outward appearance to that age already—it was clear to me that with her character and disposition, her unflinching adherence to any favourite point until she had carried it, joined to a consciousness of the power she actually possessed over Cuthbert, she would lead him into all sorts of difficulties, against which he had not strength to contend. Of course I was not constantly with them, and they were frequently alone, or perhaps with Jane as a third; and it is easy to imagine that entirely freed from restraint—although I must admit she never appeared much *gené'd* by either my presence or that of Harriet—she spoke her mind and expressed her wishes with a sincerity and decision proportionate to Cuthbert's acknowledged affection for the children and his gradually increasing concessions.

I repeat, I am not jealous of this; but I am not blind to the effect of the influence of these young people, who, although as I have ascertained, lamentably ignorant of the rudiments of education, are—at least I speak particularly of Kitty—full of low worldly cunning. I perceive in Cuthbert's manner to my wife less tenderness of feeling, less regard for her comforts—less deference to her wishes, than it exhibited previous to their invasion of my territory—if mine it can be called; and Harriet is sensible of the change, I am sure, although she is too kind even to hint at such a thing to *me*.

I must struggle with these feelings—I find myself growing irritable and querulous—I am *not* master of my own house.—Aye, then it comes

again—*is it my own house?* Surely, while that *is* the question, Cuthbert should more carefully than anybody else in the world prevent my feeling how much I owe him, and how dependent, in point of fact, I am upon him. I must, however, check this growing dislike I feel for Kitty—her manner, her conversation, are repugnant to my notions of the attributes of anything so young; it seems to me that every suggestion she makes is founded upon calculation—every look at Cuthbert is studied—her dress, regulated generally by bad taste, is ill suited to her age, if not to her figure; and the very slip-off of her frock from the top of her left shoulder, meant to seem accidental and look negligent, is the result of a study of her attractions, which she fancies increased by this display; and yet this miniature Machiavel, who is at this moment leading Cuthbert about like a child, purposes to get into the Mediterranean, through Behring's Straits, and tells us gravely that a quadruped is an animal that runs upon the ceiling with a great many legs. It is wonderful to see how much Nature has done for her, and how little, Art. To my mind, however, bipeds are more likely to interest her attention than quadrupeds to a much later period of her life.

Dinner came—the Nubleys came—Mr. Wells came—the Lieutenant came—Tom dined at table because the explosion had lost him his regular dinner—and, for the first time, the two young ladies. I said nothing, but looked at Harriet, who made me understand in a moment that Cuthbert had desired it. We were crowded, and the girls had dined before; and Cuthbert, I thought, saw, not exactly that I was annoyed, but surprised, at the new arrangement; for he presently mentioned that, as poor Tommy had had no dinner, he had told Hutton to tell the butler to lay a cover for him; and that when he had done so, Kitty had said it would be very dull for her and Jane to be by themselves, and that she did not mind where she sat; "and," added he, "so I have put her close by *me*." And there they sat, and there *I* sat—not much satisfied with what I saw, but certainly not anticipating the coming events of the evening.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first, Beloved, in vanished hours
  The blind man sought thy love to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright, as flowers
  New freshen'd by the summer rain:
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
  Were such as make the wingéd dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
  The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
  Of wooers praised thy beauty rare,
But that thy heart was all too proud
  A common love to meet or share.
Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
  But in thy coy and virgin breast
Dwelt preference not of PASSION born,
  The love that hath a holier rest!

Days came and went:—thy step I heard
  Pause frequent, as it pass'd me by;—
Days came and went:—thy heart was stirred
  And answer'd to my stifled sigh!
And thou didst make a humble choice,
  Content to be the blind man's bride;
Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
  And owned no joy on earth beside.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
  (Without the happiness of sight)
Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,
  Thy smile, most innocently bright:
I knew how full of love's own grace
  The beauty of thy form must be;
And fancy idolized the face
  Whose loveliness I might not see!

Oh! happy were those days, Beloved!
  I almost ceased for light to pine
When through the summer vales we roved,
  Thy fond hand gently linked in mine.
Thy soft "Good night" still sweetly cheered
  The unbroken darkness of my doom;
And thy "Good morrow, love," endeared
  The sunrise which returned in gloom!

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
  They spoke to me of Time's decay—
Of roses from thy smooth cheek gone,
  And ebon ringlets turned to grey.
Ah! then I *blest* the sightless eyes
  Which could not feel the deepening shade,
Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
  Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

I saw no paleness on thy cheek,
  No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—
But still the BLIND MAN heard thee *speak*,
  In accents made to bless and soothe.
Still he could feel thy guiding hand
  As through the woodlands wild we ranged,—
Still in the summer light could stand,
  And know thy HEART and VOICE unchanged

And still, beloved, till life grows cold
  We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
And only know that we are old
  By counting happy years gone by:
For thou to *me* art still as fair
  As when those happy years began,—
When first thou cam'st to soothe and share
  The sorrows of a sightless man!

Old Time, who changes all below,
  To wean men gently for the grave,
Hath brought us no increase of woe,
  And leaves us all he ever gave:
For I am still a helpless thing,
  Whose darkened world is cheered by thee—
And thou art she whose beauty's Spring
  The blind man vainly yearned to see!

SHROVETIDE.

The apprentices, whose particular holiday this day is now called, ought, with that watchful jealousy of their ancient rights (query, *rites*?) and liberties (typified here by pudding and play), which becomes young Englishmen—to guard against every infringement of its ceremonies, and transmit them unadulterated to posterity."—*Brand's Popular Antiquities, Appendix.*

In the preceding month, Christmas has enjoyed its annual literary triumph, and, as usual, held undivided sway over the imaginations of periodical writers. Season-worship is the moral phasis of journalism; and the love of mince pies and roast beef must, therefore, be *proprium omnibus modis* to this class of *literati*. The heads of the various contributors were accordingly as full as ever of turkey and chine; and catenated visions of sausages played about their fancies, as, we trust, the substantive reality did about their stomachs. Imaginations, too, of holly and of ivy threw a lustre over their papers; and the misletoe took as firm a seat astride their pineal glands, as the side-saddle did upon that of Peeping Tom of Coventry.

De gustibus non est disputandum; but, for my part, I prefer Shrovetide, about which few in these times give themselves much trouble. Shrovetide—with its lengthened days, its flaming crocuses, its dainty snow-drops, its perfumed violets, and its many other bright promises that summer will indeed once again come back to us—is as much forgotten as if it had never been honoured by Englishmen. Even its customary pancake has lost its relish, is banished to the servants' hall, and has become as strange to " good men's feasts," as if its etymology really were, as some give out, Greek (παν κακον), and it were in truth and in fact a compound of all that is indigestible. Not so our ancestors: they celebrated this festival with a " wisdom " of joviality peculiarly their own—a joviality of which their degenerate sons, in these days of matter-of-fact philosophy, money-making, and political economy, know no touch. With *them*, eggs and collops were cates not to be eschewed, and fritters had not yet been frittered away into *beignets de pommes*. But, perhaps, it may be objected that Shrovetide is a Popish festival—the tide, or time for shriving or confession, a sort of purification preceding the great annual fast; but to any such objection we reply, that the religious part of the ceremony was the accident, while the eating, and the drinking, and the sporting, which were its proper essence, are not peculiar to any sectarian form of worship, but held in due veneration and honour by the entire human race. Shrovetide still retains some credit on the Continent, as the season of the Carnival; but even in Rome itself, the fun and the frolic of masquerading are fast passing away. None but the English, those " morris-dancers of Europe,"* continue to throw quick lime into their friends' eyes with becoming spirit. The genius of the times is felt, even in the streets of the eternal city; and " *i radicali del secolo*," (his Holiness's perpetual nightmare,) are banishing Scaramuccio to make way for Bentham and Ricardo.

Then, again, witness what is going forward in Paris, mourn over the fading honours of the *bœuf-gras*, and tax memory and imagination to find

* Lady Morgan's " Italy."

a parallel of *decadence* if you can, to the mud-bedabbled, weather-drenched tumblers and paliasses, the paid agents of the police, who misrepresent, on the *Boulevards*, the free-hearted revellers of the good old times. Carnival-keeping, we have heard many straight-laced persons remark, is but a strange precursor of Lent. "Are these," says old Protestant Bourne, speaking of its "sayings and doings," "a fit preparation for so solemn a season?—will they not rather speak us heathens than Christians, and lead us to"—(we won't say where)—"rather than on the way to heaven?" Yet is the custom of mixing this species of foolery with religious ceremonies deduced from the remotest antiquity. "The learned Moresin," in his book "De depravat. Religionis," derives the Carnival from the days of Gentilism. Boemus Aubanus draws it from the "Lupercalia of Rome;" and Apuleius, in his "Golden Ass," expressly says that masquerading was a customary part of the Eleusinian mysteries. The passage is sufficiently curious to merit quotation. "Here," he says, "was one to be seen disguised as a soldier; there, another habited as an huntsman. One was dressed up in female habiliments, another figured as a gladiator. The mock magistrate, too, was there, with his *fasces*, and the simulated philosopher with his goatish beard. There, also, was the bird-catcher with his limed twigs, and the fisherman with his rods and hooks. I saw a tame bear, dressed like a matron, and carried about in a sedan chair (pardon the anachronism of the translation); and an ape in a straw hat, playing the shepherd; while an ass, with adscititious wings, bore a feeble old man, by way of parody on Pegasus and Bellerophon. But amidst these ridiculous amusements of the common people came the solemn procession of the saviour goddess, &c. &c."—lib. xi. Compare this account with that of Bishop Hall, who, in his "Triumphs of Rome," thus describes the jovial Carnival:—"Every man cries *Sciolto*, letting himself loose to the maddest of merriments, marching wildly up and down in all forms of disguises; each man striving to outgo other in strange pranks of humorous debauchedness, in which even those of the holy order are wont to be allowed their share. For howsoever it was by some sullen authority forbidden to clerks, and votaries of any kind, to go masked and misguided in those seemingly abusive solemnities, yet some favourable construction hath offered to make them believe, that it was chiefly for their sakes, for the refreshment of their sadder and more restrained spirits, that this free and lawless festivity was taken up."—p. 19.

The English, even in the benighted times of Popery, never took cordially to the masquerading part of the Shrovetide festival, but rather embraced the culinary view of the subject; and when Henry the Eighth stood godfather to the Reformation, fasting was among the earliest institutions to fall into disrepute. Skelton, the king's poet-laureate, reproaches the clergy in these words:—

> "Men call you therefore profanes,
> Ye picke no shrimps, nor pranes, (prawns)
> Salt fish, stock fish, nor herring,
> It is not for your wearing."

A "foolish figure" of speech: but let that pass.

> "Nor in holy Lenten season
> Ye will neither beanes ne peason:
> But you look to be let loose
> To a pigge, or to a goose."

The carnival, therefore, was in our countries kept in the true sense of the word, as a leave-taking to flesh-meat; and was observed chiefly in laying into the stomach such a quantum of the creature comforts as would go near to suffice for the whole of the following forty days. In the Oxford almanacks, the Saturday before Shrove Tuesday is called the *Fest Ovorum*, or the egg feast; which "Saturday," Brand, by a strange bull, says, "corresponds with our Collop Monday:" in what the correspondence between Saturday and Monday consisted, this deponent saith not: but the Monday before Shrove Tuesday was, "in Papal times," honoured with a due ingurgitation of collops and eggs, as a precautionary means of staying men's stomachs till Easter Sunday should arrive, to set that enslaved and benighted organ once more free. It would, we imagine, rather startle our unlearned readers if we quoted all the learning that has been set down touching the etymology of "collops." One derives it from the Greek, another from the Belgic, and a third from the Welsh. For our part (and we think the fact quite enough for our purpose) it is clear to us that the collops came from the butcher's shop; and were probably the last purchase made there before Ash Wednesday. These were, without doubt, esteemed by our ancestors as good substantial fare; but the summing up of their friandise, the second-course delicacy, was reserved for Shrove Tuesday itself, on which day the pancake was a source of high fun, not only in the consumption of the article, but in the ceremony of tossing it in the pan, about which "there is usually a good deal of pleasantry in the kitchen." It is worth remarking that a sort of pancake feast, preceding Lent, is observed in the Greek church; and Hakluyt tells us that "the Russians begin their Lent eight weeks before Easter; the first week eating eggs, milk, cheese, and butter, and making great cheer with pancakes and such other things."

That Shrovetide in England was observed with out-of-door pastimes, as a sort of carnival, we cannot doubt. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the great bell of St. Nicholas church is (or very recently was) tolled at twelve o'clock at noon on Shrove Tuesday, and "the shops are immediately shut, offices closed, and all kind of business ceases for the remainder of the day." This is analogous to the opening of the carnival at Rome by the firing of cannon. Whether the good people of Newcastle also celebrated this occasion by an execution, as the Romans, not long ago, did, does not appear; although (an execution being a truly English amusement) the fact is not so very improbable. But, however this may have been, Shrovetide was in these countries long infamous for the barbarous massacre of cocks, which, at that season, were fastened to a stake, and thrown at with cudgels till their limbs were broken in detail (as, of old, those of the felon were on the wheel), and their bodies "reduced to a jelly." This custom has given origin to a term sacred in the school-boy jargon of old England, where every object set up as a mark for a stone is *pueriliter vocatus* "a cock-shy." It is not, perhaps, impossible that from this ancient usage was derived the custom of calling together the Parliament sometime about Shrovetide, on which occasion his majesty's minister for the time being is set up to be flung at by his majesty's opposition *usque ad delicias* VOTORUM; and thus, the said minister, though seldom entitled to be considered as a *shy cock*, is made a *cock-shy* to all the malcontents in the kingdom.

The custom itself of throwing at a cock was in all probability derived from that of cock-fighting; and was adopted perhaps as a cheap substitute for that once popular amusement. In the reign of Henry II., William Fitz Stephen mentions cocking as the sport of schoolboys on Shrove Tuesday, when it was universally practised, the school being the cockpit, and the master the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the fight. This usage was retained in many Scotch schools even until the last century, and the schoolmasters claimed the runaway cocks as their perquisite. At present, we believe, the practice is very much confined to the children of the larger growth; and a very animating sport it is,—albeit (like most other "manly sports"), somewhat of the cruellest. Accordingly, that which is said to "beat cock-fighting," is universally regarded and taken as super-excellent in its kind. The cock has been a favourite source of amusement to the people of these realms from the *first* "syllable of recorded time." The animal was found in the island by Julius Cæsar at his first friendly visit to this country; a fact which *clearly proves* that the aboriginal Celts must have been Phœnicians, who, in their love of a fresh egg with their morning tea,* probably imported the bird, along with themselves, from the east. The royal cockpit at Westminster was built by Henry VIII. to gratify his amiable subjects' taste for blood, whenever they happened to be satiated with his queen-killing spectacles. James I., that brave king, loved the sport, and often pursued it in this edifice: and it is probably to flatter the national taste, that king's speeches have usually been rehearsed in the same place.

There is a plate of Strutt's which represents a cock dancing on stilts; and this may, in all likelihood, have been another Shrovetide amusement with our ancestors, though I am not aware that it is anywhere "so set down." †

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* We say "tea" advisedly; the Phœnicians came from the east, and so does tea: and it was quite as easy for them to go to China as to Mexico.—See the Reviews and Authors on Palanque.

† *Apropos* to cocks. In our days at Cambridge there was a pleasant story current in that university relative to Coxe, the celebrated tourist, which, being "in the vein," we may as well set down here. Coxe was a fellow of King's College, and an occasional resident. On some celebration of Pot Fair, there happened to be a puppet-show, which attracted what the London managers call "overflowing and rapturous houses." All the world went to see Punch, or wished to go;—among the rest, Coxe and some of his companions. But a scruple arose as to the compromise of dignity attending on a master of arts' appearance at so trifling an amusement; and, after a long discussion of the point, it was agreed that *numerus defendit,* and that, though it would be silly for one master to show himself there, a batch of masters might visit the booth together, without any breach of decorum. Giving effect to this decision, a strong party was made for the occasion; and the master of the show, delighted with the distinction paid to his dramatic talents, did all he could to honour his guests, by occasional allusions introduced into the scene. Among others, the following dialogue was improvised between Punch and his *compère,* Mr. Merriman:—

Punch. Well, Mr. Merriman, what do you think? I'm going to travel.

Merriman. Travel. Mr. Punch! What the deuce takes you abroad?

P. Why, to see sights, spend money, talk statescraft, and tell lies, as other gentlemen travellers have done before me.

M. And where do you mean to travel, Mr. Punch?

P. The grand tour, to be sure.

M. The grand tour! *Diable!* Then you must have a travelling tutor.

P. A travelling tutor, you spooney! to be sure I must. I have engaged one already.

The neglect of festivals, civil as well as religious, is one among the most striking characteristics of the times in which we live. Some persons may regard this as part and parcel of the imputed "irreligion and jacobinism" of the age. But, in the first place, ours is not a profane, but rather an emphatically religious age; and the English people are as much a "prayer-loving" people as they were in the times of good Queen Elizabeth, who first so designated them. The reason, as it seems to us, "of this effect defective," is that, while one part of the nation makes a feast of every day of the year, the other has not the means of feasting on any one day: so that between those who won't, and those who cannot, honour a festival with any extra gluttony, the usage has fallen into unintentional decay. Other days, other manners. The pancakes, as we have already insinuated, have been replaced by *beignets de pommes;* and the cockfighting part of the story finds its substitute in the gladiatorial amusements of Exeter Hall, in the tilting courses of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, the familiar epistles of Daniel O'Connell, and the leaders of the "Standard" and "Times" in reply. Controversy, polemical and political, has superseded cockfighting, even in the House of Commons; and if the Speaker, like the Scotch schoolmasters, were to have forced upon him all the shy cocks between whom he interposes his mace, and whom he binds over to keep the peace from the chair, he would be rather puzzled to know what to do with his perquisites.

While we were upon this subject it was our intention to have said a word or two upon Cockspur-street, and the improvements in its neighbourhood, to have related the history of the Cock-lane ghost, with a supplementary volume of Johnsonian anecdotes; to have appended some passages which occurred at the Cock at Eton; and to have disserted on the state of the funds, and the bulls and bears assembled at the Cock behind the Exchange; to have given a receipt for cocky-leeky soup; and an essay on spatch-cock, *alias* broiled fowl and mushrooms; together with a most satisfactory essay on those obscure proverbial expressions, cock of wax, waxing cockish, and *le pays de cocagne;* and also on the nature of the connexion between the cock and bottle; with many other cockish particulars too tedious to mention: but time is not eternity; and the pages of the "New Monthly" are not universal space: so, as the cross-lining, frank-filling, newspaper correspondents are wont to say, "the rest in our next." *μ.*

M. And who have you engaged, Mr. Punch?
P. Coxe, of King's.
Twenty times a day had Yorick's ghost the consolation of hearing "Coxe, of King's," squeaked out in Punch's most mellifluous accents from the corners of lanes and alleys. Whenever poor Coxe put his head out of the college gates, it greeted him; and he could not pass Trumpington-street without being thus saluted, even by the bed-makers' boys; so that he was at length fairly driven to leave Cambridge, till the storm should blow over, and the anecdote be forgotten.

A NAME.

THEY named him—ah! yet
Do I start at that name;
Have I still to forget?
Is my heart still the same
Long hours have passed on
Since that name was too dear;
Now its music is gone,
It is death to my ear!

It tells of a false one,
Ah! falsest to me;
My heart's life begun,
It has ended, with thee!
I loved, as those love
Who but one image know
In the blue sky above,
On the fair earth below.

I had not a thought
In which thou had'st no part;
In the wide world I sought
But a place in thy heart.
To win it I gave
All that had been my pride;
Like a child or a slave
Subdued at thy side.
All homage was sweet
I for thee could resign;
Others knelt at my feet,
But I knelt at thine.

I was happy, I dreamed
I could trust to thy word;
My soul's faith it seemed
In my idol—and lord!
And yet thou could'st change—
And, did we meet now,
Thy voice would be strange,
And altered thy brow.

I thought I had schooled
My heart from regret—
It will not be ruled,
'Tis so hard to forget.
I live in a crowd,
And I seem like the rest,
But my spirit is bowed
By a grief unconfess'd.

From my pillow at night—
'Tis so wretched—sleep flies,
And morning brings light
And the tears to my eyes;
They speak, and I ask what
It is they would say,
For the thoughts that I name not
Are with thee, far away.

'Twas a light word and careless
That named thee again;

There were none by to guess
  Why I shuddered like pain.
But the damp on my brow,
  The pang at my heart,
Revealed to me how
  Wildly loved still thou art.

Yet, false one, farewell!
  I have still enough pride;
Though hopeless to quell,
  Yet at least it can hide.
But, ah! may an hour
  Be waiting for thee—
When Love, in his power,
  Shall avenge him for me!

L. E. L.

SONGS.

I.

Farewell, and when to-morrow
  Seems little, like to-day,
And we find life's deepest sorrow
  Melts gradual away;
Yet do not quite forget me,
  Though our love be o'er;
Let gentle dreams regret me
  When we shall meet no more.

Not painfully, not often,
  Remembrance shall intrude;
But let my image soften
  Sometimes your solitude.
Let twilight sad and tender
  Recall our parting tear.
Ah! hope I might surrender,
  But memory is too dear.

II.

May morning light fall o'er thee
  When I am far away;
Let hope's sweet light restore thee
  All we have dreamed to-day.
I would not have thee keep me
  In mind by tears alone;
I would not have thee weep me,
  Sweet love, when I am gone.

No, as the brook is flowing
  With sunshine at its side;
While fair wild flowers are growing,
  All lovely o'er the tide,
So, linked with many a treasure
  Of nature and of spring,
With all that gives thee pleasure,
  My heart to thine shall cling.

The rose shall be enchanted
  To breathe of love to thee;
All fair things shall be haunted
  With vows of faith for me.
The west wind shall secure thee
  My tidings from the main,
But most of all assure thee
  How soon we meet again.

L. E. L.

THE YARD-ARM DUEL.

BY E. HOWARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &C. &C.

Rattlin loquitur.

IT is in his Majesty's navy that everything that is worth perfecting is carried into perfection. I will always maintain it. It is a faith in which I was bred, and in which I hope to die. Don't talk to me about your along-shore duels. Paltry affairs! What are slugs in a saw-pit? Sordid murders in a dust-hole. Your ten or twelve paces? A drivelling method of homicide. Your holding a handkerchief in one hand, and presenting a pistol at each other's brains,—I mean brain-*pans*—with the other? What is this but two fools at each end of a rag, and, if there be seconds, two scoundrels looking on? 'Tis true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," as old Polonius says, that your regular seaman sometimes becomes so far debased as to fight a duel *à l'ordinaire*, but it is only through the force of bad example, a contamination from the steam of the land. I am rather surprised at him, when he has yet his own legitimate method of settling his disputes. For, surely, he has an equal right to call out his landsman foe to the yard-arm, as his landsman foe has to call him out into the field.

Let no one suppose that I am about to sneer at the practice of duelling, or to call the practised duellist anything but a most respectable character. To be sure there can be no doubt that, if any man allows himself to be forced, by some bully, into a duel, he has committed a grave, a very grave crime. What right has an amiable private gentleman to hazard his valuable life, and bring down an irremediable calamity upon his family, until he have learned, and made himself a perfect master of, the art of private assassination, as it is practised in civilized society? Not the least in the world. When he has put himself on a par with the initiated bravo, let him then fight, not in God's name, nor in his own, if it has been at all honourable, but in the name of—never mind—it is a matter of opinion.

We are getting rid, at a glorious rate, of all our prejudices. Jack Ketch the hangman, and the public executioners all over the world, will soon relieve themselves from the opprobrium attached to their dignified profession. It is now taken up by commoners, peers, and princes. Everybody is making the discovery that he has a right to supplant Mr. Ketch, and execute a sentence of death against any one who offends him in his *individual* capacity; and moralists, and even some divines, will tell you that a little of this usurping of the hangman's duties is necessary for the preservation of the decencies and amiabilities of social life. Who doubts it? I don't for a moment. But it is the manner of the thing—the manner of the thing! ay,—there's the rub.

Now, suppose that it be necessary and just to put me to death, for insinuating that a notorious scoundrel, who may have a certain status in society, is neither an Aristides in justice, nor a Fénélon in morals. If I suffer for this high crime,—a sacrifice for the decencies of social

life, and my sentence be despatched by the public executioner,—it will be done in a business-like manner, and in as satisfactory a way as a thing of the sort can be performed; but when the act is left to the skill of this said notorious scoundrel, it is a thousand chances to one but that he will do it in a bungling manner,—he will either mangle me, or mutilate me,—or, what is still worse than death, peradventure, make me a cripple for life. This certainly cannot be right, or, at least, one may be allowed doubts upon the question.

As to a duel being a wager of battle—a sort of heavenly, or human, or hellish ordeal to avenge a wrong, or to establish a right—we all know that is sheer nonsense; for it is impossible that a duel can be fought exactly on fair and equal terms. If, with the weapon used, one party be in the least more expert than the other, the advantage must make the death *assassination* on the part of the more skilled,—and the depth of the guilt will be in proportion to the excess of the skill employed in committing it.

Now, taking all other things into consideration, and being myself a strenuous advocate for duelling, "and the preservation of the decencies and amiabilities of social life," I think that two things should be established by law. Firstly, that, as the duellist must be looked upon, in his public capacity, as the conservator of the refinement of the manners of society, and the elegant public executioner of the offenders against them, no man should be permitted to fight a duel until he had passed an examination, taken out a degree, and given satisfactory proof that he was as certain to drop his subject with his aim, as John Ketch is to drop his with his noose. Licentiates in this profession should wear an honorary badge upon the right arm, and, in all public processions, follow next after the great finisher of the law, taking precedence of all his assistants.

Secondly: As we well know that, in spite of this wholesome regulation, quarrels will arise suddenly upon the heat of the moment, and nothing but an exchange of lead will satisfy the rancour of heart, it should be enacted that all such duels should be fought immediately,—yard-arm fashion, in the nautical manner. If the parties be within fourteen miles of any square-rigged vessel, they should be compelled to repair to it and decide the matter at once; but inland, all over the kingdom, there should be, at stated intervals, as near the whipping-post and public stocks as possible, two poles, set erect in the middle of a horse-pond, and at a proper height there should be rigged across, two other poles something resembling yards, taking care that the footing should be deemed sufficiently unstable. From the end of these the combatants should fire at each other, until one or the other, or both of them, fell into the horse-pond beneath, which tumble should be deemed "*the satisfaction that one gentleman had a right to demand of the other,*" and no further proceedings to be taken in the matter, than having recourse to a sufficiency of hot gruel and warm blankets.

Having thus provided for the duelling of the kingdom, both in its public and private aspect; for the information of the curious, and the instruction of the pugnacious, I shall now proceed to show the manner in which a yard-arm duel (the only kind of duel which I hope shortly will be permitted in England) is actually fought. When I say the only kind of duel, I always speak *sauf aux droits* of the licentiate dueller, and there is only one way in which he can possibly be fought with—as thus:—

Supposing any blackguard insults a gentleman grossly, and he will make no *amende honorable.* Of course, the gentleman will not so far degrade himself as to invite his insulter to the yard-arm, either on shipboard, or over the horse-pond—but he will repair to the licentiate-duellist, and, giving him his fee—ten guineas, or thereabouts, will say to him,—"Mr. Bobadil, extract me an apology out of that jackanapes, or kill him off for me legally and scientifically." There can be no doubt but very few duels of this description will be fought.

Now, a duel is, abstractedly nothing, absolutely nothing in itself. Let us examine one as it is usually managed at the present day. There is a bow—a word—two sharp reports, simultaneously, or in rapid succession,—one man falls to the earth, and is in eternity,—the other principal and the two seconds walk home quietly. It is a common occurrence,—they hold up their heads, perhaps, a little more proudly, for if there be any common sense in society, they have only deserved its execration,—any security in the laws, they only have deserved to be hung,—any truth in religion, they do but stand a good chance of being damned. You see a duel thus managed is a mere trifle, and not at all interesting. But the accessories to it—the leading circumstances. It is on these that depend the excitement and the charm,—for, let the cold-blooded say what they will, there *is* a charm in shooting, and being shot at—at the end of a yard-arm in a brisk top-gallant breeze.

About a quarter of a century ago, in the very tug of the war, and when the British Channel was covered with privateers from Boulogne, Dunkirk, and Calais, there was a great demand for men-of-war brigs, to protect our merchant vessels, if they could not catch the luggers and the cutters that were so active after them. At this particular period, oak was very dear, and we were forced to husband our resources, both of timber and of time. To effect so desirable an object, the Sir Robert Seppings of the day bought, or caused the Government to buy, a piece of waste land, at the back of one of our dockyards, upon which he built continuously, like an elongated trough, two miles and three quarters of deal brig—not brigs; so, when a new sloop of war was wanting, it was lopped off, and thus the whole length was served out to the navy in junks. There were always, in the dock-yards, ready-made heads and sterns to clap on to them, and thus, a fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen-gun brig, directly it was called into existence, had merely to walk into a ready-made clothes shop, and fit herself with a new bonnet and bussell, and all other necessary toggery. Some of your loiterers about the Admiralty may feel inclined to deny this statement, and affirm that such a class of vessels, and so built, never existed. But, if any one doubt my word, let him ask those who have sailed in them, that's all.

I don't like punning; and so I shall say that it was a great *grief* to be appointed to one of these *pine*-built vessels. They had their own peculiar notions of sailing; they were not fond of the wind; they never hugged it. The little jades were too proud to *rise* to the sea, so they went through it, and not only thus washed their own faces, but the faces of all who might happen to be on their decks. In fine weather, they were as uncomfortable as vessels could be,—in bad, a great deal more so,—a possible impossibility that you would acknowledge had you ever been in a north-easter off Cherbourg in his Majesty's sloop of war the Water-Wagtail.

She had twelve eighteen-pound carronades, and two long sixes in her eyes. A fussy little craft she was,—like an angry old woman with a wet mop, always flinging the spray about,—she was lopped off from the trough, about a mile and a quarter in-shore; it was a very funny thing to see her chasing a French lugger privateer. She looked, for all the world, like a prim boarding-school miss in all her white muslins trying, with a mincing step, to catch a tattered and active gipsy that was mocking and mowing at her. There were some good hands on board of her, however.

The mention of the gipsy reminds me that I must get on with my tale. I never knew a prediction of these tawny prophetesses that turned out wholly true, or wholly false. With a little straining of the sense of their predictions, they are invariably correct in the wording,—in the spirit, hardly ever so. The yard-arm duel, so memorable in the records of his Majesty's sloop Water-Wagtail, was closely connected with one of these Egyptian prophecies.

Those lines about Portsmouth (I don't mean the poem written by ——,) are very beautiful, and just outside of them, to the eastward, there are some nice green lanes,—retreats that seem always so paradisaical to a sailor. A party of the officers of the Water-Wagtail was just emerging from one of them, when they were accosted by a genuine sibyl. She was as persuasive as Sin, and as ugly as Death, but with a volubility that would almost have awoke the dead. From an animal of this sort you cannot escape without a vaticination, which you must pay for, or a malediction gratis, which you will fear more than you will confess, and remember far longer than you ought. Of course, she saw in all of us incipient post-captains, and future admirals of all colours, blue, white, and red; and she declared that we were the sweetest batch of young gentlemen that she had ever dropped her old eyes upon.

The party thus addressed and magnified, consisted of four persons: the purser, Mr. Saveounce; the gunner, Mr. Flinstones; a wild, handsome, auburn-haired, curly-pated middy, Mr. Darever; and a beneficent-faced, heavy-cheeked, Chinesely-built, goodnatured master's-mate, with large red lips, and a remarkably fair and clear complexion. The purser was undoubtedly a scamp,—an underbred cockney, with the laudable ambition of becoming a gentleman, and only a little mistaken in the means. He was greedy, but not yet avaricious, as is too often the case with pursers. He had not yet perfected his character—being little more than two-and-twenty; but, when a man at that age has a stock of greediness to set up with, he need not despair of becoming, at fifty, an accomplished miser. He was remarkably flat-faced, and very presumptuous in his bearing.

The gunner, Mr. Flintstones, was a hard man,—to all outward appearance; had been promoted from before the mast for steady conduct and bravery; had an exalted notion of his own consequence in his Majesty's sloop the Water-Wagtail, and his importance in the world, and seemed to have reduced all his notions of right and wrong to the wording of his appointment, and to have regulated all his sentiments and perceptions, by his printed Gunner's Instructions.

Young Harry Darever was a youth of eighteen, who, if he had not happened to have had the best of hearts, would have been an

insufferable member of society. He invariably acted up to the impulse of the moment, and it was a good thing for himself, and for those about him, that nearly all his impulses took an honourable and a laudable direction.

But Mr. Cimon Swimkin, the master's-mate, was a character that cannot be despatched in a few words. He was as soft and as simple as a milkmaid listening to a ballad about love: his large blue eyes would run over with tears even at the sight of distress; he was always giving,—"No" seemed to him to be an impossible word; and he was credulous almost to fatuity, until he was once deceived, and then he was obstinately sceptical towards his deceiver ever after. You might banter him by the hour, and he would smile upon you innocently and blandly, and look most gratefully on you for the ridiculous light in which you were placing him, until he discovered your inhumanity (for it *was* inhuman), and then, stand clear,—his heavy yet athletic and sturdy frame enabled him to take ample vengeance for every insult. Often has he been seen crying over the rogue whom he had beaten to a stand-still for jeering him, and offering him everything he had to repurchase his friendship. A rascal would have pronounced Swimkin, at once, a born dupe,—and honest men, the best of fellows. Notwithstanding his easiness of temper, and the simplicity of his nature, he did his duty well, and only failed when the superabundance of his milk of human kindness had washed away from his heart that very needful brine that every salt-water sailor should possess.

The cunning old hag, with the instinct of her race, knew her prey directly. His whole bosom was as open to her as his palm. There he stood, with his widely-extended eyes gazing upon the cheat, not only with admiration but with fear; while she held his fat, large, red hand in the filthy clutch of her crooked and bony fingers, that looked more like the claws of a raven than parts of a human hand, he actually trembled beneath her flashing eye, and, obedient to her mandate, extracted with his left hand shilling after shilling from his pocket. At length his messmates interfered.

The woman had given him, for his seven shillings, long life, high rank, uninterrupted health, great wealth, a beautiful and virtuous wife, and a large family of rosy children; even the belief of all this was dirt cheap for the money. Swimkin had certainly laid out his cash to advantage.

But during this progress of vaticination, the purser, who aspired to the character of an *esprit fort*, was unceasing in his ridicule, which was repaid by the old crone with looks not only ferocious but deadly. Whilst the thrice happy Swimkin was looking upon himself and upon all around, with the heart-cheering complacency of a certainty of good fortune, and a flattering consciousness of deserving it, the gipsy looked about her for some other victim of credulity. There was no hope for her in the stern-featured gunner, and a good deal of danger in the waggish midshipman, Mr. Darever. The purser she had already committed to the tender mercies of Satan, but, as she was just turning round to depart, the latter person said to her, "Here, old Hop-and-go-dirty, I'm a better fist at fortune-telling than yourself. Hand us out your daddle, and I'll tell you whether you'll be hung this year or the next. Don't be spitting and fizzing that way, like a cat at a nonplus; instead of

paying me for the job, I'll pay you. What! are you too proud to earn a matter? Come, come, give us your flipper; only let me tell you your fortune, and I'll put more in it than you expect or deserve."

The old lady's avarice overcame her repugnance, and at length, with a sly and cautious look, she stretched out her shrivelled arm, and opened that ramification of ill-covered tendons and bones that served her for a hand. I would not record the disagreeable and disgraceful act that ensued, were it not necessary to my short tale. When Mr. Saveounce had got the gipsy's hand fairly in his own, to use Shakspeare's phrase, "he voided his rheum" into it, and, closing it suddenly, broke out into a horse-laugh of derision at the exasperated fortune-teller.

But his triumph at the success of this unmanly practical joke was not long. The old woman sprang from him with the energy of youth—of youth! it was the energy of a demon. She grew suddenly straight and tall, and after standing thus for a moment, at a height that probably she had never assumed for years, she instantly dropped, first upon her knees, and in that position, after loading him with every term that was opprobrious, solemnly called down God's curses upon him. Her abuse and her maledictions, though vulgar and not to be repeated, were startling for their energy. The recreant blenched before her, and deprecatingly began to say, "Good mother"—

"Mother to such as you!—I'd sooner be mother to the toad—to every thing horrible and unwholesome—how dare you talk of mothers? Your own was an outcast and an abomination—a broken and a defiled vessel that was trod down into the earth by the feet of the multitude; yet all too good for you. By this token I dishonour her grave:" and, going upon all-fours, she cleansed her soiled hand upon the grassy sod.

"But for your miserable self, you plunderer of the dead—you common robber," she continued—"you cheater of the sailor—I tell you, that before you are a week older you'll swing, like a felon as you are, at the yard-arm; and I call on Heaven to witness the truth of what I say. Get you a parson as fast as you can, and pray, pray, pray: and see if God will forgive a wretch like you. *He* may, but I will never—never. Prepare for the yard-arm—repent and swing—repent and swing—the yard-arm, I say, remember the yard-arm." And as she hobbled off, her muttered and mingled curses and threats were heard long after a turning of the lane had concealed her from our view.

Mr. Saveounce looked very blank, and not at all at his ease. Mr. Flintstones, the gunner, who was a Scotchman, and not a little superstitious, began very seriously to advise the purser to reform his life, converse with a clergyman, read his Bible, and set his house in order; for he assured him such prophecies from such an old woman were never uttered in vain. The young middy, between bursts of laughter which he neither could nor wished to control, wanted immediately to enter into a negotiation with "the devoted" for several and sundry of his traps; inflicting upon him the common-place observation, that he could not carry them with him into the other world. All this baiting was annoying enough; but when the honest, good-natured, simple-minded master's mate, Mr. Swimkin, began to comfort him, it was unendurable. He commenced pawing and fondling him with his fat hands,

and, with the tears standing in his eyes, began thus, in all sincerity, to condole with him.

"So, poor Saveounce, you'll be hung at last."

"Go to h— with you."

"Ah, Saveounce, my dear Saveounce, think of your precious soul. Don't speak in that careless way of the abode of the wicked. Only think! and so many happy hours that we have spent together! When you are gone, who will sing me, on Saturday night, 'Some say we venturous die-hards.' I hope to God, Saveounce, you won't die hard."

"You be d——d, Spooney-chops!"

"There! how profligate he is! and so near his latter end too. Saveounce, my dear Saveounce, I do believe, whatever all the world may say to the contrary, that pursers have souls to be saved. If there is anything heavy on your mind, my dear fellow, out with it—make a clean breast of it—die easy, and trust to a merciful Providence."

"If you don't clap a stopper on your canting nonsense, I'll flatten in that snivelling jib."

"There now, again, how angry he is because he's sure to be hung. Rather, my good, dear fellow, give me a list of your relations that you would wish to be written to, after the fatal event. I'll break the news to them with all possible delicacy—I will, upon my soul."

The purser stamped, gnashed his teeth, and thrust his fist in Swimkin's face, but he could not speak for passion. The master's-mate only shook his head, with a bland smile of commiseration, and continued thus to enact the consoler.

"My dear Saveounce, seeing the state that you are in, I can put up with anything from you now. Why, you might even strike me, if it wasn't very hard, seeing it is so near the last time." And then, laying his hand most affectionately on his victim's shoulder, the tears at last brimming over from his large and lacklustre eyes, he brought his canticle of comfort to a conclusion in these words: "Dear, excellent Saveounce, don't disappoint me; for the sake of your shipmates be hung for something manly and spirited, such as pitching your commanding officer overboard, poking the port-admiral's eye out, or, if it be for a gallant highway robbery, I shouldn't much mind. Fine fellows, very fine fellows indeed, my dear Saveounce, have been hung for saying 'Stand;' but don't you, pray don't you swing for murder, or for forgery; and for the honour of the Wagtails, I beseech you, don't let it be for"——

The enraged purser would not give him time to finish his admonition, but drove it back into his teeth with a violent blow in the mouth. This was promptly returned by the comforter. The gunner immediately, without a word being spoken, inducted himself as second to the purser; the midshipman naturally taking the same office for the master's-mate. The two seconds performed their *ex-officio* duties but indifferently, from excess of laughter.

But there was to be another witness to the scene, and that was the old gipsy. Standing on a high bank in a field beneath the hedge, near which the combatants were pommeling each other, the woman frantically tossed up her arms with mirth at the strife below her; and at every blow that the heavy fist of Swimkin dealt upon his older yet weaker opponent, she screeched forth an unnatural laugh, and clapped

her skinny hands. "Well done!" she exclaimed, "my fair one—well stricken, my loved one by the ladies. Joy, joy, my young lieutenant, that blow was for me—hurrah, my young commander! See how the insulter of age staggers—fell the mocker of old women to the earth again, my noble captain! See, see, how the coward reels—that is his own base blood that he is treading into the mire! He spat upon me—one blow, one hearty blow for that, admiral—well done! well done! I am revenged—he a man to brave the ocean!—see, he has swooned like a sick girl." And the old hag spoke truly, for, in less than a minute and a half, the mild and blubber-lipped Swimkin had, to use a pugilistic expression, for a time, "knocked the life out of him."

The flow of benevolence returned to Swimkin's heart with the fall of his opponent. He hung over him with as much fondness as if he had been his unoffending brother; he accused himself of everything that was cruel and inhuman, and pathetically appealed to the gipsy, who stood grinning above the group, for her assistance.

At length Saveounce revived, but sadly bruised about the countenance. He said but little, but his look expressed everything that was malevolent, and his mental agony was not a little increased by his being compelled to endure the mockings of the ragged Pythoness who stood jabbering above him. He repulsed with faint tones, but with the language of burning hate, all the affectionate advances and bear-like fondlings of his conqueror; and being supported by the gunner and the middy, prepared to steal, by the most unfrequented by-ways, into the town. As they turned to depart, the good-natured Swimkin made one last appeal to the implacable hag to take the ban of hanging from off his shipmate.

"No, no, fair and happy Sir," she screamed out; "all good fortune is for you—he must hang, he must hang, he must hang! The boatswain is ashore, at this very moment, drawing the rope from the dock-yard with which he will swing—he must hang!"

Weak and beaten as was the purser, this last malediction seemed to have given him new strength, for he picked up a huge stone and sent it whizzing at his denouncer's head, with what effect is uncertain; for that old hooded head and red cloak suddenly disappeared, and were seen no more. The master's-mate always afterwards averred that she sank into the earth; and when subsequently, through a train of good luck, and a perseverance in good conduct, he became lieutenant, commander, post-captain, and rear-admiral, at each of these successive appointments, he very devoutly thanked the gipsy. We believe that our friend is still living, as good and *almost* as simple as ever.

However, we have only to do with him as a master's-mate, and the fighter of a yard-arm duel, who, we will suppose, is now following into Portsmouth, but respectfully at some distance behind, his brother officers, very melancholy, and much lamenting his hard fate that had compelled him so excellently to beat a person of whom he was very fond as a companion, and whom fate was so soon to take from him by an act of suspension.

In the dusk of the evening the purser got on board in a shore-boat, stole down below, and immediately reported himself sick, in order to afford time for his blackened eyes and discoloured visage to resume their natural ugliness.

The athletic, fat, and blubber-lipped, blue-eyed master's-mate went on board the next day unmarked, and unhurt save in his mind, which was much pained that Mr. Saveounce should still continue in deadly enmity with him; but even this could not materially disturb the equanimity of his temper; so he went on doing his duty, smiling on every body, thinking life a very pleasant privilege, and life in a very miserable wet brig not only a pleasant but a high one. Shame on those who could force such a character into a duel!

Three days after these occurrences, and before Mr. Saveounce's discolourations had become matter of history (we like a sounding phrase), his Majesty's sloop of war, the Water-Wagtail, was reported ready for sea. Captain Hilburn was that day to dine with the Admiral on board the flag-ship, and the signal was to be made for the Wagtail to lie-to in the offing, so that, when the skipper's skin should be well filled with wine, it would only be necessary to fill the Wagtail's sails with wind, stand in, pick up the captain in his gig, and then make all sail with the despatches. All this was a very pretty arrangement, combining comfort with a zeal for the service; for though the country must be served with energy and *abandon*, captains, at least, must dine.

This was in the merry month of May. About two o'clock, Captain Hilburn, seeing his vessel under weigh, and every sail properly trimmed, and every rope hauled taut, pushed off, first for the Admiral's office on shore, and afterwards with the Admiral himself, on board the Royal William, to dine! for it so happened that that day several distinguished characters were on a visit to Portsmouth, and, being landsmen, they thought that a dinner would eat much better afloat at Spithead, in a cooped-up cabin, than in the *salle à manger* of the commander-in-chief's mansion in High-street, Portsmouth. There is no accounting for taste.

Now, as on this beautiful afternoon the Water-Wagtail, under easy sail, stood on and off on the coast of the Isle of Wight, the first lieutenant, with a keen eye to the cleanliness of the quarter-deck, thought he discovered in some broken pieces of rock that lay scattered over a sandy little cove on the island some excellent materials for holystones. As the skipper was showing his zeal for the service by hobbing and nobbing with the admiral's guests, with the desperate air of a determined officer, the first lieutenant thought that he also would show his zeal for the service, though not in such high emprize or before such distinguished spectators. He therefore turned the hands up, "out barge," triced up the yard-tackles, squared the yards, and soon had her off the booms on the water. She was the largest boat allowed to the brig, and pulled sixteen oars. When she lay alongside manned, the first luff sent for Mr. Swinkin, good, pliant Mr. Swimkin, and thus addressed him:—

"You see that sandy little cove, Mr. Swimkin; pull in there with the barge, and if those fragments of rock that you see lying about the beach be at all fit for holystones, bring off a good number of them. The sand, too, if it is not too coarse and muddy, would be very serviceable—some thirty or forty buckets-full will be enough. But Mr. Swimkin, mind"—and he held up a cautionary forefinger—"the tide is running out like a midshipman who has bilked a grog-shop" (the simile was not generous), "so keep the barge afloat, and by no means allow a single man to leave her."

To all this the broad-featured master's mate touched his hat, and said, "Ay, ay, Sir," which being construed into English, means that the command shall be punctually obeyed.

A mattock for breaking the rock, and a couple of buckets with which to collect the sand, having been handed into the barge, the brig stood in as far as was prudent towards the land, and cast her off. The provident first having tacked off shore, began to think of his own provender, and that *il faut diner* was a maxim as applicable to lieutenants as to captains, even if the applicability could be carried to no lower a grade in the service.

People on shore, perhaps, do not know what holystones are, to procure which, this formidable expedition of seventeen men and an officer was despatched. I might here, were I not too generous, fling a heap of stones at my readers' heads, and, becoming geological, talk of primary, secondary, tertiary, and transition rocks; but I won't; I will even resist the temptation thus offered me of battering down other people's systems, to insinuate that I have a better one of my own. Of all this I will do nothing, but merely state that a holystone is a petrified scrubbing-brush, and called "holy," because those who use it are compelled to go on their knees before it.

Having now explained what are holystones, I must be allowed a few moments for congratulation, and be permitted to look around me with a self-satisfied air. I have brought everybody into a state of enjoyment. At this present moment, Captain Hilburn is doing, with a concentration of energy almost terrible, the agreeable to the ladies in the admiral's drawing-room. He has just told one little Miss of sixteen that she need not be alarmed at the length and weight of his sword, for that he is too much of a gentleman to draw it before ladies. This he will maintain is a mixture of badinage and raillery; and he is now saying to a more matured beauty something about the happiness that fate reserves for that man who is destined to "swing in the same hammock with her;" and this he considers as the acmé of elegant gallantry. Your rough sailor of the last century, in female society, was not easily ridiculed out of his bashfulness; but when you had beaten his *reserve* he always fled for protection under the batteries of impudence. When he was quizzed for saying nothing at all, he generally corrected himself by stopping at nothing in what he said.

If the captain was happy, the first lieutenant was far from miserable. On deck, he had been zealous for his Majesty's service, below, he was zealous for his own. He had a clear conscience and an excellent case-bottle of Jamaica. Thus, as he measured the hours, not by glasses of sand, but of strong grog, the time fleeted joyously past; and, at every half-hour the sentry struck the bell, he confessed that he was adding another portion to his stock of human happiness.

Mr. Swimkin and his seventeen men,—were they happy? Oh, too gloriously happy! but, as the poet saith, "with bliss too mighty long to last;" for the tide both of prosperity and salt-water had left them high and dry, though, considering the quantity of rum and water they had all and several of them drunk, their being dry was certainly a minor sort of a miracle. It was a warm afternoon, and the men had worked well; yet not a soul would the conscientious master's-mate suffer to start from the boat until the rocks were broken up, the sand collected, and the

whole stowed away in the barge, that now was rather low down in the water.

But, when the master's mate gave the word to shove off and pull on board, then, simultaneously from the whole boat's crew, arose Jack's favorite chant:

"This day be grog, strong grog my lot;
All else beneath the sun
I care not if bestow'd or not,
Let but the rum-cask run."

"But one glass a-piece"—there was the shop with its little weather-obliterated sign swinging not two hundred yards off. They would all run up and back in the shaking of the weather-leach of the maintop-sail. They pleaded hard, they had worked well, and they were addressing the most exorable of master's mates. Need we then wonder that they were successful? At length, the too-persuadable officer agreed that they should have one, only one, glass of rum apiece; but in order that they might not exceed or stray away, he told them that he would go up to the house with them, and bring them all down again directly; but who should remain with the barge to keep her afloat? That difficulty was soon surmounted. The only scamp belonging to the boat's crew, and who had pre-determined to desert, heroically offered himself as a sacrifice to the pleasures of his shipmates. All this being so satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Swimkin, with conscious benevolence beaming upon his broad fair face, yet with a vigilant eye to the right and left, and to the rear of his thirsty gang, marched up with the composure natural to seamen in danger, to storm the grog-shop. As they advanced, many and ardent were the compliments that reached the not ungratified ear of the too-lenient officer. They were delicately conveyed by the seamen in speeches to each other, but Jack took care that a side-wind should blow every sentence into the right harbour.

They reached the little spirit-ship. The master's mate, putting them all on their honour not to take more than one glass of grog apiece, and giving the coxswain of the barge charge of the back-door, that none of the men might stray away through that vent, sate himself down composedly on the bench at the front-door, in all the happy consciousness of doing his duty with indulgence. He had manfully resisted the respectful importunities of his men to partake of the fiery beverage; but there was something to be resisted equally seductive.

This particular May afternoon was one of the most genial, balmy, and peaceful of which May could ever boast, even in the blessed regions of Arcady. The bench on which Mr. Swimkin had placed himself, was broad and ease-imparting. Before him lay the sea just breaking into silver ripples; the Water-Wagtail was under easy sail, stemming the tide, and was gliding without effort, like a graceful young lady over a green carpet. Directly under his eye was the barge, laden with the spoils of the beach, properly afloat, with the boat-keeper remarkably attentive to his duty. There was security in all he saw, and peace, and enjoyment. As the gentle breeze came over the little flower-garden of the alehouse, it flooded his senses with gushes of fragrance, and would pass soothingly away and another follow, laden with fresh odours. Not many feet distant was heard the gentle and musical droning of the

bee-hives, which, mingling with the happy hum of the sixteen seamen within, was, altogether, enough to sing a requiem to a soul composed of much less happy associations than that of the easy master's mate.

But, knowing the responsibility of his position, with a desperate determination he kept his eyes open, or, at least, he thought so. Innocent Cymon Swimkin! you should have distrusted yourself, and deemed that you were at least half asleep, when you saw, without surprise, your own vessel, the Water-Wagtail, sail deliberately out of the sea right into the sky, and when she had reached the zenith, turn herself clean over in a sommerset, and then shaking herself, throw out all the bad subjects on board of her, plump into the waves beneath. You laughed then when you saw the purser, with sundry empty bread-bags and rotten cheeses, come souse into the water. Yet you thought yourself all this while wide awake, watching the door of the cabaret with one eye and your own vessel with the other. Deluded Cymon! ought you not to have roused yourself with an effort, when you saw the barge walk coolly out of the water, set herself bolt upright upon her stern, slip on a white muslin dress with silver spangles, take her two stroke-oars for a pair of arms, get a decent head upon her shoulders by a process that you could not comprehend, and finally, in the shape of a buxom landlady, invite you to dance a reel before the very door of the inn where you were watching the sobriety of your men? And you danced, lost, lost Cymon! you jigged it merrily, and actually thought yourself all the while wide awake.

Alas! he was soundly asleep in three minutes. He had no occasion to bribe a monkey-faced pander, in the shape of a doctor, to bring the goddess to his arms. It was she who wooed, who pursued him. Her lulling whispers were ever stealing into his ears. Many a night-watch he walked under the solemn and tender shadowings of her downy wings. She would spread her mantle for him over the wet deck, and make him blest even amid "the peltings of the pitiless storm;" and when his round and good-humoured cheek lay upon the cold iron gun, the beneficent goddess would insinuate her luxuriant bosom between it and the hard metal, and the slumbers of kings on their down were not equal to his. Shall we then wonder that, under all the soothing influences of a soft sun and a young spring, he slept only as the innocent and the fat sleep, whose digestions are good?

Mr. Swimkin grew more wakeful as he grew older, and many a mid-watch has he beguiled by telling me the whole of his long dream on the alehouse bench in the Isle of Wight; it was an epitome of his life, and the gipsy played in it a most conspicuous part. However, just at the moment that he thought that he was entering a foreign harbour, as Admiral of the White, he was awakened by the salute that the batteries were firing in his honour, and he started into his every-day senses with amazement and horror. The discharge of the ordnance was real. What a sight met him! There was the brig, firing gun after gun, with signals hoisted for the barge's recall at the main and foretop-mast heads, at the end of the peak, in fact, in every place where they could be displayed. He had slept for more than three hours. The sun was just setting. The poor fellow began rubbing his eyes until he nearly forced them back into his brain. He thought, at first, that

his waking were his sleeping impressions; but, dreaming or not, he must act to the best of his abilities.

Upon a full review of the miseries of his situation, he found that the treacherous jade, the barge, who had lately been dancing reels with him in a mob-cap so lovingly, was now high and dry, a good quarter of a mile from the sea that had deserted her; nor was the sea the only object that had proved faithless—her keeper, like other keepers when they find themselves at low water, had deserted her also; and there she lay on her side, looking most miserable and disconsolate, gravid with stones and sand. If this was bad, other matters were still worse. Fifteen of the sixteen men were either beastly or brutally drunk, and the other man, the coxswain, was only offensively or impertinently so. With much labour he got them all down to the boat, but the only thing that they would do when they were there, was to lie down in a heap and go to sleep under her lee. The firing on board the Water-Wagtail continued, and the same amusement was commenced on board the flag-ship at Spithead.

Leaving Mr. Swimkin at last fairly out of temper, and swearing at and kicking his drunken charge, we must now return to Captain Hilburn, who, at about half-past six, was coolly supping his claret with the admiral and the distinguished party who had dined with him. At that time precisely, a post-chaise with four jaded horses, containing a king's messenger and the expected dispatches, rattled into the streets of Portsmouth. Not a moment was lost; the admiral's eight-oared galley was manned, and, at a quarter before seven, these important documents were placed in the admiral's hands, and by him committed to Captain Hilburn, with injunctions to use the utmost expedition. There was a hasty glass of wine swallowed, a grasping of hands, the signal flying for the Water-Wagtail to close with the flag-ship; and Capt. Hilburn, jumping into his gig, was on board his own craft at seven o'clock precisely.

Here all was disarray and confusion. The vessel could not proceed to sea short of seventeen hands, an officer, and her principal boat. Nobody on board had taken the trouble to keep a look-out on the motions of the holystone party until it was too late, or much of the mischief might have been prevented. Bang! Bang! every five minutes goes the admiral, with the signal flying for the Water-Wagtail to proceed on her mission. Bang! Bang! goes the Water-Wagtail, with her signals flying for the barge to come on board. The skipper was just raving mad, and no worse. He pulled off his cocked hat, he flung it into the air, and when it fell upon the deck, he jumped upon it. No doubt but that the admiral and all his distinguished company were watching the motions of his brig. He who had promised such alacrity! He put, in that one half-hour of tempest, the first lieutenant three times under arrest, and three times he commanded him to return to his duty. He ordered the gun that fired the signal to be shotted. For a short time he was a maniac.

Now, the admiral, at anchor at Spithead, could not comprehend the cause of this procrastinated disobedience of orders, so ceased firing guns and making signals; but we saw his barge manned, and push off seaward. This brought the captain to his senses. He then did what should have been done long before, manned all his other boats, put them under the charge of the first lieutenant, and sent him for the

barge, her desponding officer, and her drunken crew. Even then there were much labour and time required to get her afloat; of course everything was thrown out of her, and she was carried and dragged to the water's edge, and launched. Every sober Jack took a drunken Jack upon his shoulders, and at last they were all fairly embarked.

As our friend Cymon Swimkin was walking disconsolately, "like Niobe, all tears," towards the sea, he several times determined to make a run of it: indeed, the angry first lieutenant strenuously advised him to do so; and so he certainly would have done, as he has often told me, had it not been for the predictions of the gipsy. Being provided with a wonderful stock of faith, he was resolved to face every thing, and see it out, in order to die an admiral.

At length, the whole procession of boats got on board; the drunkards were tumbled up like so many sacks of bran, and then placed in irons to grow sober; and Mr. Swimkin immediately was placed under arrest.

The boats were all on board, the sails trimmed, and we were bounding over the waves, just when the admiral's barge was within a quarter of a mile of the brig: of course we would not see her. It was not a very wild speculation to suppose that she contained an officer to supersede the captain. By the time that it was dark we were far, far at sea.

We now come to the memorable duel that wound up all these incidents, saved the master's mate from punishment, and verified the prediction of the gipsy, exactly in the manner that gipsy's predictions are verified. Let not the reader suppose that I am amusing myself, or trying to amuse him, by weaving a tissue of fiction: I am relating nothing but unexaggerated facts. Though it is now more than thirty years since they occurred, I trust that there are many still living who remember this middle-watch monomachy, and recognise the true vessel under the assumed name of the "Water-Wagtail."

That night the gentle Cymon did not turn in—that is, for once in his life, he was sleepless in the hours of sleep. The captain (considerate man!) had caused it to be intimated to him that, the next day, at noon precisely, he would disrate him, station him in the main-top, and wind up these important ceremonies by giving him three dozen at the gangway. His faith in the gipsy began to be shaken; he now rather wished that he had saved his shoulders by the means of his legs.

Now, as the master's mate was watchful from anxiety and nice calculations of the pain that each of the three knots on the nine tails of the cat might inflict upon the ramification of nerves across his back, so the purser also was fully awake, from the excitement of the odious pleasure he took in the degradation and misery of his mild opponent; besides, he could not show his battered countenance on deck in the daylight, so he came to breathe the fresh air of the beautiful May night. It was just two bells, or one o'clock, when Mr. Swimkin shoved his unlucky head above the hatchway, and, seeing nobody but friends on the quarter-deck, lugubriously crawled aft. He was a fine figure of fat woe: his two rounded cheeks hung down like overcharged jelly-bags, and his pulpy lips looked as if they had been recently stung. There was then no officer on deck but the gunner, Mr. Flintstones, who had had a dream, and therefore declined sleeping any more that night, and the midshipman that was always in mischief, Mr. Darever, and who, having passed, had the charge of the third watch.

The moon was at the full, the breeze light, and the brig, with her royals set, was standing on a wind, going about three knots an hour, with her head down Channel. There was nothing in sight—neither land nor vessel. It was *not* the sort of night to fight a duel in. But I have time neither to be poetical nor philosophical. The gunner and the mid, who were both terribly grieved at the misfortune of the master's mate, were trying their rough skill at condolement, when the malicious face of Mr. Saveounce made its appearance up the hatchway. In the merry moonlight, his countenance wore a livery of all manner of hideous colours; but a pale green and a livid blue predominated. His smile was positively demoniac when he advanced to the sorrow-stricken Swimkin, and thus unceremoniously addressed him,—

"So, ho! Mr. Holystone gentleman, to-morrow I shall see your broad white back scored down like a loin of fresh pork for the bake-house. The great baby went to sleep with its jowl in its fist, did it? Pretty dear! how it will writhe and twist at the gangway! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the stern old gunner, gravely.

"If you say another word to annoy my messmate, I'll knock you down the hatchway," said Darever, in a passion. But poor Swimkin only said, quietly, "I wonder, Saveounce, how you can have the heart to do it."

"And why not?" said the purser, fiercely. "I tell you, gentlemen, I'll not be bullied here. I don't pretend to fight like a blackguard. You took a dastardly advantage of your strength; and I tell you, you are a pitiful, blubbering, contemptible coward, that neither knows how to handle a pistol or fight like a gentleman."

"Don't I?" said the fair mass of white fat, that was fast bubbling up into boiling heat.

"You don't, you dastard! I dare you to do it."

"When? where?"

"Here, this very moment, across the quarter-deck. I'd pawn my salvation to get a shot at you."

"I won't disappoint you. I'd rather be shot by such a miscreant as you, than be flogged to-morrow morning. Mr. Flintstones, oblige me by lending us a couple of pistols directly."

"Ah, do," said the inconsiderate officer of the watch.

"No, no," said the old man, deliberately; "we must not make a rumpus over the skipper's head. God forbid that I should balk the gentlemen in their wish of settling their quarrel in a gentlemanly way; but it must be in a gentlemanly way—from yard-arm to yard-arm—that's the regular naval way; going out of fashion now—so much the worse. Come, gentlemen, toss for the yards: I'll have the crackers ready in the flash of a pan."

This suggestion was acceded to immediately, and even eagerly. After a little debate, it was arranged that, as the brig had her larboard tacks on board, and the purser not being a nautical man, he should have the fore-yard to stand on; thus he would be enabled to hold on by the fore-lift, or fore-topsail clew-lines, with his left-hand, and fire at his adversary with his right—the fore-topsail forming a background and bellying out behind him. Really, there was there very pretty standing

for a duellist. Swimkin's position was neither so pleasant nor so convenient. Being on the mainyard, the main-topsail was between him and the purser, without he went out at the extreme end of the yard; and then he had nothing to hold on by but the leach of the main-topsail, and thus, in some measure, to take aim over his left arm. But these were found to be but trifling impediments when the parties were so much in earnest. All the preliminaries having been arranged, and each of the combatants having given their honour that they would compromise no one, and that they would, or the survivor of them, protest that he or they stole up to their respective stations without the concurrence or connivance of any one, the sagacious Mr. Flintstones laid down two loaded ship's pistols on the fore-bits, so that it might not be said he either lent or gave the combatants the instruments of war. They then tossed for the first fire, which was won by the purser.

All this was so quietly managed, that I do not think the seamen on deck comprehended what was going on,—certainly they seemed to pay no attention to it. Each of the belligerents, placing his pistol in his bosom, mounted the rigging, and lay out by the horses upon the yards. The purser had some difficulty in getting his footing upon the yard itself from off the horses; but he accomplished it in less time than we had anticipated.

Behold them each at their stations, waiting for the purser to begin.

"Keep her full; on no account lift a cloth," said Darever to the man at the wheel. "Give my messmate fair play. The sails draw beautifully: they are as steady as a humming-top asleep. Now for it."

"Are you ready?" said the purser, taking a deliberate aim at the master's mate, who was standing at the extremity of the yard.

"Ready," was the subdued answer of the youth of much obesity, adjusting the aim of his pistol at his opponent's head.

"Take that," squeaked Saveounce, in his discordant tones.

"My compliments with that," replied Cymon, almost good-humouredly.

Smack! smack!—The sharp reports of the pistols, at the height at which they were discharged, sounded strangely inconsequential, and hardly sufficiently loud to excite attention on deck. The gunner and Mr. Darever watched, however, very silently for the consequences. The fat master's mate stood firmly as a statue; but with the purser it was far otherwise. After he had discharged his shot—firstly, his pistol fell into the water; he next staggered, and had just time, with his disengaged hands, to wind the loosened rope in many coils around them, when, no longer able to keep his precarious footing, he fairly dropped from the yard, but not into the sea. The ball from the weapon of Mr. Swimkin had cut the clew-line by which he had held on, a little above his head, and his support thus giving way above him, and he not being able to carry his sea-legs with him to the yard-arm, falling, he enacted a very good representation of a naval hanging.

Swimkin, seeing his adversary thus *sus. per. man.*, gave the full extent of his orbs to the inspection of the moon, by opening them more widely than did any man since the time of Regulus. "Hung, by jinky! The gipsy's a witch, and I shall be rear-admiral of the red!" he exclaimed, all gladness: but, immediately after, he was all sorrow; for no passion or hatred could effectually squeeze the mother's milk out of his large heart. He was on deck in a moment.

But what was to be done with the purser, who was swinging between sky and ocean, and making most pathetical lamentation? The middy, who was keeping the watch, had a great disinclination to back the main-yard, lest he should excite the attention of the captain and the officers below; so he and the hard-hearted gunner told the dangling sufferer to hold on like a grappling-iron, and not to *stand* snivelling there like a whipped schoolboy. They promised to lower him down into the water, and then fish him in by the means of a boat-hook, or by some other expedient. So they cast off the fall of the clew-line from the belaying-pin, and began to veer away, until the dependency was fairly in the sea. Now, as the devil would have it, who, it appears, has a great affection for pursers who fight duels, just when our friend, or his, was fairly immersed, there sprang up a sharp breeze, so sharp, indeed, that they were immediately forced to take in the royals. The brig heeled over; and, instead of going only about three knots an hour, began to gallop off at the rate of seven. There was poor Saveounce, towed along like a bait for a shark, or a dirty blanket, in order to have its foulness washed away. We trust that this towing had, morally, a similar effect to that of the blanket upon this sinner, and that this period of towage was a period of repentance, so that he arose, in the language of cant, " a wiser and a better man."

But the dashing of the waters about his ears confounded him: it seemed to him as if he were careering through the boiling seas with the expedition of a shooting-star; and, anon, he fancied that he was a sword-fish racing with a whale. Then he let go his hold of the rope; and, before the brig could be hove to, he was a good mile astern.

Nobody on board cared much about this: it was only the purser— and such a purser! The gunner was thinking chiefly of the manner in which he should expend the pistol, and whether he could pass his accounts with an item like the following—" One ship's pistol lost overboard, with one purser ditto." Mr. Darever, having backed the main-yard with four men jumped into the gig astern, and was lowered away immediately. The captain, officers, and most of the ship's company, at the cry of " A man overboard!" were on deck in an instant.

But where was Swimkin? Only a few yards from Saveounce, blowing, and almost swimming, like a porpoise. When the boat reached him, he had hold of his former enemy by the back of the neck, and was shaking him as a huge Newfoundland dog may be supposed to shake a sprawling little puppy; for the purser, in the insanity of fear, was flinging his arms and legs about, as if resolved to die with a splash. Had it not been for the master's mate, he would have drowned himself by his own exertions.

He was brought on board in a state of insensibility. Swimkin was pardoned by the captain for his heroic conduct; the drunken men were forgiven, because their officer had escaped; and it was not till long after that the skipper knew in what manner Mr. Saveounce got into the water, and then it became only a subject for laughter. The fore-top-sail clew-line was spliced, and everything went well; for the purser became grateful, made dead men chew less tobacco, had more respect for old women, and even once paid the reckoning at Malta, when Swimkin and he had regaled themselves at a tavern,—all of which may be ascribed to the " Yard-arm Duel."

VIVE LE DUELLO!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE day's at hand, the young, the gay,
The lover's and the postman's day,
The day when, for that only day,
February turns to May,
And pens delight in secret play,
And few may hear what many say.
   Be it dull, or be it fine,
   Come with those bright eyes of thine;
   Come, and make the season shine
   For the day, sweet Valentine!

Now are found sweet annual fates;
Now the birds elect their mates;
Now from dawn love goeth blind,
Till its own true love it find:
He 'll not ope his eyes, nor she,
Till themselves encounter'd be,
Fearing bond compulsory;
Fearing Jones and fearing Jenkins,
And so they go with constant blinkings.
"And how should they their true love know?"
Oh, by answers, soft and low;
Or by some such touch of hand,
As only love can understand;
Or a kiss (if safe from spies)
Bolder for the blinded eyes.
Gentle love, made bold with mirth,
Is the sweetest thing on earth.
   Come, with those kind eyes of thine,
   And make it bold, sweet Valentine!

Now, the servant maiden stops
Doating on the stationers' shops,
Where she sees the hearts and darts,
Bleeding sweet as cherry tarts:
She 'll to-day have one herself,
Or close on Dick the pantry shelf.
   Come, with those kind eyes of thine;
   Come, and bring him, Valentine!

Now the postman may not choose
But wear out his winter shoes,
Knocking here, and knocking there,
Till a pulse fills all the air,
And the breathless blushes rise
Under letter-reading eyes.
Anne has one, and Jane another,
Flying from their snatching brother.
Oh, may loving freedom meet
As much pardon and heart-heat,
As impertinence meets ire,
And a thrust into the fire.
   Come, and see that hearts combine
   The P's and Q's, O Valentine!

And thou *dost* come. Lo! I hear
Pinions; and thy birds appear
Two and two. (Some larks from Dunstable
Clear the way, and act as constable.)
Cupids mingle with the birds,
Luring on, with winged words,
Youths and maidens, also pair'd,
Simple-cheek'd, and gentle-hair'd,
But squeezing (simple though they be)
Each other's hands excessively.
You can't conceive how hard they do it,
Though their faces may not show it.
Hymen, then, hung all with rings,
Danceth to their jingellings,
In a robe of saffron hue,
Like the crocus, now that's new.
Golden robes, and rings, and hair—
Angel-like, he burns the air.
And then thou comest, O thou priest,
Whose sweet creed hath never ceased,
Christian truly and benign,
Orthodoxest Valentine!

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY. NO. II.

——Man, cursed man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine,
From the low peasant to the lord
The turkey smokes on evey board.

Gay's Fables.

Mercy on us! turkey again!—We grant the infliction. All the world has *supped full* of turkey. We are aware that the martyr who reads these lines may have been very recently and very intimately acquainted with the bird plain roasted, boiled, grilled, devilled—*aux truffes et à la broche*,—*en daube*—as a galantine, as a blanquette, and as a marinade;—that he has probably not omitted to amuse himself with the *cuisses et ailes à la sauce Robert*, and with the ailerons *piqués et glacés*, *en haricots*, *en fricassée de poulets*, *à la Sainte-Menehould*, *en chipolata ou à la financière*, and *en matelotte*—to say nothing of playing with the remains of the goodly fowl served as a *hachis à la reine*. One word more only on this part of the subject, as advice for the future to neophytes: it is given with all the oracular gravity that distinguishes a high priest of Comus. "Quand il est gras et dans la nouveauté, on le sert à la broche, piqué ou bardé. Quand il est vieux, on ne l'emploie que pour daube ou galantine à la gelée. La dinde est plus délicate que le dindon." All this we devoutly admit —to this amiable dictation of *Le Cuisinier des Cuisiniers* we bow; but when the great gastronomer asserts, *e cathedrâ*, that we owe this bird to the Jesuits, *qui l'ont apporté de l'Inde en Europe*, we, with all humility, but with modest firmness, demur to his natural history. The eloquent and learned author of *Tabella cibaria*, though he leaves their origin in doubt, says that turkeys were known in Europe before the institution of Loyola's order.

But, whence was the turkey imported into Britain—into Europe—and thence spread over a great portion of the globe? "Ceux qui pensent que les Cocs d'Inde n'ayent ésté cognëuz des anciens sont trompéz. Car Varro, Columelle, et Pline monstrent evidemment qu'ils estoyent des leurs temps aussi communs es mestairies Romaines, qu'ils sont maintenant es nostres: lesquels ils nommoyent de nom Grec *Meleagrides*, et de nom Latin *Gibberas*, &c. Varro dit en ceste sorte, *Gibberæ quas Meleagrides Græci appellant*, &c. Ceste chose est conforme à ce que Pline en éscrit au vingt-sixième chapitre du dixième livre de l'histoire naturelle. *Meleagrides* (dit il), *hoc est Gallinarum genus Gibberum variis sparsum plumis*, &c. Pourquoy il est facile à trouver que nostre Coc d'Inde est *Gibbera Gallina*, ou *Meleagris*." These be bold words: they come, too, from that father of ornithology, Pierre Belon du Mans, and he who wrote them was a man who saw through more than one fable that had passed current down to his time. Moreover, Aldrovandi and others speak, if possible, still more determinedly. But, as we once heard an advocate compendiously say, when hard pressed by a host of adverse cases, which

were not very good law—they are all wrong together. Take our word for it, reader, Apicius never tasted a turkey: that excellent bird never graced the Apollo chamber of Lucullus; nor could all the wealth, nor all the power of the Cæsars place one on the Imperial board. The *Meleagris* of the ancients was the guinea-hen of our poultry-yards,—"Simple Susan's" guinea-hen.

If any one doubt this, let him read the description of Athenæus, and give us his attention for a few minutes. Taking Clitus Milesius, a disciple of Aristotle, as his guide, Athenæus notices the small and naked head, the hard crest surmounting it like a peg or nail, the small gills hanging from the cheeks, the peculiarly spotted plumage, the spurless legs, and the similarity of the sexes.* The descriptions of Varro † and Pliny ‡ are equally conclusive. To go into a detail of all the worthies who drew their pens upon each side of this question, which has caused so much ink-shed, would be tedious; the notice of one or two will suffice. "That these birds," says Willughby, "were the Meleagrides of the ancients, as also their Gallinæ Africanæ, and Numidicæ guttatæ, Aldrovandus takes much pains to prove. In England they are called Turkeys, because they are thought to have been first brought to us out of Turkey."§ Ray knew better, and, in his Synopsis, indicated the native country of the bird. But the progress of a debate which has long been settled is not very entertaining: and those who would wish to see the case well argued are referred to Pennant, who, bringing much learning, and an ample knowledge of natural history to the discussion, may be considered as having given the *coup de grace* to the antiquarian theory. Daines Barrington was the last writer of any note who supported that theory; and though he makes a tolerably good fight, it is, after all, a paradoxical fight, and he seems to be arguing for victory, not truth. The Indian bird mentioned by Ælian was most probably one of the peacocks. The question is now set at rest. The turkey is one of the many good things that we owe to America.

In the "Perfect Description of Virginia," a small pamphlet in quarto, the date of which, 1649, is worthy of note, as relating to what follows, —"With the manner how the Emperor Nichotowance came to Sir William Berckley, attended with five petty kings, to doe homage, and bring tribute to King Charles. With his solemne protestation, that the sun and moon should lose their lights, before he (or his people in that country) should prove disloyall, but ever to keepe faith and allegiance to King Charles."—It is certified that they (the colonists) have "for poultry, hens, turkeys, ducks, geese, without number;" and in the catalogue of "Beasts, Birds, Fish, and Trees" at the end of the book, we find—"Wilde turkies, some weighing sixtie pound weight." The pamphlet was evidently written to encourage emigration and loyalty, and the writer may have put the weight of his turkeys rather high; but that the wild turkey grows to a large size there is no doubt.

Lawson set out on his voyage to Carolina in 1700. Soon after starting from Charlestown we find the following paragraph:—

"Tuesday morning we set towards the Congerees, leaving the Indian guide Scipio," not Africanus,—"drunk among the Santee Indians,"—jolly fellow!—"We went ten miles out of our way, to head a great

* Deipn. 655. † Lib. iii. c. 9. ‡ Hist. Mund. Lib. x. c. 26.
§ Ornithology, p. 158.

swamp, the freshes having filled them all with such great quantities of water, that the usual paths were rendered impassable. We met in our way with an Indian hut, where we were entertained with a fat boil'd goose, venison, racoon, and ground nuts. We made but little stay; about noon we passed by several large savannahs, wherein is curious ranges for cattle, being green all the year; they were plentifully stor'd with cranes, geese, &c., and the adjacent woods with great flocks of turkeys." We will follow the worthy Lawson into one of the natural turkey preserves, as he will give the reader some idea of the localities of these birds, nor is the quaint language of the narrative unpleasant:—

"Next morning very early, we waded thro' the savannah, the path lying there; and about ten o'clock came to a hunting quarter of a great many Santees: they made us all welcome; showing a great deal of joy at our coming, giving us barbacu'd turkeys, bear's oil, and venison. Here we hired *Santee Jack* (a good hunter, and a well-humour'd fellow), to be our pilot to the Congeree Indians; we gave him a Stroud-water-blew, to make his wife an Indian petticoat, who went with her husband. After two hours' refreshment, we went on, and got that day about twenty miles; we lay by a small swift run of water, which was pav'd at the bottom with a sort of stone much like to Tripoli, and so light that I fancy'd it would precipitate in no stream but where it naturally grew. The weather was very cold, the winds holding northerly. We made ourselves as merry as we could, having a good supper with the scraps of the venison we had given us by the Indians, having killed three teal and a possum; which medley altogether made a curious ragoo.

"This day all of us had a mind to have rested, but the Indian was much against it, alleging, that the place we lay at was not good to hunt in, telling us, if we would go on, by noon he would bring us to a more convenient place; so we moved forwards, and about twelve a clock came to the most amazing prospect I had seen since I had been in Carolina: we travelled by a swamp side, which swamp I believe to be no less than twenty miles over, the other side being as far as I could well discern, there appearing great ridges of mountains, bearing from us W.N.W. One Alp, with a top like a sugar-loaf, advanced its head above all the rest very considerably: the day was very serene, which gave us the advantage of seeing a long way; these mountains were cloth'd all over with trees, which seem'd to us to be very large timbers.

"At the sight of this fair prospect, we stay'd all night; our Indian going about half an hour before us, had provided three fat turkeys e'er we got up to him.

"The swamp I now spoke of is not a miry bog, as others generally are, but you go down to it thro' a steep bank, at the foot of which begins this valley, where you may go dry for perhaps 200 yards, then you meet with a small brook or run of water about two or three feet deep, then dry land for such another space, so another brook thus continuing. The land in this Percoarson, or valley, being extraordinary rich, and the runs of water well stor'd with fowl. It is the head of one of the branches of Santee River; but a farther discovery time would not permit: only one thing is very remarkable, there growing all over this swamp, a tall, lofty, bay-tree, but is not the same as in England, these being in their verdure all the winter long; which appears

here when you stand on the ridge (where our path lay), as if it were one pleasant green field, and as even as a bowling-green to the eye of the beholder, being hemm'd in on one side with these ledges of vast high mountains.

"Viewing the land here, we found an extraordinary rich black mould, and some of a copper colour, both sorts very good. The land in some places is much burthen'd with iron-stone, here being great store of it seemingly very good; the eviling springs, which are many in these parts, issuing out of the rocks. When we were all asleep, in the beginning of the night, we were awaken'd with the dismall'st and most hideous noise that ever pierc'd my ears: this sudden surprizal incapacitated us of guessing what this threatning noise might proceed from; but our Indian pilot (who knew these parts very well) acquainted us, that it was customary to hear such musick along that swamp-side, there being endless numbers of panthers, tygers, wolves, and other beasts of prey, which take this swamp for their abode in the day, coming in whole droves to hunt the deer in the night, making this frightful ditty 'till day appears, then all is still as in other places.

"The next day it prov'd a small drisly rain, which is rare, there happening not the tenth part of foggy-falling weather towards these mountains, as visits those parts. Near the sea-board, the Indian kill'd fifteen turkeys this day, there coming out of the swamp (about sun-rising) flocks of these fowl, containing several hundreds in a gang, who feed upon the acorns, it being most oak that grow in these woods. There are but very few pines in those quarters.

"Early the next morning, we set forward for the Congeree Indians, parting with that delicious prospect. By the way, our guide killed more turkeys, and two pol-cats, which he eat, esteeming them before fat turkeys. Some of the turkeys which we eat whilst we stay'd there, I believe, weigh'd no less than forty pounds.

"The land we pass'd over this day, was most of it good, and the worst passable. At night we kill'd a possum, being cloy'd with turkeys, made a dish of that, which tasted much between young pork and veal; their fat being as white as any I ever saw.

"Our Indian this day kill'd good store of provision with his gun: he always shot with a single ball, missing but two shoots in about forty, they being curious artists in managing a gun, to make it carry either ball or shot true. When they have bought a piece, and find it to shoot any ways crooked, they take the barrel out of the stock, cutting a notch in a tree, wherein they set it streight, sometimes shooting away above 100 loads of ammunition before they bring the gun to shoot according to their mind. We took up our quarters by a fish-pond-side; the pits in the woods that stand full of water naturally breed fish in them, in great quantities. We cook'd our supper, but having neither bread or salt, our fat turkeys began to be loathsome to us, although we were never wanting of a good appetite, yet a continuance of one diet made us weary."*

Audubon says that the unsettled parts of the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana, an immense extent of country to the

* A History of Carolina, &c. By John Lawson, Gent., Surveyor-General of North Carolina. London, 1714—small 4to.—p. 25, et seq.

north-west of these districts, upon the Mississippi and Missouri, and the vast regions drained by these rivers from their confluence to Louisiana, including the wooded parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, are the most abundantly supplied with the wild turkey. It is, he adds, less plentiful in Georgia and the Carolinas, becomes still scarcer in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is now very rarely seen to the eastward of the last-mentioned states. In the course of his rambles through Long Island, the State of New York, and the country around the lakes, he did not meet with a single individual, although he was informed that some exist in those parts. They are still to be found along the whole line of the Alleghany Mountains, where they have become so wary as to be approached only with extreme difficulty, according to the same author, who, when in the Great Pine Forest in 1829, found a single feather that had been dropped from the tail of a female, but saw no bird of the kind. Farther eastward, he does not think they are now to be found.* Not much more than a century and a quarter has elapsed between the dates of these two accounts, and yet we see how much the area over which the species was formerly spread, is already circumscribed.

The following graphic description of the habits of the wild turkey, by the enthusiastic American ornithologist, will be read with interest :—

"The turkey is irregularly migratory, as well as irregularly gregarious. With reference to the first of these circumstances, I have to state that, whenever the *mast* † of one portion of the country happens greatly to exceed that of another, the turkeys are insensibly led towards that spot, by gradually meeting in their haunts with more fruit the nearer they advance towards the place where it is most plentiful. In this manner flock follows after flock, until one district is entirely deserted, while another is, as it were, overflowed by them. But as these migrations are irregular, and extend over a vast expanse of country, it is necessary that I should describe the manner in which they take place.

"About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of the seeds and fruits have yet fallen from the trees, these birds assemble in flocks, and gradually move towards the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The males, or as they are more commonly called, the *gobblers*, associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females, while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in connexion with other families, forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, which, even when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with, and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress be interrupted by a river, or the hunter's dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminences, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation. During this time the males are heard *gobbling*, calling, and making much ado, and are seen strutting about, as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emer-

* Ornithological Biography. London, 1831, 8vo.

† In America the term *mast* is not confined to the fruit of the beech, but is used as a general name for all kinds of forest fruits, including even grapes and berries. (Audubon.)

gency. Even the females and young assume something of the same pompous demeanour, spread out their tails, and run round each other, *purring* loudly, and performing extravagant leaps. At length, when the weather appears settled, and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, consisting of a single *cluck*, given by a leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, even should the river be a mile in breadth; but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water,—not to be drowned, however, as might be imagined. They bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail as a support, stretch forward their neck, and striking out their legs with great vigour, proceed rapidly towards the shore; on approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and by a violent effort, generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable that, immediately after thus crossing a large stream, they ramble about for some time as if bewildered. In this state they fall an easy prey to the hunter.

"When the turkeys arrive in parts where the mast is abundant, they separate into smaller flocks, composed of birds of all ages and both sexes promiscuously mingled, and devour all before them. This happens about the middle of November. So gentle do they sometimes become after these long journeys, that they have been seen to approach the farm-houses, associate with the domestic fowls, and enter the stables and corn-fields in quest of food. In this way, roaming about the forests and feeding chiefly on masts, they pass the autumn and part of the winter."*

In February—sweet St. Valentine!—the scene is changed. "The females separate and fly from the males. The latter strenuously pursue, and begin to gobble, or to utter notes of exultation. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance from each other. When a female utters a call-note, all the gobblers within hearing return the sound, rolling note after note with as much rapidity as if they intended to emit the last and the first together, not with spread tail, as when fluttering round the females on the ground, or practising on the branches of the trees on which they have roosted for the night, but much in the manner of the domestic turkey when an unusual or unexpected noise elicits its singular hubbub. If the call of the female comes from the ground, all the males immediately fly towards the spot, and the moment they reach it, whether the hen be in sight or not, spread out and erect their tail, draw the head back on the shoulders, depress their wings with a quivering motion, and strut pompously about, emitting at the same time a succession of puffs from the lungs, and stopping now and then to listen and look. But whether they spy the female or not, they continue to puff and strut, moving with as much celerity as their ideas of ceremony seem to admit. While thus occupied the males often encounter each other, in which case desperate battles take place, ending in bloodshed, and often in the loss of many lives, the weaker falling under the repeated blows inflicted upon their heads by the stronger."†

This union of love and war, this ominous conjunction of Mars and Venus, seems to be a necessary condition of animal life. The females

* Ornithological Biography, vol. i., p. 2. † Ibid., p. 3.

calmly look on and await the event of the struggle which is to be settled by the law of the strongest, who reaps the reward of his prowess. Thus a sturdy progeny is secured, and Nature does all in her power to prevent the species from dwindling.

In the delightful book above quoted there is a fund of turkey entertainment for any lover of natural history. There may he read how hens associate, probably for their mutual safety, deposit their eggs in the same nest, and rear their broods together, the common nest being watched by one of the females against the crow, the raven, and the pole-cat; how to prevent the effects of rainy weather, the mother, like a skilful physician, plucks the buds of the spice-wood bush and gives them to her young; how they are hunted with the slow turkey-hound, and how they are caught in pens; and how, of the numerous enemies of the wild turkey, the most formidable, excepting man, are the lynx, the snowy owl, and the Virginian owl. None but an eye-witness could have described the following attack and defence:—

"When attacked by the two large species of owls above mentioned, they often effect their escape in a way which is somewhat remarkable. As turkeys usually roost in flocks on naked branches of trees, they are easily discovered by their enemies the owls, which, on silent wing, approach and hover around them, for the purpose of reconnoitring. This, however, is rarely done without being discovered, and a single *cluck* from one of the turkeys announces to the whole party the approach of the murderer. They instantly start upon their legs, and watch the motions of the owl, which, selecting one as its victim, comes down upon it like an arrow, and would inevitably secure the turkey, did not the latter at that moment lower its head, stoop, and spread its tail in an inverted manner over its back, by which action the aggressor is met by a smooth inclined plane, along which it glances without hurting the turkey; immediately after which the latter drops to the ground, and thus escapes merely with the loss of a few feathers."*

But *who* imported the bird into Europe, and *when* was it introduced? These are more difficult questions.

We do not find the turkey in the list of the goodly provision made for the intronization of George Nevell, archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV.; nor does it appear in the "Regulations of the Household of the fifth Earl of Northumberland begun in 1512;" but long before the date of the oldest of the books on Virginia and Carolina above quoted, the bird was common in the farm-yards of Europe.

"Sebastian Cabot," or "Sebastian Gabato," a Genoese son, born in Bristow, *sett forth* from that town, *and made great discoveries*, in the thirteenth year of Henry VII.'s reign, that is, in 1498. Other calendars make the time 1499 or 1497.† But the voyage was deemed unprofitable, and we find that the king, in 1500, probably stimulated by the success of the Spaniards and Portuguese, granted letters patent to Richard Warde, John Thomas, and John Farnandus, empowering them to make voyages of discovery and conquest. Nothing, however, seems to have been done; and again letters patent, A.D. 1502, were granted to the same persons and others, containing a licence in the king's name

* Ornithological Biography, i., p. 8.

† Sebastian, together with his two brothers, had been previously included in a patent bearing date the 5th of March, 1496, granted by Henry VII. to his father John, for the discovery and conquest of unknown lands.

"to settle in places yet unknown, to take possession of lands, towns, islands, castles, fortresses, &c. belonging to Gentiles and infidels," &c. It is a matter of doubt whether any voyages were undertaken in consequence of these last letters of licence. But though Cabot's voyage was deemed unprofitable, his coast discoveries were very extensive, and it is by no means impossible that the turkey might have been introduced by his or some of the subsequent expeditions into England.

As for the often repeated couplet given by Baker—

> "Turkeys, carps, hoppes, piccarel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year—"

About the fifteenth of Henry VIII. (1524): there is no reliance to be placed upon it, as far at least as the fish is concerned; for Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, mentions, in the Boke of St. Alban's, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496,* the carp as a "deyntous fisshe;" and the price of pike or, pickerel was the subject of legal regulation in the time of our first Edward.

Mexico was discovered by Grijalva in the year 1518, and we soon after find a description of the turkey as one of the productions of the country by Gomarra and Hernandez, the latter of whom gives its Mexican name "Huexolotl," and makes mention of the wild birds as well as the tame. Oviedo, whose work was published at Toledo in 1526, describes the turkey well, as a kind of peacock of New Spain which had been carried over to the islands and the Spanish Main, and was about the houses of the Christian inhabitants; so that it is evident that, when Oviedo wrote, the bird had been domesticated. Heresbach states that they were brought into Germany about 1530, and Barnaby Googe (1614) declares that "those outlandish birds called ginny-cocks and turkey-cocks, before the yeare of our Lord 1530 were not seen with us." But Barnaby had without doubt Heresbach's book before him when he wrote; and, indeed, the observations of the German author may be traced throughout the pages of the English writer on husbandry.

Pierre Gilles, in his additions to Ælian (1535), gives a most accurate description of the turkey, as being then in Europe. Pierre had not at that time been farther from his native country than Venice, and he says that he had seen it, and that it was brought from the New World.

In 1541 we find a constitution of Archbishop Cranmer directing that of such large fowls as cranes, swans, and turkey-cocks, there should be but one dish; and we find the bird mentioned as no great rarity at the inauguration dinner of the serjeants-at-law in 1555. The learned brothers had upon that occasion two turkeys and four turkey chicks charged at four shillings each, swans and cranes being valued at ten shillings, and capons at half-a-crown. Champier, who is supposed to have written his treatise "De Re Cibaria" thirty years before it was published, (the publication was in 1560,) notices them as having been brought but a few years back from the newly-discovered Indian islands. Zanoni quotes a sumptuary law of Venice, made in 1557, prescribing the tables at which these birds might be served. The municipality of Amiens presented in the year 1566 twelve turkeys to the king; and Anderson, in his "History of Commerce," says that they were first eaten in France at his majesty's† marriage in 1570. This assertion of Anderson does

* The first edition is said to have been printed in 1481, at St. Alban's.

† Charles IX.

not seem to rest on any foundation, and we know that in 1573, they had become so common in England that they formed part of the usual Christmas fare at a farmer's table. Tusser, in his "Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandry," remarks this, and also that they are *ill neighbors* to peason and hops. Hakluyt, in 1582, mentions "turkey-cocks and hennes" as having been brought into England *about fifty years past*.

Upon the whole evidence we think a verdict must be given in favour of the Spaniards as the importers of this great addition to our poultry-yards; and we think that its introduction into this country must have taken place about the year 1530, and into other parts of Europe very nearly at the same time. Pennant, indeed, says, "It was first seen in France in the reign of Francis I., and in England in that of Henry VIII. By the date of the reign of these monarchs the first birds of this kind must have been brought from Mexico, whose conquest was completed A.D. 1521, the short-lived colony of the French in Florida not being attempted before 1562, nor our more successful one in Virginia till 1585, when both those monarchs were in their graves."

The weight to which this bird will attain has been stated to be enormous: we have given some of these statements, and there has been doubtless a good deal of exaggeration. But even now the wild birds arrive at a great size. Mr. Audubon gives from 15lb. to 18lb. as the average, and mentions one in the Louisville market which weighed 36lb., and whose breast-tuft was upwards of a foot long. The length of the cock figured by Audubon was four feet and an inch, and the expanse of the wings five feet eight inches. The Prince of Musignano,* who has given a very interesting account of the habits of the wild turkey, says that birds of 30lb. weight are not rare, and that he had ascertained the existence of some which weighed 40lb. The average weight of a wild hen appears to be about 9lb.; but in the strawberry season, when they are so fat as to burst with the fall after being shot, they occasionally reach 13lb.

But why is the bird called turkey or turky?† Every one has observed the changing hue of his wattle from red to blue when he is excited. In the small edition of Belon (1557) there is a cut of a triad of these birds, under the title of "Gallo d'India, Coq d'Inde" (Dinde Dindon), and beneath is the following quatrain:—

> "Quand à orgueil ce coq au Paon approche,
> Et fait sa queue en roue comme luy,
> Les Barbillons et creste d'iceluy
> Sont de couleur à l'azurée proche."

This "azurée" is very like the Turquois or Turquoise—*Gemma Turcica*—and is eminently characteristic of the bird. We do not presume to give this as a solution, but merely mention the hint for lack of a better.

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* Charles Lucien Bonaparte.

† In Lawson's time *Coona* was the name for a turkey in the language of the Tuskeruro Indians, and *Yauta* in that of the Waccons or Woccons. The same author, speaking of the Indians, says, "They name the months very agreeably, as one is the herring-month, another the strawberry-month, another the mulberry-month. Others name them by the trees that blossom; especially the dogwood-tree; or they say, 'We will return when turkey-cocks gobble,' that is, in March and April."

Willughby and others notice the anger into which the turkey is thrown by the display of anything dyed of a red colour; but that is not the only hue that provokes it, if we may believe a catalogue of pictures printed in Germany for the special benefit of the English; for there, we remember, was the following lot:—" A Turkish Cook inflamed to choler by a Blackzer Boy." Whether the writer had ever heard or read of Garrick's performance in the court-yard, with Sambo for audience, we know not: but from other internal evidence we suspect that it was a *bonâ fide* catalogue, written undoubtedly in *choice* English. For instance, another picture was thus announced—" Nymphs bathing into a mountainous landskip: Satyrs snooks about 'em."

But to return to our turkey. He is considered particularly dull, we know, but we *can't help dat.* The author of " Tabella Cibaria " proves it upon the bird that it is " so stupid or timorous that if you balance a bit of straw on his head, or draw a line of chalk on the ground from his beak, he fancies himself so loaded or so bound, that he will remain in the same position till hunger forces him to move. We made the experiment." We *never did;* but we doubt it not, though we cannot accept it as proof of stupidity. How much wit may be necessary to *balance a straw* may be doubtful; but gallant chanticleer has never been charged either with fear or folly, and yet you have only to take him from his perch, place him on the table by candlelight, hold his beak down to the table, and draw a line with chalk from it so as to catch his eye, and there the bird will remain spell-bound, till a bystander rubbing out the line, or diverting his attention from it, breaks the charm. Many a fowl have we thus fascinated in our boyish days.

Whatever may be the character for stupidity that the turkey has earned for itself in a domestic state, no such charge can be established against it in its native woods, where its vigilance and cunning are acknowledged by the hunters to their cost. Even in the poultry-yard the attentions of the turkey-cock to the female and the young, aye, and the courage with which he will defend the brood from dogs and other intruders, have been noticed. He has been known to take the sole charge of the brood upon himself, and to sit upon the eggs. The editor of the pretty and interesting volume on Gallinaceous birds * says, " I once knew it take place upon two addled eggs, which the hen had long persevered upon, and upon which he (the turkey-cock) kept his place a fortnight." This was certainly being paternal overmuch.

We must insert the following anecdote of the sagacity of a half-reclaimed bird, from the pen of Audubon, by way of set-off.

" While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine male turkey, which had been reared fram its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when probably not more than two or three days old. It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favourite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly betook itself at night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn. When two years old it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the enclosure as night approached.

* Naturalist's Library—Ornithology, vol. iii.

It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting-place to the top of a high cotton-tree, on the bank of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore, the river being there nearly half a mile wide, and return towards night. One morning I saw it fly off, at a very early hour, to the woods, in another direction, and took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going towards some lakes near Green River, to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along. Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and, as it approached the turkey, I saw, with surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped, and turned her head towards me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favourite bird, and discovered that it had recognised the dog, and would not fly from it; although the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once. A friend of mine happening to be in search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him, and carried it home for me. The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird, and brought to me on being recognised by the red riband which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition made by my favourite turkey of a dog which had been long associated with it in the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct or of reason—an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?" *A question to be asked.*

But how many of our readers are there who have never seen a wild turkey; and of those who have not, how few may care to read a technical description of the bird! and yet to some it may be interesting. The Prince of Musignano, in his "Continuation of Wilson's North American Ornithology," was the first who gave an authentic figure of the wild turkey; and nearly at the same time (about eleven years ago) M. Vieillot published one in his "Galerie," from a specimen in the Paris Museum. But it is to the magnificent work of Audubon, "The Birds of America," that we owe a perfect representation of the male, the female, and the young, upon a grand scale, and with a minuteness of accuracy that an ornithologist alone can appreciate, though every one must be struck with the truth of the life-like portraits. We are aware that, prior to the appearance of the above-mentioned works, there were figures—for instance, those introduced into a landscape in the account of De Laudonière's Voyage to Florida, in De Bry's Collection, and Brickell's, in his Natural History of North Carolina—but these are not only apocryphal, if they are to be considered as unadulterated representations of the wild bird, but too imperfect to be available.

The following description, from the pen of the late lamented Mr. Bennett, appears to us to embody the best parts of all that have appeared, and we accordingly select it.

"Those who have seen only the domesticated bird can form but a faint idea of its beauty in a state of nature. When fully grown, the male wild turkey measures nearly four feet in length, and more than five in the expanse of its wings. Its head, which is very small in pro-

portion to its body, is covered with a naked, blueish skin, which is continued over the upper half of its neck. On this skin are placed a number of wart-like elevations, red on the upper portion and whitish below, interspersed with a few scattered blackish hairs. On the under part of the neck the skin is flaccid and membranous, and extends downwards, in the shape of large wattles. From the base of the bill, at its junction with the forehead, rises a wrinkled, conical, fleshy protuberance, with a pencil of hairs at the tip. This protuberance, when the bird is at rest, does not exceed an inch and a half in length, but on any excitement becomes elongated to such an extent as to cover the bill entirely, and to depend below it for several inches. The lower part of the neck, at its junction with the breast, is ornamented by a singular tuft of black rigid hairs, separating themselves from the feathers, and reaching as much as nine inches in length. The feathers of the body are long and truncated, and generally speaking may each be subdivided into four parts. Their base is formed by a light fuliginous down, which is followed by a dusky portion. This again is succeeded by a broad shining metallic band, changing to copper colour or bronze, to violet or purple, according to the incidence of the light; while the tip is formed by a narrow black velvety band, which last is wanting on the neck and breast. From this disposition of the colours results a most beautiful changeable metallic gloss over the whole body of the bird, which is however less marked on the lower part of the back and tail-coverts.

" The wings, which scarcely extend beyond the base of the tail, are convex and rounded. They are furnished with twenty-eight quill-feathers; the primaries are plain blackish, banded with white, while the secondaries have the relative extent of these markings so reversed that they may be described as white banded with blackish, and tinged, especially towards the back, with brownish yellow. The tail measures more than fifteen inches in length, is rounded at the extremity, and consists of eighteen broad feathers, which, when expanded and elevated, assume the form of a fan. It is brown, mottled with black, and crossed by numerous narrow undulating lines of the same. Near the tip is a broad black band, then follows a short mottled portion, and lastly a broad dingy yellowish band. The feet are robust, have blunt spurs about an inch in length, and are of a red colour, with blackish margins to the scales, and claws of the same dusky hue. The bill is reddish and horn-coloured at the tip; and the irides are dark brown.

" The female is considerably smaller, not exceeding three feet and a quarter in length. Her bill and legs are less robust, the latter without any rudiment of a spur; and her irides similar to those of the male. Her head and neck are less denuded, being covered by short decomposed feathers of a dirty gray. Those of the back of the neck have brownish tips, producing a longitudinal band on that part. The caruncle on the forehead is short and incapable of elongation; and the fasciculus on the breast is not always present. The prevailing tinge of the plumage is dusky gray, each feather having a metallic band, and a grayish terminal fringe. On the feathers of the neck, and under surface, the black band is for the most part obliterated. All the parts, without exception, are duller than those of the male; less white exists on the primary wing-feathers, and the secondaries are entirely destitute of bands. The tail is similar in colour to that of the male.

"Until the naked membrane acquires its tinge of red, it is not easy to distinguish between the two sexes; but on the approach of the first winter, the young males show a rudiment of the tuft of hairs upon the breast, consisting at first of a mere tubercle: in the second year, the tuft is about three inches long; and in the third the bird attains its adult form, although it certainly continues to increase in size and beauty for several years. Females have their full size and colouring at the end of four years: they then possess the pectoral fascicle, four or five inches in length, but much thinner than in the male. This appendage is more frequently observed, and is acquired at an earlier period of life, in the wild than in the domestic female.

"The wild turkey has been found native from the north-western territory of the United States to the Isthmus of Panama. Towards the north, Canada appears to be the limit of its range; but from this country, as well as from the more densely peopled parts of the American Union, where it was once extremely abundant, it is gradually disappearing before the encroachments of the lord of the creation. To the west, the Rocky Mountains seem to form a barrier that it has never passed, if, indeed, it has reached them; but the wooded districts of the western States are still plentifully supplied with this valuable game, which there forms an important part of the subsistence of the hunter and the traveller. In the north-eastern States it is now become extremely rare, although it is still occasionally found in the mountainous parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; while in the south, Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, where, three centuries ago, it was most plentiful, have still a small supply."

The varied plumage of the bird in the domesticated state is well known to every one; and in no species is that sure mark of subjection to man more strongly seen. Every gradation of colour, from its original bronze, passing into buff, and, in many instances, into pure white, may be observed in these strutting denizens of our farm-yards.

But handsome as is the wild turkey (*Meleagris Gallopavo*), which has been our theme, there is yet another wild American species (*Meleagris ocellata*), first described by Cuvier, from a bird which was once English, but is now the property of the French Government, far more beautiful.

The crew of a vessel who were cutting wood in the Bay of Honduras saw three of these noble birds, and succeeded in taking one alive. It was sent to Sir Henry Halford; but an accident, while yet it was on the Thames, deprived it of life, and Sir Henry presented it to Mr. Bullock, whose museum, then in the Egyptian Hall, was the place of deposit for the most valuable subjects of Natural History. When that rich collection was dispersed, this unique specimen was suffered to leave the country with a multitude of other rarities, which are, even now, the stars of foreign establishments. It was heart-breaking to see one fine lot knocked down after another, and to learn that it was become the property of our more enlightened and more liberal rivals, and no longer to remain on English ground. M. Temminck has given a good figure of it in the "Planches Coloriées;" and the following is, in great part, from Sir William Jardine's description, which was taken from that of Temminck.

In size it is nearly equal to the common turkey, but the tail is not so

ample. The bill is of the same form, and the base with a caruncle, which is apparently capable of the same dilatations and contractions with that of its congener. The head and two-thirds of the neck are naked, and appear of the same livid colour, but without any trace of the fleshy tubercles on the lower part which are so prominent a feature in the physiognomy of the common turkey: the only appearance of any is five or six above each eye, five upon the centre of the crown, and, upon the side of the neck, six or seven, arranged in a line above each other, and at nearly equal distances. Upon the breast there was no trace of the tuft of hair; but the plumage was somewhat damaged, and the examination of other specimens must determine whether this character is also present in the species under consideration. The feathers are rounded at the ends; those of the lower part of the neck, the upper part of the back, the scapulars, and the lower part, are of a metallic green or bronze hue, terminated by two bands, one black, and that next the tip of a golden bronze. On the other parts of the back, the distribution of the colours is the same; but, towards the tail coverts, the tints become comparatively vivid, the bronzed hues changing into rich blue or emerald-green, according to the incidence of the rays of light, and the band next the tip becoming broader and more golden. Upon the rump, red becomes mingled with the tints, so as to remind the observer of the throat of the ruby-crested humming-bird. A band of deep velvety black separates the blue from this border, and makes the brightness of the latter more striking. The hidden part of each feather is gray, mottled with black: upon the tail and upper coverts this gray part becomes apparent, and the marks take the form of subcircular bars, two of which surrounding the blue band give to each feather an ocellated appearance. From the arrangement of the tail-coverts and the lower feathers of the rump there are four rows with these ocellated tips, where the gray basal portion of the feathers is visible, combining very chastely with the more vivid colour, and keeping down its lustre. The tail is rounded, and consists of fourteen feathers. The lower parts of the body are banded with bronze, black, and green; but they want the brilliancy of the upper plumage. The quills and bastard-wing are black, edged obliquely with white, which almost entirely occupies the outer margin of the first. The outer webs of the secondaries are of a pure white, the central bands not appearing when the wings are closed: the uppermost are blotched in the centre with black, lustrous with green; and this blotching, as the feathers shorten, extends more over their surface, leaving the edge only of the last white. The greater coverts are of a chestnut colour; and the feet and legs are of a fine lake, or purplish red.

We have given this description, not without hope that it may perchance meet the eye of some one who has the will as well as the power to bring the magnificent bird to this country. What has been done once may be done again; and we trust that, next time, it will be done effectually. With the naturalized poultry from Asia, Africa, and America before our eyes, there cannot exist a doubt that the *Ocellated Turkey* would thrive with us. The benefactor who conferred the domestic turkey upon Europe is unknown. He who succeeds in naturalizing the ocellated turkey will have the merit of introducing the most beautiful addition to our parks and homesteads—to say nothing of its utility—since the importation of the peacock; and, in these days of record, his name will not be forgotten.

SCENES IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

NO. I.—TWELFTH NIGHT AT CLAVERING HALL.

The announcement in the various papers that "Clavering Hall would be the scene of great gaiety during the season of Christmas, and would boast a succession of distinguished visiters," contained in it more truth than such paragraphs can usually boast. True, indeed, it was that Lord and Lady Clavering had determined that their winter festivities should this year be worthy of the fame they had acquired amongst their Sussex neighbours. As, however, the enjoyments of Christmas-day had been necessarily tempered by the more serious observances which its occurrence on a Sunday required, and as the same scruples had forbid them to dance beyond the *verge* of the new year, they reserved their greatest efforts, and their pleasantest neighbours, for their party on the Twelfth Night.

On the evening of that day the various guests had duly arrived, happy mothers and smiling daughters in well-filled carriages, and a few younger brothers in the solitary dignity of a hack chaise from the nearest mail-coach road. The dressing-bell had rung, and already both old and young were profiting by its hint. Here perhaps was some mere dandy, whose toilet boasted all the luxuries of a *petite maîtresse.* Further on some budding flower of loveliness, *dejà femme par la beauté, encore enfant dans ses manières*, on whom to bestow additional adornment was but "to paint the lily," was wondering whom she *should* meet, and thinking whom she would *like* to meet. In the next chamber some dowager, once "passing fair," now, alas! *past*, who felt that, as the Frenchman says, "Cette beauté ne fut plus écrite sur son front qu'en traces hieroglyphiques," was in vain running after her flying charms, which have already got many years start of her, or carefully occupied in planting "beauty's ensign on her cheeks." Here, too, the newly-arrived abigail, frozen from cold and with everything to unpack, was attempting to do that in twenty minutes which, on less important occasions, required a good hour,—namely, to give as juvenile an appearance as possible to one whom racketing, and *raking*, and "many a vanished year," had combined to stamp "with all the characters of age."

While, then, the various guests were thus occupied with their toilette, there was one in a small room at the top of the house who appeared busied with other cares than those of dress. A young and clever-looking man with handsome features was intently writing on small strips of paper. This was the tutor of the family, who had been requested by Lady Clavering to write the characters which were to be drawn, on the appearance of the twelfth-cake, after dinner. He had been the favourite companion at College of Lord Clavering's eldest son; but, alas! those talents which had ensured his popularity there, could not preserve him from the necessity of accepting a dependent situation, and he gladly yielded to the warmly-expressed wish of Mr. Clavering that it should at least be in the family of his friend. Even here, however, the impossibility of his mixing on terms of perfect equality with the different guests became apparent, and it was only in consequence of his young pupils joining in the sports of the evening, and from a

wish to add to their amusement, that he consented, at Lady Clavering's request, to undertake what was likely to bring him more into notice than he wished. He was, however, young and naturally of high spirits, and the composition of the characters, which had been begun as a task, he, when once in the vein, pursued with zest.

He had already completed the number, when he remembered that they were all, to a certain degree, uncomplimentary, and he determined to write one in a different style for the sake of Lucy, the second daughter, who, perhaps from the fact of her not having yet left the school-room, treated him more as her elder brother's friend than as her younger brothers' tutor. He finished his lines, and secretly hoping that fortune would be good enough to allot that particular character to her, he thrust the rest of them into his pocket, and descended to the drawing-room. If the thought occurred to him as he walked down stairs that the other characters were by no means flattering, it was only to smile at the recollection, as he soon dismissed all idea that any one could take offence where none was meant.

He found the whole party assembled in the drawing-room, and his handsome figure and clever countenance attracted attention, and produced inquiry among the young ladies who did not know him; when, however, they learnt that it was "only Mr. Arthur, the tutor," they were satisfied, and let him retreat into his quiet corner.

Dinner passed off, as such dinners in the country will do, but heavily to all except those who were able to establish an animated *tête-à-tête*. The Marquis of Dulwich, who, in consideration of his title, enjoyed the brevet rank of a man of talent, fired off, at sundry long intervals, some very ponderous puns, which were duly repeated to those who were not fortunate enough to hear them the first time, and also to some that were; and Mr. Rose Green, the fine gentleman of the party, enlightened the natives as to the last chit-chat of the clubs, and the merits of the Opera Buffa. The only portion of the party that seemed really merry was collected at a side-table, and included Lucy, the second daughter, of course, and (also of course) the tutor. Indeed, as the merry laugh of the former reached the ears of Lady Clavering, she dispatched a look in that direction, which seemed to say very clearly, "Remember, my dear Lucy, you are not in the school-room."

At length, dinner over, and the whole party, including the gentlemen, assembled in the drawing-room, the twelfth-cake was produced, and Mr. Arthur was deputed by Lady Clavering to carry round the slips of paper on which were written the characters. He would gladly have avoided this, but as he did not like to refuse, he secretly determined to take advantage of this to give his friend Lucy the character he had written for her. It was settled that none should look at their characters till it was their turn to read it aloud to the party. Unluckily for poor Mr. Arthur he was detected in the act of accomplishing his manœuvre as to Lucy, by that young lady herself, who exclaimed, with characteristic simplicity—

"Oh! but, Mr. Arthur, you did not do it fair; you shuffled this one into my hand; I saw you did."

When he was thus taxed with it, his glowing cheeks would have rendered any denial useless, even if he had intended one. Unfortunately, all this attracted general attention to him and his characters, and the

reading aloud of the one he had given to Lucy was looked for with curiosity.

"I dare say," cried one, "that Miss Lucy is not the only one to whom Mr. Arthur has taken care to give an appropriate character."

"Oh no," said another, "we shall no doubt each of us get either a warning or a compliment."

The Marquis of Dulwich, who was rather deaf, inquired what it was they were saying, and Lady Clavering, who, though annoyed at the whole thing, thought it better not to show it, replied—

"Oh, my dear Lord, it is only that they have detected Mr. Arthur here in conjuring a particular character into the hand of my little girl, Lucy; and now they say they are sure he has done so to all of us, and that we shall each find something appropriate said of us."

"Eh? what? ah! capital!" said the Marquis; "well, then, as the reading is to begin with me, and as my eyes are not very good by candlelight, I will just get Mr. Arthur to read mine."

Mr. Arthur would gladly have excused himself, he was obliged however to take the strip of paper and read as follows:—

ORATOR MUM.

Your silence a proof is how much you must know,
Since the *deeper* the waters the *stiller* they flow;
And all, who have once heard you speak, have agreed
That your usual silence is wisdom indeed.

The Marquis, who had listened with a smile of approval to the first lines, made a very ineffectual attempt to get up a laugh at the end, while the rest of the party, seeing this, made an ineffectual effort to suppress one. "Very much obliged to Mr. Arthur, I am sure," said the Marquis.

It was now, however, Mr. Rose Green's turn to read; opening his slip of paper he found it headed—

LORD NOODLE.

Though your legs are as thin as a dandy's cane-stick,
You lose nothing in weight since your head is so thick.

Mr. Rose Green made some sarcastic remark about Mr. Arthur's having a very happy talent for *delicate satire*, and thrust his paper into his waistcoat pocket. The lady of the house, who was next to him, found herself the possessor of the following name and verse:—

LADY CANDOUR.

Your memory and candour all persons must own,
In confessing your virtues your candour is shown,
And your excellent memory is very well known
For remembering every one's faults—but your own.

Lady Clavering having managed to take the thing more good-humouredly than those who had preceded her, others followed. It were, however, useless to describe each person to whom the following names and characters were allotted. Suffice it to say, that they read their verses with a look and a tone which too often seemed to imply "that was levelled at me," and with a want of spirit and ear for poetry which almost tempted Mr. Arthur to exclaim, with Orlando, "I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly." The following, by no means flattering descriptions, were distributed in some cases most *unhappily happily*.

"Very good advice to Miss Lucy, I am sure," began one.

"And so good of the tutor," said another, "to instruct the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen."

"I suppose," said Mr. Rose Green, "by the chattering magpies he must mean Lady Clavering's guests."

"And by the eagle, himself," said another.

"Rather a short-sighted one," said a third, glancing contemptuously at the tutor's spectacles.

"And one," said Mr. Rose Green, with the look of one who was saying a very good thing, "who seems not so much inclined to fly to and gaze at the sun as at the daughter."

These observations, and many more of the same kind, had poor Mr. Arthur to endure till the party broke up. His only consolation was a short speech from Miss Lucy, as they all went up-stairs at night.

"Well, we have had a very pleasant evening, and Mr. Arthur's characters were very amusing, and I am sure he gave *me* a very good one."

And on this simple speech the worthy tutor feasted his recollection till he almost fancied it would not be necessary to be an eagle to gaze on that sun.

He took off his spectacles, put on his nightcap, and slept away the remainder of Twelfth Night.

THE REQUEST.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER KERR.

Say, thou art angry with me! say the bitter word;
Deal forth to me the pangs thou may'st have felt
In equal measure—let thy voice be heard,
That voice on which mine ear so oft hath raptured dwelt!

But thus—not thus—my struggling heart oppress
By this chill silence—this o'ershadowing gloom.
Would'st thou bring back my young life! only bless
Me with a *word*—relent! speak out my doom!

Say, thou art angry with me—anything but this!
Oh! as the pent-up air in the dungeon-gloom
Destroys the life whose youth was sunshine bliss,
So doth this poisoned grief my very life consume.

Tear off the shrouded veil between our hearts!
This unaccustomed mist! this chilling breath!
From such dark sorrow rayless Hope departs;
Let then thy voice be heard to call me back from death!

MISS PENELOPE PRIMROSE.

You got yourself into a terrible mess
By answering No, when you should have said Yes.

MISS FURBELOW FLOUNCE.

Though you read not, and think not, at least you can dress,
Thus showing you know where to look for success:
You estimate justly your person and brains,
Knowing which is most likely to merit your pains.

SIR LOUIS LOOKDOWNON'EM.

Your pride all attempt to explain it defies,
That with so little food it should reach such a size.

SIR DRINKAWAY EATAWAY.

You forget, though of excellent health you may boast,
If you're always *a-gobling* you'll soon be a ghost.

MISS SERAPHINE SONATA.

Fair Seraphine! who would not say
That hears you strumming all the day?
None *work* so hard as those who *play*.

SIR BRILLIANT FASHION.

You're more proud of the vice you assume, and have not,
Than of all the good feelings you really have got.

MISS GALOPADE.

You've a beautiful foot, and you dance like a fairy,
But your face's expression is ne'er known to vary;
Our judgment about you, I fear, must be led
By whether we look to the heels or the head.

MLLE. VERY VANE.

Your love is so constant it little requires
To burn in your breast with unquenchable fires,
It needed not beauty, or talent, or pelf,
To make you and keep you in love with—yourself.

SIR EMPTY EGOTIST.

When you talk of "*I* said," and "*I* did," and "*I* thought,"
Of the "heat that *I* felt," and "the cold that *I* caught,"
You forget how the world it must greatly amuse,
That so many *I*'s with such E's you can U's.

MISS GADABOUT.

If dancing were ever the business of life,
You'd make any man a most *hard-working* wife.

The above characters, with some more, including King and Queen, had brought it down to the turn of Miss Lucy, to whom all looked with interest as she read aloud the following:—

MISS PHŒNIX PARAGON.

Even *you* have one fault, for it must be allowed
You're too bright and too good for the ev'ry-day crowd;
Then let not each magpie come chattering—none
But eagles should fly at, or gaze on, the sun.

Poor Mr. Arthur had retired to a corner of the room, unfortunately not too far to enable him to hear the comments of those who were disposed to be facetious at his expense, and far enough for his presence to impose no check on them.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. IV.

SECTION XIII.

Excellent Policy of the Radical.

> "Whenever yet was your appeal deny'd?
> Wherein have you been galled by the king?
> What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
> That you should seal this lawless bloody book
> Of forged rebellion, with a seal divine,
> And consecrate commotion's civil edge?"
>
> SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Part II.

THERE is an amusing story in the life of Curran, from which, as from most amusing stories, instruction as well as entertainment may be derived. That eloquent declaimer was once counsel for a person not particularly, it should seem, distinguished for knowledge of things, or of the world. The case was of an assault, not very violent or unbearable, but which admitted perhaps of some topics *ad captandum* in the hands of an adroit advocate, like Curran. As the speech went on, and the assault swelled into importance under the management of the counsel, the plaintiff was observed to become less quiescent than he had at first appeared; and at last, wrought up to the highest pitch by the glowing statement of his injuries, he advanced into the middle of the court, and exclaimed to the jury, "Oh! indeed now, it is every word of it true; but I did not know I had been half so ill used, till that gentleman told me so." The moral to be drawn from this anecdote was chosen by the duumvirs, Longbrain and our Radical, as a guide to their experiments, through the press, upon the credulity and passions of the public. Though their supposed object was a picture of the present times, it happened unfortunately for their descriptive and defamatory powers, that there never had been times whose character was so little suited to their purpose. There never had been known in history a period when public men had been so little corrupt; when oppression had been so little felt, or rather so totally unknown; when greater respect had been paid to the laws, or more careful attention to the liberty of the subject. In short, there was no oppressor's wrong; no proud man's contumely; no insolence of office; no spurning of patient merit. What were they to do to make the people, like Curran's client, find themselves so much more ill used than they thought they were? The question might have puzzled meaner geniuses; but great abilities are never at a loss; so, as there had been kings, and ministers, proud aristocrats, and prodigal courts, in preceding times (no matter how long before), our Radical, with the approbation of his Nestor, resolved to whip up the cream of all the faults of all the ages that were past, and fix them, either directly or by inference, upon the present era. Even when there were no faults, if treasons and political crimes had demanded, in former times, the strict execution of the old laws, or the enactment of new ones to repress them, they were argued upon, as if they still existed, to prove the miseries to which peaceable people in the present moment were said to be exposed. Louis XI. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, had been revengeful tyrants; therefore all kings of France and England were supposed to be at heart of the same family. In enumerating the just causes of the French Revolution, of course whatever instances could be found of oppression, insult, or revolting extravagance in the court, were sought for. This was but fair; but, as they

were not sufficiently supplied by the reign or character of the innocent king whom they murdered, search was made into the lives and actions of monarchs and men who had long been in their graves; and the crimes and prodigality of the two Louises, XIV. and XV., and the Regent Orleans, were marshalled in array against their virtuous descendant. To such a pitch of ridicule, by the way, was this carried by a great female reformer in the sister-kingdom, that, among other instances, Madame Sevigné, in one of her pleasant court-gossips, having related that the roses for a particular fête, in the time of Louis le Grand, had cost 60,000 crowns, it was immediately clapped down in proof of the profligate extravagance of the royalty that had been so properly destroyed by the Convention. In our own country, the long reign of one of the most just of our kings, George III., having been marked by many daring crimes, revolting treasons, open rebellions, and dangerous mutinies, which called for all the firmness of that firm king to repress them by law, it was but natural in those that wished to pull down his descendant, to represent and call him in public "the most bloody tyrant that ever filled the throne." When the same monarch, venerable for age and all domestic virtue, was (probably with a view to the trial of that virtue) marked by inscrutable Providence with the stamp of affliction, which he bore for years with patience and resignation, his misfortune, far from obtaining pity from those who of course hated, because they dreaded his memory, was designated by our adroit Radical as a proof of the indignation of Heaven.

In like manner, his successor, whom Radicalism dreaded (as well it might) as its determined enemy, having in a retired life sought a refuge—granted to the meanest—from the infirmities of age, his retirement was pronounced a voluptuous self-indulgence, at the expense of the people.

Unluckily for those who pursued this policy, the present sovereign could give them no handle for their patriotic misrepresentations. The king was as popular as themselves; he had resolved to give Reform a fair trial, and he had done it: he had no *insulting* reserves, as they were called; no solitary self-indulgences; he loved company, he loved his country, and he loved his wife. The Radical, therefore, attacked that wife, and this too was unfortunate, for the queen was unassailable. No matter. Brighter prospects might in time arise; for the king had refused to destroy the Church, or swamp the House of Lords; so he could not, therefore, be honest. The people, indeed, would not believe it; but the people were still fools, and wanted enlightening. The Radical felt this, but knew not how to set about it. The constancy the monarch had shown in his early professional friendships, and his unchangeable affability to all he had known before he had approached so near to the crown, were stumbling-blocks to the patriotic printer in endeavouring to misrepresent him. And "who the devil," said he one day to Longbrain, "could have imagined that a sailor cared a farthing about the Church?"

The veto, however, was to be put down; and he found in the profound writings of the virtuous Tom Paine, an argument on the subject which rejoiced his patriotic heart. No man, said this author of what he called Common Sense,—no man (a king for instance) can possibly, consistently with common sense, prescribe to a whole people, what they shall *not* enact. Why? Because one man cannot possibly be so wise as a thousand. Longbrain, to be sure, to whom our Radical stated this argument as proper to work upon, remarked with that unfortunate sneer of his,—

"Why, this would do away the wisdom of Socrates, and make his murderers far greater sages than himself. Nay, it would make the livery of London far wiser than their representatives, or even than the whole House of Commons, you and I among them."

"But mark how Paine goes on," said Crabtree:—"'Even granting,' says this clear-sighted patriot, a veto to the King of England, it can only be *in*

England, and from his residence there, that such a power should be allowed. —America was independent of it.'"

"Then, of course," observed Longbrain, with still more dryness, "if the king had chosen to have crossed to America, his veto would have been granted him immediately. This reasoning will be admirable too for Ireland, Scotland, the Isles of Man, Guernsey, Jersey, and our town of Berwick-upon-Tweed; in short, everywhere but in England itself.—But no matter; the authority of Paine is that of a canonized saint, and we of the common-sense tribe are bound by it. Pray pursue it therefore, for if it were ten times more ridiculous, being broached for the good of the people, and by such known friends as you and Paine, the people will certainly swallow it."

Longbrain's advice was followed both in the House and out of the House, in speeches and in writing. "Throw dirt enough, and some of it will stick," was the motto of our accomplished Radical; and, in truth, he acted so well up to his maxim, that even his protectors, the Whigs, were afraid of him. He perceived it, and revelled in the power he felt he had in insulting them.

Longbrain, whose power was more in the closet than on his legs, tutored him admirably; and, it must be owned, he was an admirable scholar.

"The Tories," said Longbrain, "are now completely down: it is the Whigs we must now watch, if not openly attack. They have got into the fastnesses of office, and woe to the people who have placed them there, if suffered to intrench themselves."

Crabtree, who hated both parties, wanted no encouragement to attack them conjointly, and for this purpose affected to blend them always together. "A Tory," said he, in one of his speeches, "is not a man, but a beast; he is styed in his prejudices, and wallows in the mire of his senses." This was followed by bursts of applause, and laughs of approbation from the Whigs. But the skilful Radical changed his hand and checked their pride; for he went on—"A Whig is properly what is called a trimmer (cheers from the Tories); that is, a coward to both sides of the question, who dares not be a knave or an honest man; but is a sort of a whigling, snaffling, cunning, silly, contemptible, unmeaning negation of the two. He stickles for the letter of the Constitution with the affectation of a prude, and abandons its principles with the effrontery of a prostitute*."

This speech was extolled to the skies by his brother-radicals, who thought their cause was advancing fast under his auspices; and certainly, if impudence (I beg pardon, I should have said a noble contempt of flattery in advocating the cause of the people) could have made a great minister, our Servitor would soon have been at the head of the cabinet. It is certain that although this cutting speech created open disdain on the part of the Tories, and deep hatred on that of the Whigs, the hatred of the latter was secret, their outward front conciliating. The design of which was both penetrated and appreciated by our strong-minded Radical, who was only the more emboldened by it, as a dog becomes the fiercer for seeing that a person is afraid of him.

Section XIV.

Progress of Radicalism in the Public Feeling.

"an act
That blears the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there."

Shakspeare's *Hamlet.*

The contempt of decency in language and manners is generally the first step, and a considerable one, to the overthrow of honourable and virtuous

* Sketches of Public Characters, by Hazlitt.

feelings. Once obtain that a man should be tolerated, and much more extolled, for putting affronts upon what has usually been held entitled to respect, the respect will soon be gone, and an opening made for the reception of any vicious alteration that may be meditated. This Longbrain knew, and preached it, with a view to his object, to Crabtree, who, without much philosophizing, practised it from taste.

"Once revolutionize the regard to decencies of intercourse in the people," said Longbrain, "and you will soon revolutionize their government. Familiarize them with the abuse, or even only the ridicule of the most sacred characters, and the conquest over their influence is easy."

Crabtree wanted no prompting; he had indeed long discovered the scent, and acted upon it—having, by libel, lie, and caricature, acquired the admiration and support of all the most remarkable scoundrels, and all the greatest blockheads—and there were not a few of both—in the three kingdoms. To have made many unoffending families in his neighbourhood uneasy from being exposed to disrespect, who had, before he commenced his plan, enjoyed their fair rights to the good opinion of the world, was only a proof of his powers of mind. He, however, stooped but seldom to low game. The higher the object, the greater and more persevering the abuse. This was the rule prescribed; and the war made upon the character and honour of gentry, clergy, and, of course, peers and kings, became as interminable as bitter. The higher orders were invariably called, in the House of Commons itself, the order of rogues. If the Conservatives wished to uphold the Church, they were compared to Jonathan Wyld, who made use of a methodist parson to preach to a mob, that he might better pick their pockets.

This piece of wit was attended with considerable success to Crabtree, who put it forward, as, while they laughed at it, it enabled him the better himself to pick the pockets of his readers by the sale of his papers. Then again there was no end to hard words, boldly and judiciously applied; and, the higher the rank or importance of the parties, the coarser the scurrility. He became (and for the sake of the people gloried in the character) a very scavenger in abuse. In the House he went to the very verge of parliamentary licence; out of the House, and in his paper, far beyond it.

Any person who differed from him was a lump of stupidity. One statesman, of the very highest name for talents and eloquence, was a bald-pated blackguard. A duke was a dolt; a bishop an atheist; a lord-chancellor an Old Bailey attorney; Ministers, shave-beggars; and peers could neither read nor write. A Tory was synonymous with a liar, and a prince of the blood was called a blood-squeezer. This last was held so witty and so just, that it made many converts among our wise and virtuous countrymen; and both Whig and Tory looked pale sometimes, to think what a change had been made in the manners of the House.

The system began to work well, and was therefore pursued; all courtesy, much more courtliness, faded fast under the radical star; and by degrees this assembly—once of gentlemen—became as like a pot-house or bear-garden as Longbrain himself could desire.

The Duumvirs, indeed, were powerfully aided by many persons with abilities enough, and wickedness enough, to overturn the state, provided they could once overturn the sense of shame which stood with many in the place of virtue; and it must be owned they had every prospect of success.

Such was their progress, that many of the original reformers were appalled, and retired from the precipice that, unforeseen, had opened under their feet. They were immediately attacked, denounced, bespattered, and, because they had acted like honest men, held up to execration for stopping short of the ruin they had been expected to accomplish.

All this, however, was nothing in the opinion of the far-reaching Longbrain, who, true to his doctrine, thought that no real good could be expected while the laws were obeyed, and that they could not be disobeyed without

arms to defend the disobedient from punishment. On all occasions, therefore, that offered, he put forth his feelers to ascertain how for they had succeeded in inspiring such a sense of grievance, fancied or real, as would justify the hope of a universal rise.

In this he had not very satisfactory encouragement; for most, even among professed Radicals, were still rather startled at the notion of civil war, more than in words, and among those who hesitated there was a considerable doubt as to the *lawfulness* of ever taking arms, at least if their necks were not to be insured, if unsuccessful. To this momentous and thorny question the cool head of Longbrain saw that they must now soon come; and, professing peace and obedience, lost no opportunity, in conjunction with his disciple, in discussing the RIGHT of a people to arm itself against the state, or, as he more delicately expressed it, to resist unjust laws.

SECTION XV.

Rights of the People to a Holy Insurrection.

"These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint her cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion."

Henry IV. Part I.

THE doctrine that ended the last section, though not new, was sufficiently difficult, and unfortunately rendered more so, because, from the sovereign to the lowest peace-officer, there had not for years been found a case where any legal authority had been abused or exceeded; and whoever, therefore, preached the *right* of resistance, was obliged to take the bull by the horns, and, quitting supposed cases of tyranny, usurpation, and dispensing powers, to lay down the broad proposition that, whenever the subjects of a state chose, and were strong enough, to alter or destroy the constitution, they might do so without being questioned; and that, however settled or sworn to, the sovereign power might be attacked, changed, or even annihilated, and the nation left in a state of nature, without any government at all, as the will and pleasure of any body of individuals, calling themselves the people, might direct.

Of this extent of their doctrine our radical friends were much too accomplished in the science of government not to be aware. Disguise the point as they might, they knew that if they preached the lawfulness of insurrection, to that it must come at last. Temporize, tamper with it, conceal its reach or ultimate consequences, and only show such immediate purposes as might be deemed convenient by those who were to profit by them; still, if subjects have a right to arm against the laws because they do not like them, or under pretence of a necessity, of which they are themselves to be the judges, all the consequences stated above must be the logical result. Any opposing objections that can arise can only spring from ambiguities in the terms used, which must be first cleared away. For example, the meaning of RIGHT itself, the principal word used, and upon which the whole question turns, must be exactly defined and mutually understood. It is not easy, indeed, to frame the metaphysical definition of RIGHT. It is whatever is not wrong, says one. It is what is just, or proper, or fitting, says another. It is a just claim, says a third; and whatever the law awards you, observes a fourth.

None of these definitions, it is plain, will give subjects a right to take arms against an acknowledged government, *that proceeds without infraction, according to the law of the land.* But the claimants outnumber those that oppose them? That is denied; but suppose it admitted: will that justify the proceeding? Is the right of the strongest one of the definitions? And are we again to embattle our houses and keep guard for our safety? Or, if robbers make successful war upon us, can the success be pleaded in their justification? The right of conquest was once admitted among civilians: will any Doctor of Laws, though a root-and-branch democrat, now uphold that right? But a *just claim* is among the definitions; and this might carry the right of insurrection. Yes! but the judge of what is just as a claim cannot be the party making it.

So the important words, LAW, and, particularly, SOVEREIGNTY must be left with no ambiguity for ignorance or sophistry to lay hold of. Without this we plunge into a sea of doubt and uncertainty, and may buffet its waves, "with hearts indeed of controversy," but without a prospect of ever getting to land. To begin with the last of these terms, SOVEREIGNTY. In order to avoid misunderstanding, I have mentioned the thing, not the man supposed to possess it, because there are many sorts of sovereigns; some of themselves supreme, from whom all law and power proceed; some merely supreme in dignity, to whom obedience is obedience to laws made by others; some irresponsible, therefore inviolable, and of course not triable; others responsible, therefore triable, and therefore punishable. All these, though so different as to character and rights, are called sovereigns, and may be so classed as to name; but it is evident from their vital differences that the same reasoning as to *rights* cannot universally apply to all of them. We therefore leave them out of the question, and adopt the term signifying the thing not the person. Sovereignty then implies not only the supreme, but the sole power of a state, from which emanate all its laws, energies, and actions, and is therefore wholly indivisible, independent, and uncontrollable. If controllable, it would not be what it purports to be in this definition, but some other and still higher power must control it, which would be a contradiction. The not distinguishing this, but confounding the terms, has often occasioned glaring, and probably very dishonest, sophistries, particularly one of the sainted Paine,

"Whom rascals love and fools admire."

With a view to justify rebellion upon occasion, he wishes to prove that the sovereign power is not so sovereign but it may be altered by the people. Hence he instances the case of one of the American States, where, though there is a constitution, and a government, yet every fifteen years the people may assemble and sit in judgment upon it, alter it, and of course adopt another if they please. Who does not see here that the sovereignty he first named is not the real sovereignty of the state, but only a deputed one for fifteen years by the people, who retain the supremacy and right of ultimately judging, though they have consented to suspend it for a given period? Had Paine been an honest man, he would, in order not to blind the people he professed to enlighten, have supposed the case of the people of this American state assembling to break up their constitution and government *within* the fifteen years, during which they had parted with their power. Could he have defended, or even explained that, so as to prove it was a right in the people, not a punishable rebellion—the illustration might have been valid.

Sovereignty, therefore, being in itself a thing integral, indivisible, and intangible, it remains to be seen what possible power, except its own, can alter the channel in which it has been made to flow. If, as was held by Paine, the springs whence it began, the sovereignty so fancied is not the sovereignty described, it is not integral, indivisible, and intangible. The only question left, therefore, as to the sovereignty in England, is whereabouts it resides? Is it in the King?—No! In the Lords?—No! The Commons?—No!

The Lords and Commons together?—No! All three?—Yes! But those who say yes must for ever, and in every possible case, just or unjust, that can be fancied, give up the notion of a superior or correcting power, be it in the people or in the pope. Those who say no, and that the people have it, must first show who and what are meant by the people, distinct from the three estates of the realm; and if this is discovered, when, where, and how this sovereign controlling power was lodged with them. It is certainly true that the first duke in England, of abilities by no means despicable, but of wisdom most questionable, did once at a feast, and in his cups, warming, no doubt, with his wine as much as his patriotism, propose as a toast, "Our sovereign, the people!" for which he was justly condemned as an insane person by all moderate and cool-judging men; in short, all but the rogues who used and the visionaries who admired him. But this great duke (whose family at least, while gathering titles, privileges, and wealth from their sovereigns, never thought of the people as such)—this great duke never even made the attempt to demonstrate what the people really were to whom he attributed this power, much less how they came by it.

It is also most true that another very great champion of what *he* also called the people, told them that it was only a matter of prudence whether or not they should obey the laws; not, as was evident, because the laws had not been made through the regular channel; not because they were enacted by usurpers; but merely because they might not be pleasing to them, the people. In stating it thus, in order to do full justice to the great but dangerous individual who preached this insurrectionary doctrine, I give him the full benefit of the word PEOPLE. I take it as meaning a *whole* people, though (as was answered by an heroic woman when the same abused word was used by the murderers of Charles) they were not a tenth part of them who listened to him. But supposing they were the whole, where was the right to be found in the map of the constitution? Where was the writer, where the lawyer, where the senator before him, that ever made the discovery of this hidden reserved sovereignty in we know not what hands or classes, that had the power to disobey, and therefore set aside laws (whatever they were) that had been regularly enacted? See what oversights may be committed by the most enlightened understandings, when common-sense has departed from them, and loyalty and real patriotism are lost in ambition! One of the most crying usurpations of James—that which chiefly induced the revolt of his subjects, and the loss of his crown, was his endeavour to set himself above the laws *by dispensing with them.* What was the doctrine of Fox, but that the people might do so, though the king might not? Yet nowhere that I know of could he, or did he, show that this power—by law at least—was, in the people, ever vested, ever had existed, or ever could be exercised. What he meant was, we must suppose, that, if they did not like the laws, they had a right to run the risk of their necks, if they pleased, by disobeying them; and if this made them sovereigns, sovereigns they were. What did James do more? Yet in him the *pretended* right was properly resisted, because it was usurped. Is the right of the people less usurped, because by the people and not the king? All this could not escape the common-sense of the time, and Mr. Fox was asked, some little time afterwards, by one of the clearest heads in the House (one whose ambition was of a far higher degree than to be the leader of a mob instead of a nation), whether the period was arrived when he was prepared to unfurl the standard of rebellion? The question was a pregnant one, and was felt from one end of the empire to the other, in a way disastrous to the insurrectionary principle. On this occasion the future Speaker showed all the promise that he afterwards realized in the chair, of consummate and accurate knowledge of the science of law and government; and Mr. Fox was found to intrench himself in certain general and, at best, vague and indefinite theories of what were *miscalled* rights, if supposed to be recognised by any law but that of personal feeling; and this, if allowed to enter into any code, as an acknowledged rule of action, farewell

to all order, protection, or real liberty, and welcome anarchy and the right of the strongest!

I am quite aware that this reasoning allows nothing, and notices nothing, of cases which have arisen, and may arise again, of the most atrocious oppression, cruelty, murder, and infamous outrage in sovereigns, which have driven subjects to revolt, and ended in revolution.

Instances might be multiplied of this, and Englishmen are not the persons to condemn such cases. But these are, at the very best, excrescences, anomalies, and cannot be foreseen or provided against. Each case therefore must be *sui generis*, and obey the hazard and circumstances of the time when it arises; for no sovereignty can contain a provision for its own dissolution, because there must be a judge to say when the crisis has arrived, and that judge will then be sovereign over the sovereign, which is a contradiction.

Thus it was between the Ephori and kings at Sparta, and the tribunes and consuls at Rome. That, wherever there is a tribunal to try a sovereign, the sovereign must be anything but independent, appears in this, that when a person is liable to be tried, he is liable also to be accused, though innocent; and, in that case, can never be sure of his sovereignty a single moment.

Half a dozen Longbrains, Crabtrees, or other agitators, might keep the whole sovereignty of England, king, lords, and commons, separately or collectively, on their trial for ever, and thus the whole functions of the government might be for ever paralyzed.

Hence, as has been said, though cases of outrage may be supposed in a sovereign, they cannot be provided against by the constitution. What then shall we say to outrages (for such they may be) *enacted by the law?* Let us suppose, for example, that the Lex Mercheta extending all over the United Kingdom, as a reward for his services, should be revived by Act of Parliament, in favour of a certain Irish agitator and his family for ever. Would this,—could this be submitted to? Would there not be an armed revolt, and would not that revolt be justifiable? The answer is, that it would, but not by the law; for if there has been no provision for it under the constitution, there can be no redress, and the remedy must be not in the execution of the law, but the infraction of it.

Such a proposition, however, could hardly be gravely sanctioned through *legislative* formal enactments, in any man's imagination who had not parted with his senses. Then how would it be *justifiable?* I know not, except by reason, which, as every man has a reason of his own, leaves the matter so indefinite, and so little precise, that no rule can be laid down upon it beforehand. Every man, therefore, must determine upon it according to his own feelings, and at his own peril; and to legislate upon these would be as impossible as it would be to interpret a law, which laid down that the people need not obey enactments that were unreasonable.

To make ourselves the better understood, let us suppose the most extreme of all cases, that the legislature should formally *destroy* the constitution, by giving the king's proclamation (as was once actually done) the authority of an Act of Parliament; or, as was equally done, by forbidding the king to dissolve the Commons, except by their own consent.* Here, if anywhere, one would suppose, there would be a *reasonable* ground of disobedience; and, if enforced, of civil war. Yet, if the cases were not expressly provided against by the law, but only left to vague and indefinite implications of reason, (however sound,) could any man who chose to arm against the Parliament, *plead a right to do so*, from anything but his own will? Grant even such a wild provision as the following, to be inserted in a bill of rights:—"When any of the subjects shall be aggrieved by any law

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* I have mentioned the last to show that if kings can usurp, so may the people.

they may refuse to comply with it, and if not altered, may take arms to procure its alteration." Could such a naked proposition, without land-marks, or farther provisions, showing what shall constitute such a case, or how it shall be recognised by something more than a man's own opinion of his own predicament, be acted upon with impunity? Could such a man, taken in arms against an *enacted* law (however grievous), *plead* such a bill of rights? The difficulty is insuperable: for ingenuity itself cannot lay down, *before-hand*, what shall constitute the right of resistance against lawful sovereignty, on account of the contradiction of the terms; whoever, therefore, chooses to resist, because his *reason* impels him to do so, must do it with a halter about his neck; and whoever advises such resistance, must do it at the same peril.

From all this it follows that the doctrine of resistance as a DEFINABLE RIGHT can form no part of moral philosophy, or of the philosophy of government. There could be no place found for it in any *practical* treatise of law of nations, much less of municipal law. Grotius and Puffendorf, those eyes of legal science, could not frame a chapter upon it for the use of either sovereigns or people. The shrewd Paley indeed talks of expediency as a guide; but the same overpowering difficulty, *the want of a proper jurisdiction*, is fatal to him as to others. For as he can find no other, he says every man is to judge for himself, which is pretty nearly what is done by every man who robs on the highway*.

Hence the people, as they are styled, must be either sovereigns or subjects. They cannot be both, for ever changing; now humble petitioners; now imperious masters; now accusers; now judges. There can be no alternative; their colours must be known, and as it has been hinted that in Russia, assassination was said to be part of the constitution†, so in England, if this doctrine prevailed, civil war *ad libitum* would be the law of the land. Yet, without this, of what consequence are all the threats and revilings that salute us every hour? What is to put down the acknowledged rights of the Lords, given them expressly for the use they put them to, to restrain what to them seems the temporary madness of the Commons? Nor, though the exercise were evidently unwise, unjust, unholy, can any question be made upon it by any power in the state. The moment that is done, the balance and beauty of the constitution are gone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* We cannot help here recollecting the tribute of applause given to the very shallow, superficial sentiment of Quin, by the very arrogant hypocrite and coxcomb, Horace Walpole, who, though the most usurping of Aristocrats, affected the greatest love of equality; and who, though fattened all his life on spoils, wrung, as he would himself say, from the industry of the people, by the exaction of kings, hung upon one side of his bed a copy of Magna Charta, and on the other the warrant for the murder of Charles I. When Bishop Warburton, disputing with Quin upon that last ever misrepresented transaction, asked by what law King Charles was put to death, the actor answered, by all the laws he had left us; and this tintinnabulum of words (for it was no more), he extols as an unanswerable triumph of the actor over the bishop. And yet, had Walpole himself been asked what laws the rebels had left Charles with which to defend himself; or how the laws which he had left to the constitution gave the supposed authority relied upon by Quin, what could he have said? In fact, like a gaping schoolboy, he was charmed by a jingle, for, from the argument above stated, it had no meaning.

† This dogma, though it is ironically held, is yet of the greatest use in elucidating the subject. The tyranny of Paul was so unbearable, that it was said he was taken off. Yet would any Russian treatise on the theory of government, gravely lay down the proposition that when the Czar uses his legal power so as in their opinion to gall his nobles, they may kill him? This tenet would justify Ravaillac.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

CERTAINLY there is some occult sympathy between the pen and the sword, notwithstanding that "sweet Tully" was not fond of fighting, that Demosthenes ran away at Chæronea, and that Horace flung away his shield. From the time of Xenophon to that of Napoleon, soldiers have been partial to recording their own deeds; and if there have been some great commanders who have not written, there is some probability that it was for the sufficing reason that they could not write. Passing over Cæsar and his Commentaries, the king of Prussia, and many other hero-authors, great has been the company of the retired veterans who, since the general peace, instead of turning their swords into ploughshares, have hammered them into "Perryans;" and multifarious are the productions in which they have set forth their own experiences in the art of war. The military tale has been of late years a very favourite species of fictitious narrative; and we have had them in every variety of excellence.

We are much gratified in being able to lay before our readers, from a private source of information, various biographical particulars respecting the subject of the present notice.

Mr. Gleig was born in Stirling, on the 20th April, 1796, and carried when an infant of three weeks old to a country house which his father, the present pious and learned Bishop Gleig, then inhabited, at the foot of the Ochiel Hills. He spent there the first five years of his life. He was very delicate as a child, insomuch that they scarcely expected to rear him; he did not overcome this delicacy of constitution till he attained to the age of about fourteen.

One of his earliest impressions was a feeling of extreme attachment to an elder sister, who died of a decline when he was five years old. He remembers going into her room the morning of her death, and finding her, as he thought, in a deep sleep, and being greatly horrified when her cheek, which he kissed, felt so cold. The funeral likewise he can call to mind at this moment: the hearse and plumes and the mourning carriages that conveyed her remains to the old churchyard of Logie. He states, "I never go to that part of the country without paying a visit to her grave." She was attached to a young officer, but would not marry him on account of the extreme delicacy of her constitution; and it is remarkable that he died a few years afterwards, like her, of a decline.

Mr. Gleig received the rudiments of his education from his father, who was much attached to him; and took great delight in the task, because his partiality led him to say, that it was an easy one. At eight years of age he went to the grammar-school of Stirling, and being still delicate did not mix much in the rougher sports of the boys; but was accustomed to get his own lessons very fast, and then kept the class idl by telling stories. Some of these he took from books, some he invented—they were of no great merit, of course, but they went down famously.

In English reading his great favourites then were "Southey's Amaids of Gaul," and every boo[illegible]night-errantry on which he could lay his

hands. Scott's poetry also he devoured; he read likewise a good deal of history.

From the grammar-school he was removed at the age of ten, and placed under Dr. Russell, now Episcopal clergyman at Leith. There were about thirty boys in all at the school, and he soon got to the head of them. At thirteen years of age he finished his school course, and was then a tolerable scholar.

His next move was to Glasgow College, where he remained about two years, and then entered at Balliol College, Oxford, being three or four weeks under fifteen. But his passion had always been for a military life; and as his father objected to it on the score of his inability to sustain its fatigues, he became idle and discontented. At Balliol his acquaintance with Lockhart and others began; and neither time nor separation ever produced among those who were friends in 1811, the slightest coldness.

In the autumn of 1812 he obtained an ensigncy, and joined his regiment at the Cove of Cork. He remained with it there till February, 1813, when, on the remodelling of the 85th, he was bought into it, and joined it at Hythe, in Kent, in the month of March. In the course of that summer he got his promotion, and went as a lieutenant to Spain. Of that, as well as of his life in America, the tale is told in the "Subaltern" and "Campaigns at Washington and New Orleans."

Poetry is almost always the first effort of a young writer. The earliest of his productions appeared in an Edinburgh Magazine in 1810. He was then fourteen years old, and haply both the magazine and the verses are now forgotten. When an officer in the 85th, he was accustomed, however, to write squibs and make songs, especially on board of ship, very much to the amusement of his comrades.

After the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and there was a prospect of a long peace, he listened without reluctance to his father's wish; and being heartily tired of garrison-duty, returned home. He then went upon half-pay, and returned to Oxford in 1816; took his degree in 1818; and married the year following a ward of his father, and the daughter of Captain Cameron the younger, of Kinlochleven. He lived for twelve months with his young wife, at a remarkably pretty place on the banks of the Eden, in Cumberland, called Rockliffe Hall; where, having always found idleness irksome, he read hard, and prepared himself for taking orders.

He was ordained in 1819, by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, to the curacy of Westwell, in Kent—his stipend was seventy pounds a year. In 1821 the archbishop presented him to the perpetual curacy of Ash, value a hundred and thirty pounds a year; and not long afterwards added the rectory of Ivy Church, by which he cleared two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. As he could not live on his curacy and half-pay, and the allowance which he had from his father, he tried to eke out his income by taking pupils. But he soon found the interruption of domestic quiet intolerable, and gave up the scheme.

He wrote the "Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans," while curate of Westwell; and had previously contributed a few papers to "Blackwood's Magazine." But the book did not take very fast, and he made up his mind to write no more. He was

a very severe student, particularly of theology, church history, &c., from 1821 to 1824. In 1826 he sold his half-pay, and wrote the "Subaltern," which first came out in Blackwood, by portions.

The "Subaltern" of this author contains no tale, properly so called; but professes merely to relate the personal adventures of the hero during his service with the Duke of Wellington's army. So, also, in the "Chelsea Pensioners," a considerable portion of the volumes consists of mere public narrative. The claims of Mr. Gleig to rank among the British novelists, are founded mainly on a few of the stories contained in this latter work. Within that small sphere, however, he has exhibited powers of no ordinary character; and the author of the "Gentle Recruit," the "Neutral Ground," and the historian of "Percy Vernon" and of the "Two Rival Allens," is entitled to take a very high place indeed among the modern writers of fictitious story. The great merit of this gentleman's productions is the vigour of his narrative, and the intense reality produced by a judicious and striking selection of his details. So thoroughly does he imbue his readers with the circumstances of the scene he describes, so penetrating is the interest with which he invests it, that they are compelled almost to fancy themselves present at the action, and are hurried on without a pause to reflect that (as in the case of the "Subaltern") there is no tale whatever to be told. Thus, for instance, in the Introduction to the "Chelsea Pensioners," a work in which the author has grouped a series of tales within the frame-work of a story-telling mess of half-pay officers, he has described the particulars of what might be called one of Robert Owen's parallelograms—a sort of club-boarding house, where a number of officers unite to enjoy the pleasures of society on a better scale than their fortunes would otherwise enable them to do. Yet on these dry matters of fact he has contrived to throw such a colouring, and has placed them in such picturesque lights, as beget an immediate attention in the reader, who is almost infallibly led to desire that he might make one in the circle, and is anything but pleased at finding the whole machinery and personages dropped as soon as they have answered their limited purpose of introducing the stories. Strong perceptions, then, and a corresponding power of giving out what he conceives, are the leading qualities of this writer; and truth and *vraisemblance* are the results at which he arrives.

The "Subaltern" and the "Chelsea Pensioners" throw a vivid, though perhaps not always an agreeable light, upon military life, and depict the camp in all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," with a fidelity which is not to be mistaken. To the soldier they doubtless recall many things *quas meminisse juvat;* while to the civilian they afford much instruction, which should tend to detract something from that abstract love of war which the long absence of its personal experience has engendered among the John Bulls of our island. There pervades the narrative also a healthy tone of mind, alike distant from a morbid sensibility on the one hand, and, on the other from a heartless indifference to the scenes of human misery wit which it is conversant.

From the time when "The Subaltern" was written, Mr. Gleig's life has been one of great labour. A growing family imposed this upon him, and he had a large and populous parish to superintend; his mode of

doing so, at least in the opinion of the parishioners, was testified by their presenting him on his departure with an elegant Epergne, and by giving him a public dinner. And to this hour he goes among them as a man does among his nearest of kin.

After the "Subaltern" and the "Chelsea Pensioners," came out in succession the "Country Curate," the "Life of Sir Thomas Munro," the "History of the Bible," the "History of British India," "Sermons for Plain People," "Allan Breck," "A Guide to the Lord's Supper," "The Soldier's Help to a Knowledge of Divine Truth," the "Chronicles of Waltham," and the "Family History of England."

Mr. Gleig's politics have always been Conservative; indeed, he is descended on both sides from families that suffered much in the cause of the house of Stuart. But our author never took any part in politics, till the agitation of the Reform Bill. While that measure pended he struggled to the best of his abilities against it; since it became the law, he has reverted to his original neutrality. But his sentiments have never varied. He is a firm and conscientious supporter of the established Constitution in Church and State.

His appointment to the Chaplaincy of Chelsea College was to him as great a surprise as it could have been to any one. It was communicated in a letter from Lord John Russell, which he read once or twice over before he could persuade himself that it was genuine. And the conduct of Lord John was ever afterwards most honourable. He would not retract his appointment, and never so much as hinted that it would gratify him if our author were to change or even suppress his opinions. It is just to our author to add, that he never disguised those opinions from his Lordship.

He is the father of eight children: his eldest son is gone to India in the Madras army.*

* These details have been supplied by a friend of Mr. Gleig's, better acquainted with dates and circumstances connected with his earlier life than we are: but we cannot permit these details to go forth in our pages without paying a tribute of our own, not only to Mr. Gleig's literary talents, but to his private and personal character. There never existed a man more universally esteemed and respected. In all the relations of life he stands enviably high. In his official capacity, we only tell those who want to know what his reputation at Chelsea is (where he has resided nearly three years), that they have only to go amongst the pensioners and inquire; nor do these veterans venerate and respect his piety, philanthropy, and religious zeal for their good, the less from the curious coincidence that the flag, in capturing which he was wounded at Bladensburg, now hangs beside his pulpit in the Hospital Chapel.—Ed.

THE HUMORIST.

SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM AMOS STOKES, ESQ., OF NASHVILLE, U. S., TO WASHINGTON NOKES, ESQ., OF LIVERPOOL,

Continuing the account of the very remarkable ascent made in

MR. HUDSON'S GRAND KENTUCKY BALLOON.

My last, dear Nokes, convey'd a full account
  Of our most desperate and horrid plight,
When, to compel our poised balloon to mount,
  By rendering it more volatile and light,
So that we might approach some stellar fount,
  And quench our raging thirst,—we deem'd it right
To fix, by drawing little lots of paper,
Which of our trio overboard should caper.

One after one Green placed them on his palm,
  And was about to close his hand, when lo!
Although it hitherto had been dead calm,
  A gust of wind snatch'd up those types of woe,
And whisk'd them out of sight. Hope's sudden balm
  Gave to our spirits a reviving flow;
For, in this crisis of our sad condition,
It seem'd a heavenly interposition.

Especially when our balloon, beneath
  Some new and strong attraction, upwards rush'd,
And we drew in, between our chattering teeth,
  A warmer air, which thro' our system gush'd,
Thawing our blood until it seem'd to seethe,
  While we no longer felt oppress'd and crush'd
By th' outward atmosphere, which now was neither
Too rare nor cold, but a delicious æther.

Hey! presto! pass!—One anxious moment more,
  And we were compass'd by a vapoury shroud.
Another pause, and there began to pour
  A heavy rain from this dissolving cloud;
So that, by holding up the hats we wore,
  The swelling sides of the balloon allow'd
A stream continuous to trickle down,
And fill a bumper in th' indented crown.

Me and my comrades did that magic draught
Raise from despair to bliss without alloy,
As if we simultaneously had quaff'd
Hope, courage, strength, vitality, and joy.
Green was no longer truculent—he laugh'd,
And thought no more of whom he should destroy;
While Guy kept praying, in his own farrago,
"*Jupiter Auctor! tibi gratias ago.*"

From that most blessed cloud emerging soon,
There shot athwart our course a sudden light,
As warm as a meridian ray of June,—
When our three voices, at their topmost height,
Set up a choral shout—"The Moon! the Moon!"
And there it was above us, huge and bright;
Confounding all my system of astronomy,
And notions of the Sun and Moon's economy.

When, as we thought, the balanced element,
Kept our balloon in equipoised inaction,
We still had made a gradual ascent,
Until we came within the moon's attraction.
For 'twas the moon indeed to which we bent
Our course with so much speed and satisfaction.
I tell you simply what I saw, dear Nokes,
So don't suppose my history a hoax.

After the sun went down brief twilight gleam'd;
We were rapt upwards with a rush—and lo!
As we approach'd the moon, the *morning* beam'd,
And the warm planet sparkled in the glow
Of sunshine; yes, however strange it seem'd,
There was no night that night. Guy felt it so,
For he exclaim'd—"A miracle confess'd!
Occubuit Sol, nox nulla secuta est."

Oh! what inadequate tongue, pencil, pen,
Can tell, paint, write the spirit-stirring change,
Wrought, as by magic, in our tempers, when
We gazed upon this planet fair and strange,
And saw it was inhabited; for men,
And farms, and cattle, came within the range
Of clear perception,—while the distant beams,
Fell on a tower'd town 'mid groves and streams.

As we drew nearer, still the fairer smiled
That lunar garden of delight, until
The paradise thus open'd in the wild,
Fill'd us with wonder, though it could not fill
Our maws:—the pangs of Tantalus were mild,
Compared to those that made us yearn and thrill,
As various fruits we noted, all and each
Within our sight, but far beyond our reach.

When we had nearly gain'd the promised land,
Some most provoking law of aerostatics
Brought our poised vessel to a second stand,
And thus we hung suspended in the attics;
While the ground floor exhibited a bland
Display of warmth to solace our rheumatics,
As well as food, which, in our starving languor,
Half madden'd us with an impatient anger.

Our woes to aggravate, the rustic crew,
 Who in the fields already were at work,
Soon as our floating figures came in view,
 Brandish'd ferociously scythe, spade, and fork,
Or gather'd stones which at our car they threw,
 Each, with the look of a malignant Turk,
Shouting amain—" Hikānah polbob, boo!"
Words meaning, when their English garb is put on,
" If you alight, you're all as dead as mutton!"

Just then some influence of gravitation
 Brought our balloon still nearer to the ground,
When, smitten with a sudden consternation,
 The peasants fled, to the defying sound
" Hikānah polbob, boo!" but in their station
 We marked one maiden as we gazed around,
For such we judged her by her curly head,
Her figure slim and petticoat of red.

Cried Green, whose spirits were revived,—" By Jingo!
 That flaming petticoat and graceful mien,
Give her the semblance of a red Flamingo,
 But that no beak or pinions can be seen.
I wonder whether she can speak our lingo;—
 Hilloa! Ma'am, or Miss! behold our lean
And starving state. If you can throw so far,
Pray toss a quartern loaf into our car."

Whereat she threw her body back—uprear'd
 Her fair round arms, and tenderly exclaim'd,
" Squanch zimzom squish!" How euphonous appeared
 Those guttural and Dutch-like words, when named
By woman's ever welcome voice, endear'd
 Tenfold to us, whose hearing was inflamed
By long and hungry listening for a sound,
While we were prison'd in our silent pound.

As speech was useless here, I made a sign,
 By pointing to my mouth with starving look:
Untwisting then a little ball of twine,
 And fastening to its lower end a hook,
I let a basket down until the line
 Came within reach, which eagerly she took,
Untied the pannier in a trice, and quicker
Than any antelope bore off the wicker.

Oh! how we watched her flitting o'er the ground,
 As to the covert of a wood she flew!
Oh! how our bosoms thrilled with joy profound,
 As her light form again appeared in view!
Oh! when the string she to the handle bound,
 How carefully the basket we updrew!
But oh! (and this beats all the other Oh's!)
At sight of its contents what joy arose!

Three bowls of milk we saw. I cannot say
 How mortal cows could yield so rich a draught,
Unless they pastured on the Milky Way.
 Imagine with what eagerness we quaff'd!
Next were three loaves upon a wooden tray,
 So far beyond an earthly baker's craft,
That from their taste they might have been surmised
To be sweet almond cakes celestialized.

Not Heliogabalus nor old Apicius,
Nor the famed suicidal cook Vattel,
Ever concocted banquet more delicious,
Or one so eagerly devour'd. To tell
Th' effect of those restoratives auspicious,
Transcends my power; in short, we felt quite well,
And in an access of hysteric gladness,
Shriek'd, laugh'd, and jump'd with every sign of madness.

So kind the maiden, that I felt a hope,
Perchance, that she might aid us to descend,
So I uncoil'd, and lower'd down a rope
With a small grappling iron at its end,
Making a sign,—(Oh! there is ample scope
In signs, if people *will* but comprehend,)
That she should stick the hook into the ground,
Or fasten it to anything she found.

As quick to execute as understand,
The tackle to a withered stump she tied,
Then lifting up each alabaster hand,
She bow'd, as if to say—"I have complied."
So did we gently pull ourselves to land,
And mooring the balloon that it might ride
Safely at anchor, out we jumped, enchanted
To find our feet on *terra firma* planted.

How shall I paint it—where begin—how frame
Language descriptive of a scene so rare?
Luxora (so the nymph was call'd) must claim
Precedence of my pen. That fairest fair,
Bending one knee as to the ground we came,
Thrice touched her forehead with a reverent air,
Then smiling, like an opening rose in June,
Appeared to give us welcome to the moon.

All the Lunarians, you must keep in mind,
Are somewhat smaller than the human race,
Bearing the same proportion to mankind
That the moon does to earth. In stature, grace,
And symmetry, Luxora's form combined
All that we dream of sylphs, although her face
More round and moon-like than we see on earth,
Show'd her to be a girl of lunar birth.

Yet was it fair, most exquisitely fair,
Her cheeks just beaming with a roseate light,
Contrasting with the yellow silken hair,
Which fell in tendrils o'er her shoulders white.
Her round ox-eye with Juno's might compare,
Save that its hue was moon-like, with a bright
Spot in the centre of the purest hazel,
More sparkling than the pupil of the gazelle.

Her tight-made boddice of a golden thread,
The budding beauties of her bust conceal'd,
Her petticoat of dark flamingo red
Half of her fair unstocking'd leg revealed;
No wonder that with such a foot, her tread
Was light as gossamer. No nymph lark-heeled,
Not Dian, Atalanta, nor Aurora,
Had legs so lissom as the light Luxora.

When I had gazed my fill, no easy task,
I look'd around me at the landscape fair.
Oh! what a master's pencil would it ask
To paint a scene so beautifully rare,
Where the whole face of Nature wore a mask,
That gave her features a diminish'd air,
And yet enhanced their charms, as if she sought
To prove how well in miniature she wrought.

A golden bloom illumed the velvet grass,
Whose flowers gave forth a perfume rich and rare,
The tinted waters look'd like purple glass
Flowing through meads auriferous;—the air
Thrill'd with the songs of birds that far surpass
Earth's nightingales in summer evenings fair;
And when we raised our ravished eyes on high
What lovely visions glorified the sky!

Prismatic clouds assumed the form and hues
Of a grand gallery of pictures splendid,
Where every taste its favourite scene might choose,
For *here* a gorgeous landscape lay extended,
An air-drawn Paradise; and *there* sea-views,
With figures, flowers, and cattle-pieces blended
All, when a zephyr wafted them from sight,
To form again more beautifully bright.

While I stood thus in an admiring trance,
Green, who had gather'd and devour'd a mango,
Now, bowing, to Luxora would advance,
Now twirl around her in a mad fandango,
Crying at times, as he increased his dance,
"I'll show you, Miss, how rapidly I *can* go,"
And laughing louder as he capered round,
At poor Luxora's wonderment profound.

Guy's wonder was a stupor, every sight
And every moment seeming to increase it:
His first quotation was a bull outright,
"*Steterunt comæ, vox faucibus hæsit,*"—
For he was bald, and spoke.—"Who," quoth our wight,
"*Quis tale credat?* even when he sees it?
Well may the moon be called *decus astrorum*,
Where everything is *dulce et decorum*."

And now Luxora, tripping o'er the glades
That form'd its outskirt, led us to a wood,
Within whose fragrant and sequestered shades
A small pavilion picturesquely stood,
With windows looking down, through green arcades,
On a far lake, whose waves the zephyr woo'd,
Or sped some vessel on its sunny way,
That dash'd the waters into sparkling spray.

In this retreat, where everything betray'd
Simplicity, refined by female taste,
Our fair neat-handed Phillis—now our maid
And hostess too—(*both* characters she graced)

A plain repast upon the table laid,
  Waiting upon us with such looks of chaste
And reverent homage in her beaming features,
'Twas clear she took us for celestial creatures.

Whene'er we spoke this answer still we heard—
  "Squanch zimzom squish," whose lunar sense implies,
"I cannot understand a single word;"
  But we had little need of colloquies,
For what we wanted instantly occurr'd,
  As if she read our very thoughts and eyes;
Such was the intuition of this airy,
Brave, graceful, gracious, deferential fairy.

Our meal concluded, with her tiny hand
  Of ivory she pointed to a door,
With signs to open it, at which command
  We pass'd within, and mark'd upon the floor
Three couches ready to receive our band;
  Each at its head a plume of feathers bore,
Each was with rushes strewn, and flowers whose balm
Inspires a sleep refreshing, sweet, and calm.

When we return'd, behold! the nymph had fled,
  Or vanish'd as by magic from the place:
We listen'd, but we could not hear her tread;
  We gazed around, no object could we trace;
So to beguile our lonesomeness we sped
  Forth to the circling forest—not in chace
Of the fair fugitive—but just to see
Whate'er might move our curiosity.

Oft will my memory that stroll renew,
  So strange and lovely was the woodland show;
Each wild flower, shrub, and tree that met our view
  Resembled those that in our tropics grow—
Palm, cedar, cypress, banyan, bamboo,
  And many more whose names we did not know,
Were laced together in alcoves and bowers,
By parasitic plants, enwreath'd with flowers.

The dove, gold-pheasant, humming-bird, maccaw,
  Swung to and fro upon the high festoons,
While, sporting in the lower boughs, we saw
  Opossums, squirrels, monkeys, and racoons,
And all by some mysterious lunar law
  Had round flat faces, just like little moons;
Even the animals unknown on earth
Bearing this token of their lunar birth.

If they were strange to us, 'twas clearer still
  That we were strange to them; for, as we sped,
The birds flew off with startled screamings shrill,
  While quickly disappear'd each quadruped;
New forms we glimpsed which scarcely waited till
  We came in sight, when instantly they fled.
We laugh'd at their alarms, but far more pleasant
Was the wild panic of a passing peasant.

Thus we pursued our fear-diffusing walk
  Till evening's shadows fell, when home we hied
Of fair Luxora's bravery to talk—
  The only being who unterrified
Had faced us, and not only scorn'd to baulk
  Our hopes of aid, but kindly had supplied
Such food and lodging, we could almost fancy
  The whole some scene of fairy necromancy.

We saw the sun behind the mountains set
  In all the effulgence of prismatic glory,
Then gladly to our couches did we get,
  To chat awhile of our surprising story;
But the flowers soporific would not let
  Our talk be more than brief and transitory.
For we all sunk in balmy slumber soon:
  So pass'd our first day's sojourn in the moon.

A HAZY NIGHT.

"Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect."

* * * * * * *

"If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No; I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"The Earl of Z——— was informed that bail would be required to answer at the sessions the serious charge of feloniously taking away Mr. Golightly's knocker, when, at length, his Lordship condescended to apprise Mr. Burnsides, the clerk, of his name and title. The worthy magistrate, on learning who the noble offender was, expressed his regret that one who should know the laws so well should so well forget them; and directed him, with a suitable admonition, to pay a fine of 5*s*., and be discharged."

"Um!" said a very dry-looking, sleek, homely personage, in the back, comfortable room at the *Harp*, in St. George's Fields (perhaps within the Rules), as he drew the candle, with an *umbrella-wick*, from between the evening paper and his own spectacles, and at the same time put down his pipe, slow as himself;—"Um! Well now, I don't see how that is. I don't—I can't say I do. I don't see *that*."

Now the Harp was like most Harps now-a-days—silent. It was eleven o'clock—it was late. Mr. Day, the hay-salesman, had left at nine o'clock: he had to be "up in the morning early," to attend Smithfield or the Portman-market. Mr. Jones, the neighbouring grocer, had just quitted his half-pint of Burton, or rather taken it with him, as he never was out after half-past ten—a fact which Mrs. Jones could, by authority, avouch. The certain visitors had departed; casualties, there were none. The only living furniture in the back room of the harp was Quail, the silent, meditative smoker, a retired tradesman, who had just been posed by a police paragraph; and a sharp-nosed, very little man, in very

brown black, with a hat shining from its nakedness of nap, sitting behind a long pipe and a short glass, which Campbell sublimely calls—

"His calumet of peace and cup of joy,"

puffing slight, noiseless puffs, like the fumy, feeble explosions of guns in a pantomime seventy-four, a long way out at sea.

The night was nearly over,—over indeed! The candles—the two which the landlord had allowed to run to seed—were "dark with(out) excess of light," two or three empty pipes remained quiet monuments to the memories of departed smokers,—the little round *mausoleums* of sand were struck out of their right places by the departings of the departed,—a few tumblers, empty, remained,—the fire had caked into a dull, red-hot hollow roof,—the cat was curved into a sleep on the sanded hearth,—the four bell-ropes hung, *at intervals*, over the tables in wondrous repose,—and only one very broad-brimmed hat blackened the one handsome peg out of the twelve that adorned, foot by foot asunder, the happy back-room of the Harp!—The hat of Quail!

"Well; I don't—I *can't* see that;" reiterated the dazed Quail, as he laid down the paper, took his spectacles from his eyes, in which "no speculation" was, and turned to the sharp little brown black human being, who was, however, as unmoved, and as immovable as the veriest German that ever piped away his "spirits to the ditties of no tone" in the obscurities of a *Wiesbaden* or a *Schlangenbad*, before a *Head* was allowed to the inhabitants, to "show them they were men."

"Mr. *Pineter*," (the little gentleman's name was Pointer, but his personal appearance, and his profession had sharpened it into this pronunciation for general use,) "Mr. Pineter, did you hear that as I read, and did you note of its contents?" Quail, like Brutus, "paused for a reply."

And as Mr. Pineter had become habituated into one of those true smokers who never quit fume for fact, without the proper profundity of consideration, it is not meet that the interim between Quail's query, and Pineter's reply, should be allowed to be a "hiatus valde deflendus;" and a sketch snatched by the pencil on the thumb-nail (like one of Pickersgill's opera beauties), is given between the hazy note of interrogation, and the returned slow, bleak, black look, puff, sigh, and response of the Pineter. Nothing could now be very distinct at the Harp; it was "past eleven o'clock, and a cloudy night," to use the language of "the ancient and most quiet watchman."

Pineter—Mr. Pointer—had been an only son of an innkeeper at South Molton, and articled to an attorney, who married a lady of 200*l*. a-year, and had no practice. When out of his time, he, P., set himself up in business—not as solicitor—as guard of an Exeter coach, wishing to see life, and, with the only touch of legal knowledge he had acquired from his master, wishing to be *paid* for his *insight*. He had learned to smoke and drink at his father's—he had at a premium of two hundred guineas, and a gentle contribution to the revenue, improved his education, by extending his knowledge of smoking and drinking at South Molton. It has always appeared odd that fathers *should* think it obligatory upon them, at the time when their sons have attained the age of fifteen or sixteen, to pay a considerable sum of money for their scientific improvement in dissipation and debauchery, as though indolence and the

handsome allowances of vices to youth might not be allowed to progress unfavoured and unfee'd. This, however, is a moral reflection interfering with the natural progress of biography, which it ought never to be permitted to do. Pineter—Mr. Pointer—on the coach—a day and a night on the road—was an universal favourite; so discreet, so pleasant when he pleased, so kind to the girl-of-all-work, who loitered at the inn-gate, to see her only bit of life, and enjoy her only minute of rest, when the coach pulled up at eleven at night all of a heap, in smoke, great-coats, straw, and lamps, to supper! Then he would deliver a packet (a letter with a *brown* great-coat) so faithfully for Miss James to Mr. Jury; and *blow* so regularly under the window of the straw-hat shop at Dunstable, and wrap up a maid-servant changing place, so comfortably in his own great upper benjamin, and drink so fascinatingly and unrefusingly at the White Hart, at a traveller's request; and, in short, be so much of a guard, that he gathered, in the way of half-crowns and the like, silver, if not golden, opinions from all sorts of men.

Can this be—the reader will to himself ejaculate—can this be the man described as the sharp, little, quiet-looking thing in brown-black—with his quickness all over, his "beaver up!" as introduced to him in the Harp-prelude? Reader, it *is* the man! You have seen the sunny and moonlight side of his existence; you have seen him in his hour of bar-maid, basket, benjamin, joke, pleasantry, fee, fun, and horn; but the life of a guard is like the life of an insect, "gay being! born to flutter through a day"—and a night. The truth is, Pineter was so active, so able, so agreeable, so intense, that the coach could not run too fast for him. He could go through absolute guard-miracles; and it is a recorded fact, on the back of one of the Telegraph way-bills, that he could pole up a wheeler without a pull-up, let the pace be ten miles an hour; lock a wheel without a draw of the rein; take in a curb-link of an off-leader down hill—best *steady* pace; and do up his coach at the Bull and Mouth in one minute and a half office-time! Some of these things would not be believed; but let any porter at the booking-office bring to us his book and we can only say we 'll kiss to it, that 's all! Pineter of the coach and Pineter of the Harp back-room are one and the same thing, only they are the outside tints of the identical same rainbow. The fact is, Pineter *blew* too well—he *blew* up lazy ostlers too well; he *blew* cigars on long woolly nights too well; he *blew*—yes, "last thing of all that ends this strange eventful history!"—he *blew* the key-bugle too well. Accomplished and ardent in most villages, full of variations and *capriccios* at most *evening*-towns, he was earnest, impressive, pathetic, and too—oh too—powerful at *Market-street!* There was a young lady residing there; he wished to make her his wife—"Else why this horn?" She half encouraged him as he passed through; but —woe the sex—she wholly encouraged another, a resident; and what with over-blowing, the breaking of a blood-vessel, hopeless love, night-air, and the coach being put down, Pineter left the road—shrunk saddened into a wiser if not a better man, became the thin, sharp clerk to an *old-school* attorney in the Temple; married a lady that took in needle-work; lived over the water; and became the very quiet, keen, meagre, *harpist* (no longer *buglist*), to whom Mr. Quail addressed his mingled wonderment, bad English, and inquiry, which has already been detailed to the reader.

The history has run out a length. The pause was long; take from the history and add it to the pause, if, reader, thou art particular. At any rate, consider thyself as now taking up the dialogue between the two *pipers*, with a knowledge also (no matter whether naturally arrived at or not) of two of the units that make up the great sum of human existence, to use the words of Scott—one unit being Mr. Quail, the other Mr. Pineter.

"Well! I don't and I can't see this!" repeated Quail, with a double X emphasis on his *can't*, determined to draw Pineter from behind his pipe into a palaver. "Why," continued Quail, "should the magistrate first order *him*—aye, I won't mince matters, the Earl of Z—— to find bail, do you see, and then let him loose upon this here society for five shillings? There's no coming at these things, Mr. Pineter, look at 'em on all the three sides as you will."

Pineter spoke—short epigrammatic in his *looks*, his tone, his voice. His nature seemed to have been *whetted* upon the hard grindstone of the law, and had taken keenness and roughness together. Pineter blew out a vapour, with his little finger suspended over the bowl of his pipe, as though he were finishing upon the key-bugle in other days, and replied—"You don't see these things, my dear Mr. Quail, because you who have lived quietly all your life have never been behind the scenes—that's it!"

That was not *it*. Quail was answered, but he was mazed! He was instructed, but he wanted an interpreter! "Behind the scenes!" ejaculated Quail, pushing his sand-box away, pushing his abandoned pipe away, and clearing away, as it were, the decks for action—"What *has* the magistrate to do in this case behind the scenes?"

"I repeat," said Pineter, unmoved, "you have never been behind the scenes." And a cloud closed up the remark, something like that vapour which encircles one of the genii in the Arabian Nights after a miraculous observation to a terrified caliph!

Quail collected all this cloud into his countenance, and looked at his companion with as perfect a fog of expression as even Quail in his happiest moments of *at-sea-ism* could muster up.

"I see," said Pineter (though he never looked at the *pozee*), "I see that you take things plainly as they are spoken. Now you think what is said of 'behind the scenes,' means the back of the Adelphi, or the Surrey here, or Sadlers Wells, or Covent Garden, or indeed the rear part of any of the playhouses, with Vestris, and Mr. T. P. Cooke, and Macready, and Mr. Davidge; but bless your innocence! 'behind the scenes,' is a wide expression. It takes in, you see, Mr. Quail, both sides of matters, and lets you into the rough face of *Saxony blue*, as it were, as well as the smooth back. Now you see what I mean?"

"I thought I was nigh it once," said Quail; "but I can't see your two sides of *Saxony blue* at once; and what has that to do with 'behind the scenes?"

A puff from Pineter seemed to make the already obscure a perfect chaos.

Quail called back and took up his *pipe;* but Pineter appeared to have *put it out*; and he thrust it away from him again at a greater distance than ever! This divorcement ever denotes an approach—mark this, reader!—this divorcement of live clay from dead clay ever denotes

an approach to an alienation from temper. A man may part from his friend, his child, his love, his wife, with a collected and philosophic coolness; but the moment he parts, at a push, from his pipe, then is he fearful, then is there in him something dangerous!

Pineter, without observing upon this testy act of unsatisfied ignorance, proceeded—"Mr. Quail, I'll tell you what I meant by 'behind the scenes,' which you seem to know so uncommon little about; and I don't think I can bring it clearer to your understanding, or comprehension (for I don't want to use so offensive a word as understanding), than by giving you a character of a young man of our office; because his life is a life of *behind the scenes*, you see, and *I* know it; at least I now know it; and I have seen a good deal inside and out! Now mind that's true!"

"I should like nothing better than a pictur!" exclaimed Quail, more alive than usual; and he reached his hand instinctively at the bell—pulled it, but it did not ring—waited for the waiter, who did not come—and then pulled again, fit to pull the house down—ordering, at the appearance of "the sleepy groom," another glass of *cold sherry-without*, with an air of indignation, as if he were the most neglected of men. The waiter, half a somnambulist and half a deformity, gathered up, almost unconsciously, three empty glasses—slowly repeated the order at the door, like a charity child waiting for confirmation, and, in due time, placed before the commander a sloppy goblet of yellow-caped water, with a lump of something white at the bottom, and a sticky teaspoon to ascertain what it was.

Quail at once seemed a happy man!—a fresh glass, or rather a glass of something fresh, and a chance of historical information, were before him.

"Now, Mr. Pineter—now, if you please—now the lad is out of the room, let me have behind the scenes?"

Pineter, little and angular as his blowing-life had left him, almost swelled himself into a Gibbon as he began his history. The boa-constrictor with a month's abstinence, and the boa-constrictor after an immediate rabbit, could not be more opposed to each other in appearance. Sir Giles Overreach says of Wellborn "His fortune *swells* him!" but nothing swells a man like the pipe-importance which comes to a being of this working-day world, when, in a back parlour, in a small company, he first essays to enlarge, with some small anecdote, the minikin mind of his fellow-man.

"You see, Mr. Quail—now, mark me!—we have a clerk in our office—not a large man, mind! but an industrious man—not a florid man, but a pale man—not a man, in short, given to pleasure, but a glutton at business from nine to nine out of term, and nine to ten and upwards *in*. Mr. Petty, that's his name, is beloved by all in the office. He is the common-law clerk—and out-of-door clerk—and attends to the agency and the accounts—and assists Mr. Pike in Chancery. Nothing puts him out of sorts—nothing goes wrong. He writes till he can't spell, and runs about till he can't walk. He tells nothing of master or his affairs to any human being—close, mark me!—which you know is very considerate in a lawyer's office."

"I should think so," murmured Quail, listening, fit to burst.

"Oh!" continued Pineter, uninterrupted by Quail's reponse; "oh!

if you could but have seen his patience under difficulties—his politeness, look you, to clients—his humble civility, mark me, to his master—his endurance of tricks from the articled clerk—his punctuality, you see, at office time. He was—if ever there was one in the Temple—a lamb of the law!"

"A limb, you mean," said Quail.

"No, a downright lamb without a bleat of complaint!"

"Oh! ah! quite a lamb," ejaculated Quail.

"And he had only seventeen shillings a-week, and was married; but then, to be sure, he got work at over-hours, and his wife was a most industrious woman at milliner-work and the like; and he had only two children, mark me. He was a pattern to all clerks, pick 'em where you will! Now, Mr. Quail, you begin to smell my meaning, eh?"—so Pineter exclaimed as he worked himself into the marrow of his biography.

"Upon my word I'm never a bit nearer yet, though I like the character of Mr. Petty. But I don't see your meaning, no way!" And Quail, with an evident desire to be alive, seemed at this inquiry to relapse into the last stage of mental consumption.

"Why, then, *this* it is. You see," continued Pineter, "you have now seen Mr. Petty before the curtain—that is—now mind—because here it is—you have now seen him in his duties—and mind—and I'm right—mind a man is never so much a man as when he is *in his duties*. Then he's *there!* Well, you've seen him a perfect man—a real perfect Petty! Now, Mr. Quail, I'm going to take you behind the scenes. Six weeks agon, look you, it was his birth-day—Petty's birth-day,"——

"What—his annual birth-day—that what we keep, eh?" asked Quail.

"Yes! that identical day. Well, nothing would serve Petty in the hilarity of the moment at ten in the morning, after post had come in —just before Mr. Pike came to office—but I and the articled clerk must sup with him. He wanted to keep it, you see—natural enough. No denial—indeed we did not try him with one. But I'm sure from his manner he would not have had it. Mr. Pike came—testy as usual—till five o'clock; and then Petty got over all the work by nine. We left soon after Mr. Pike, certain that Petty was sure to stay. To the supper we went—knocked, mind me—waited—knocked again—some one answered—told us to ring the second bell, and shut the door, in order to let it be properly opened."

"Well, but it *was* opened, I thought," inquired Quail.

"Don't interrupt!—Down came a lady—Mrs. Petty—all over best! Up-stairs we were ushered, and into a room we entered. There sat Petty—Petty, bless you! He seemed a common-law lion! There he was, in a large, rather raggedish, arm-chair, looking twice his office size—in a wrapping-gown stuffed—his feet in slippers, red-uns—his poor day-drooping hair combed up, or thrust up, into a *mane;*—and he welcomed us with a voice of his own—an air of his own—a motion of his own—all new, and up! No longer Petty at 17*s.* a-week!—it seemed Petty the Great! He blew up his wife for all she did (and she did everything), and for all she did not, and *he* did nothing. He ordered us to our seats—chucked our oysters into our plates—thrust our gin-and-water upon us—sang a song about 'When Vulcan forged'—made

his wife sing, and then abused her for it—drank twice for our once—bullied us both—got very drunk—and was helped, or rather wrenched, to bed by all of us.—*Could* this be Petty—our Petty? you say. Yes, Mr. Quail, it *was* Petty—'*behind the scenes*,' mind you. In the morning he was again at office, *we heard*, as usual; and certainly, when I saw him, meeker and more attentive than ever. But I had had a touch of him 'behind the scenes,' and never knew what a common-law clerk could be before. Now you understand what I mean by this account of Mr. Petty—mind me," concluded *Pineter*.

"Why, I do *jist* guess at it," replied Quail, as he made a conclusive gulp of his Cape-and-water.

"If you sit in *front*, you see, Mr. Quail, you don't see what's going on *behind*," continued Pineter, determined to hammer something like a meaning into his companion's understanding. "Now, if the magistrate hadn't been let behind the scenes, look you, and been shown who the Earl of Z——— really was, he'd have sent him right off as a common knocker stealer, or made him find bail, which is worse; and so have committed somebody of consequence, which, you know, is against all rule Mind me, that's it."

"*Jist* so," said Quail.

"Two sides, mind. One all dress, and show, and front lamps, you see, *for* the front! Well, then, all's in the rough if you go round—all dark, dirty, dingy, and ugly *behind*—eh?—or *tersy-versy*. Now you see."

"Quite," said Quail; and he rose up (for the landlord had twice opened the door, and shut it again loudishly, without a word); and Quail hemmed, and he reached down his beaver.

"You are clear now," said Pineter; "because it's a notion worth remembering."

"Quite," concluded Quail. "But, after all, it's *jist* the same, when you think on it, as the Adelphi or the Surrey, as far as I can see. We are but where we set out"

Mr. Pointer left for the night.

The Harp was immediately closed, according to Act of Parliament hours; and Quail reached his home in perfect safety and profound ignorance!

R.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

ACTOR AND FISHMONGER.

An actor, one day, at a fishmonger's shop
In the city, stood kicking his heels,
And cried, "I espy an indifferent crop;
You 've nothing but turbot and eels.
Your benefit brings you a bumper, my lad,
But still it must give you the spleen:
I find in your house not a *plaice* to be had,
And yet not a *sole* to be seen."

SONG.

BY J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ.

So drain'd is every source of mirth, so low the Muse's spring,
'Tis quite a puzzle now-a-days to find a theme to sing.
Of modern dames and heroes you have heard enough, and so
I'll sing of one or two who flourished many years ago.

In ancient times the Isle of Crete through all the world was famed,
And by a mighty monarch governed who was Minos named.
On Athens he made war, and thrash'd her army and her fleet,
Until they wish'd with all their hearts that he was Minus Crete.

This monarch to a monster was allied in some degree;
A greater brute—the monster, mind—no eye did ever see:
If we may trust the poets, he was called the Minotaur,
And half a man and half a bull was reckon'd quite a bore!

A labyrinth he liv'd in, as said poets also say;
And never fasted save when he had nought whereon to prey.
This labyrinth was hard to thread, according to report,
And very like the one no doubt you 've seen at Hampton Court.

King Minos, having thump'd his foes, politely did desire 'em
To pay a yearly tribute to this *semi-bovemque virum:*
Seven fine young men, seven fair young maids—with cruel glee he drove 'em
To furnish for an annual feast to this *semi-virumque bovem!*

But just as the Athenians had begun in fact to scorn hope,
Young Theseus nobly volunteered to lead this most forlorn hope;
The king's fair daughter saw him, and for love went almost mad, nei-
Ther had he seen a beauty like the Princess Ariadne.

She whisper'd softly in his ear, "My caution, do not mock it!
Be ruled by me, and put this ball of cotton in your pocket;
'Twill guide you through the labyrinth." The youth, for fame who thirsted,
Cried, "Lady, by this cotton shall the Minotaur be worsted!"

He vow'd eternal gratitude, as people always do;
And first he ran the labyrinth, and next the monster, through,
Then starting with his *chère amie*, like beau of modern days,
Left no one in the labyrinth but all folks in a-maze!

They stopp'd at Naxos by the way, and as he promised marriage
The trusting fair was anything but prudish in her carriage.
Imagine then her horror when she found at break of day
Her lover had levanted, and left her—the bill to pay!

She call'd, she bawl'd, she tore her hair—wigs then were not in fashion,
Or other heads had profited by this poor lady's passion;
When Bacchus, whom to post all night late revel often forces,
Stopped at that very Bunch of Grapes to breakfast and change horses.

To him with many a sigh she told her situation strange,
And down he threw a five-pound note, crying "Never mind the change!
Come, dry your eyes, I whining hate, though God of Wine I am,
And I 'll drown your real pain, my dear, in plenty of my Cham!"

She jump'd at such an offer, and his priestess soon was made,
And long with him she drove a roaring wine and spirit trade;
And thus by her example 'tis—at least, so I 've been thinking—
That ladies when they 're cross'd in love are apt to take to drinking.

THE WIDOWER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Were I, Damon Daffodil, to announce my intention of writing the memoirs of my bachelor days, the reading public would be on the tiptoe of expectation, eager to trace the flirtations of *un joli Garçon;* while half the pretty women would be on their exquisite marrowbones, entreating to be omitted in the long list of my conquests. But I am no traitor to the fair, or, as it is very justly called, the weaker sex. True it is that I *have* detailed the happy hours of my unmarried life, not in black and white, but on pink paper with blue ink; but the manuscript is carefully folded, sealed, and tied with white satin riband, and it is not to be made public for a century at least.

I therefore skip my many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and proceed at once to the day when I so far committed myself as to stand irrevocably on the brink of matrimony.

My chosen was not so pretty as I could have wished, being tall, thin, and angular; nor did she turn out so amiable as I had thought her, being vain, opiniative, and dictatorial. But, at the period of which I speak, everything was *couleur de rose*, so much so, indeed, that I never detected she was a *blue*.

We married; and, as *my* wedding-day was one of weeping to many fair damsels, who shall at present be nameless, I, of course, anticipated perpetual smiles and sunshine on the part of Mrs. Daffodil: but Mrs. D.'s serenity only lasted just so long as she was the one person thought of, looked at, and attended to in society; and, not being exactly the fairest of the fair, nor the brightest of the bright, there were moments when others, and when, it must be owned, I myself, ventured to praise other beauties, and to listen to the silver accents of other lips. Then it was that Rebecca Daffodil would boil with indignation, and talk *at* others, and praise herself, until I began to wish that some more deserving individual had properly appreciated her, and snatched her from the offer which I had rather precipitately made.

As is the custom in all civilized societies, her portrait was to be painted, and *nominally* presented to her husband—that is to say, *I* was to pay for it, and then I was to see less of it than anybody else; for it was to be sent to the Exhibition, and then to be hung up, not in my own room, for nobody would have seen it there, but in the drawing-room. I pitied the poor artist from my very soul. He began, and, indeed, very nearly finished, a very admirable likeness; but, in an unlucky hour, he permitted Rebecca to peep at his performance. I never shall forget her that day as long as I live.

"Have you seen my portrait, love?" said she to me at dinner.

"Yes, dear."

"And what do you think of it?" cried she.

"Admirable! I never saw a better likeness."

"You are jesting!"

"No, indeed," I replied. "As I said to Mr. Tintums, it really was like looking at *yourself*."

"He told me you said so; but I could not believe it until I heard it

from your own lips. Why, I showed it to fifteen highly-talented people this very day, and they said it was abominable."

"Having first been told by you that you did not relish its being thought like."

"Nonsense, Sir. Look at the lines: it makes me forty, at least!"

"Well, Becky dear, but you know you *are* thirty-six——"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Daffodil. I am aware that I married an old bachelor of fifty; but——"

"Hem!—to the point, my dear. Your picture."

"Well, it's condemned. St. Aubyn said to-day that he could not *blame* Mr. Tintums, for that *I* ought to be painted in rainbow tints."

"Oh! ah!—that accounts for it."

"And though raven hair and dark eyes may be painted, it is *not* easy to give the hyacinthine gloss to the one, nor the emanation of the poetic mind to the other."

"Yes, yes; I see."

"In fact, it is *not* possible to give to *my* portrait the delicacy and beauty of the original."

"Clearly money thrown away, then," said I.

"Still, you know," added my wife, "that bright circle, of which I am the brilliant centre, expect to see me on canvass, and the attempt must be made."

"It has been made."

"He must try again. Had my poor mother been alive, this *might* have passed for *her*."

I said no more; and Rebecca, like an old hen, went on sitting and sitting, until an oval production was exhibited to the public, as like her as it was like me. An oval frame was then procured, and the picture was suspended. I suspended my judgment, because, thinking it young and beautiful, I could not conscientiously say it resembled Becky; but my wife's literary friends all found out some defect—some eye, nose, mouth, or chin, not good enough for the corresponding feature in her face; and, lovely as they all declared it to be, they unanimously said or insinuated that it was less lovely than the original.

In the spring of 1820, Becky and I agreed to travel. It is a sad thing for a bright circle when its brilliant centre talks of going away; and many were the lamentations uttered by the hangers-on who radiated round my wife. I was, however, thoroughly sick of them; and, finding that I had set my heart on an excursion, and moreover rather wishing to see something of the world herself, the amiable woman yielded to my solicitations, and our final arrangements were made.

We had resolved to visit Guernsey and Jersey, and then to proceed to St. Malo, or some other port on the coast of France. We embarked in a large and commodious steam-packet, having engaged a small private cabin; and away we went from the Tower-stairs, full of eager hopes and anticipations, as long as we were in calm water in the river; but all qualms and wretchedness as soon as the motion of the vessel indicated that we were off the North Foreland. We paddled on, however, whether we liked it or not, and got within sight of Dover, when contrary winds and gales, that terrified even our captain, obliged us to put back and anchor in the Downs. Oh, the misery of the days that we spent, rocking, and rolling, and pitching to and fro, without advancing one

inch on our voyage! I was very ill myself, and as for Becky, I really thought she would have died; but she didn't, at least *not then.* Our cabin was a mere cell, and the misery of it, during the period that we were *anchorites*, is not to be described. But somehow poor Becky and I never agreed so well in our lives! Being both sea-sick to a most humiliating extent, we were connected by a reciprocity of feeling that had never existed before. In the pauses of our indisposition we looked wistfully at one another, and sympathy was kindled in our bosoms.

Besides, there is nothing like habit; it reconciles us to anything and anybody; and, wretched as I was in the little cupboard where we were immured, I felt that I should have been more wretched had I been deprived of the society of my wife and her little dog Snap. Snap was as sea-sick as ourselves; and never shall I forget Becky's anger when a rough sailor said, "How your *dog* be *catting*, ma'rm!" I think there *was* a contradiction in the phrase. It is truly said, that "after a storm comes a calm," and so it did; but then again, after the calm came another storm; and so it went on, and we were blown hither and thither, until our paddles were broken, our coals exhausted, and our provisions as low as our spirits. Not that I and Becky cared about provisions, but the crew did; and whilst the captain and the mate walked the deck and consulted what was best to be done, I and *my* mate watched them in silence, like unhappy criminals expecting every moment to hear sentence of death pronounced upon them.

Our vessel had been christened The Duck; but so battered and forlorn was her condition, that I could not help asking myself the old question, "*Can a duck swim?*" I confess I began to have my misgivings.

"The sea was rough, the clouds were dark," and our captain evidently did not know exactly where we were;—by no means a cheering situation; but, worn out with watching, weariness, and want of food, Becky and I undressed ourselves and retired to our very little bed, which was spread upon a sort of shelf in our cabin. I am morally convinced it never could have been intended to accommodate *two*, but in such an hour we were not to be separated, and we both soon fell asleep.

All of a sudden the ship struck upon something with a concussion so violent, that I who had placed myself on the outer extremity of the shelf, was thrown out of bed upon the floor of the cabin. Becky, I believe, slept on—I cannot say positively; I am not sure; for in the hurry of the moment, without thinking of her, poor thing! I snatched with my right hand a box containing all my valuables, and, seizing my small-clothes with my left, I rushed upon deck in a state of nudity and anxiety, to see what was the matter; and I found that our vessel, The Duck, had run foul of another vessel, and was filling fast, and going to the bottom.

The two vessels became entangled for a minute or two, and it was just possible to step from the smaller one into the bigger and the safer. I instantly took the step, and found myself standing on the deck of a strange vessel, surrounded by gentlemen and ladies I had never seen before; and I just as I had left my pillow, with my box in one hand and my small-clothes in the other. I rushed to a secluded corner to put on the latter, and then paid my respects to the captain, politely requesting him to accommodate Mrs. Daffodil as well as myself.

It was a dreadful moment for a husband! There *are* tragedies in

real life too painful to be detailed in a narrative, too heart-rending to be represented on the stage: such was mine. The captain congratulated me on my own escape; but as for my beloved wife, and The Duck that bore her, of which in the darkness he had obtained but a glimpse, it appeared to be the general opinion that she was a wreck and gone to the bottom.

What a horrid phrase for a husband to hear! I believe I fainted, and continued for many hours in a state of insensibility. The next day I went on deck, and eagerly looked around for The Duck, nay, for a fragment of that vessel, a hen-coop with Becky astride upon it, waving her night-cap to attract attention: but no, I saw nothing but what people call the waste of waters illuminated by the rising sun.

I was yielding sadly to the combined effects of grief and sea-sickness, when it occurred to me to inquire in what ship I was sailing, and whither we were going. The ship was the Hope, bound for the East Indies! The East Indies! Impossible! I assured Captain Higgins that I could not think of accompanying him, but he smiled, and inquired whether a voyage with him was not preferable to being drowned.

I will not dwell on my sensations and sufferings: for months I walked the deck, looking on Becky's winding sheet, a *sheet of water!* or peeping over the side of the vessel into the depths below, at the horrible water-wagtails which had perhaps devoured her.

It was so awkward to be made extemporaneously a widower; no funeral, no tombstone, no BODY buried anywhere! For as to what people call "a watery grave," it amounts, to my thinking, to no grave at all; and then the sea has such an awkward way of *throwing it up again;* one can never feel quite sure. Poor Becky, I pictured her to myself: no coffin, and not a rag of shroud, stretched upon an oyster bed, where at least there was no want of a *shell.* All this was very shocking: she was, as one of the sailors unfeelingly observed in my hearing, "food for fishes;" and it was a very long time before I could reconcile myself to the flavour of soles or turbot. I even loathed lobsters,—I who used to be so partial to them.

Another thing that vexed me was the impossibility of paying proper respect to the defunct, and wearing mourning. Becky had all the *weeds* to herself, (sea weeds, alas!) and I walked about in a borrowed blue jacket and duck trowsers; my only mourning for The Duck and her precious passenger! My voyage continued to be unprosperous: what could be expected after such a beginning? and it was two months beyond the usual time allotted for a voyage, that I landed at Madras. Oh! that landing! shall I ever forget it! in such a boat, and amid such a surf: every moment I expected to be reunited to my Becky; but my better angel presided, and I was snatched from the danger that impended.

I am not going to dwell upon the events which occurred in the East nor my motives for remaining there much longer than I intended. I was now a single man; no ties united me to my native country; I amused myself very agreeably, and two years had elapsed before I revisited the land of my fathers.

My voyage home was pleasant enough. There was a nice old lady on board, and a dear, dark, interesting girl, her daughter. We became intimate; and suffice it to say, that, when we landed, I was *all but* "a happy man."

We went to the same hotel; and the very next night, before I had communicated with my man of business, or made known my arrival to my friends, I accompanied my fair companions to Drury-lane Theatre, where a young lady was to make her first appearance in Belvidera. We occupied a private box, and, engrossed by the interest of the scene, and with my right hand locked in that of the beautiful Anna Maria, I gave myself up to enjoyment, and almost forgot that there was any one else in the house except our three selves. Towards the end of the fifth act, however, there resounded a shrill scream from an opposite box, and raising my eyes, I saw—*was* it possible?—no, it could not be,—yet it was—it *was* Becky, gazing wildly at me, and resting on the shoulder of an exceedingly tall, dark-whiskered gentleman. I screamed too, and then Becky screamed again, and the *debutante* on the stage, encouraged by her apparent success, screamed also; falling on her knees, and scratching away at the boards with her nails, to dig up Jaffier. But without any digging on my part, and without the aid of any scratch (unless it was the *old one*), there stood Becky alive before me; and to end so horrible an uncertainty, I ran round the house, and entered her private box.

It *was* Becky, and by her side was the Irish gentleman, Captain O'Diddle, of Killballycurmudgeon Castle, in the county Clare, who was to be united to my wealthy *widow* on the following Monday. I was sorry for him, *very* sorry; and for myself, *more* sorry; and for Anna Maria, and her mother, and Becky too; it was unpleasant for *all* parties. However, my *late* wife and I were soon established in our old residence; and she once more became the brilliant centre of a bright circle. The Duck, though very much damaged, had kept afloat until her crew and passengers were rescued by a steamer on her way to Dublin. Becky, supposing I had fallen overboard, mourned a decent time in that capital; and then went to Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, and other celebrated places in the Emerald Isle, and made the acquaintance of Captain O'Diddle. She never recovered the shock, (*which* shock it is impossible for me to say, my *loss*, or my sudden re-appearance.) At the end of two years, she grew nervous; and, having no particular complaint, she employed a new popular doctor, who cured every imaginable disease after a fashion of his own.

Mrs. Daffodil died: I never felt so awkward in my life; I had gone through all the grief which was to be expected on such an occasion already, and could not do it all over again; besides, months ago, I had made up my mind to her loss. I however went into the deepest mourning (for that was still *due* to her), and I attended the funeral,—so that now there can be no mistake, and I am justified in positively stating that the remains of Mrs. Daffodil are deposited in ——— churchyard, beneath a very handsome, large, and weighty monument, which has been erected to her memory by her disconsolate husband.

Anna Maria is still single; and as she is at present residing with her mother in the Isle of Wight, I am meditating an excursion to that lovely spot, and may probably hereafter communicate to the public the result of our meeting.

CHIGWELL;

OR, "PRÆTERITOS ANNOS."

School that, in Burford's honour'd time,
Rear'd me to youth's elastic prime,
From childhood's airy slumbers:
School at whose antique shrine I bow,
Sexagenarian pilgrim now,
Accept a poet's numbers.

Those yew-trees never seem to grow:
The village stands in *statû quo*,
Without a single new house.
But, heav'ns, how shrunk! how very small!
'Tis a mere step from Urmstone's wall,
"Up town," to Morgan's brewhouse.

There, in yon rough-cast mansion, dwelt
Sage Denham, Galen's son, who dealt
In squills and cream of tartar:
Fronting the room where now I dine,
Beneath thy undulating sign,
Peak-bearded Charles the Martyr!

Pent in by beams of mouldering wood
The parish stocks stand where they stood—
Did ever drunkard rue 'em?
I dive not in parochial law,
Yet this I know—I never saw
Two legs protruded through 'em.

Here, to the right, rose hissing proofs
Of skill to solder horses' hoofs,
Form'd in the forge of Radley
And there, the almshouses beyond,
Half-way before you gain the Pond,
Lived wry-mouthed Martin Hadley.

Does Philby still exist? Where now
Are Willis, Wilcox, Green, and Howe?
Anne Wright, the smart and handy?
Hillman alone a respite steals
From Fate; and—*vice* Hadley—deals
In tea and sugar-candy.

Can I my school-friend Belson track?
Where hides him Chamberlaine? where Black,
Intended for the altar?
Does life-blood circulate in Bates?
Where are Jack Cumberlege and Yates?
The Burrells, Charles and Walter?

There, at yon ink-bespatter'd shrine,
Cornelius Nepos first was mine;
Here fagg'd I hard at Plutarch:
Found Ovid's mighty pleasant ways,
While Plato's metaphysic maze
Appear'd like *Pluto*—too dark.

Here usher Ireland sat—and there
Stood Bolton, Cowel, Parker, Ware,
  Medley, the pert and witty,
And here—crack station, near the fire—
Sat Roberts, whose Haymarket sire
  Sold oil and spermaceti.

Yon pew, the gallery below,
Held Nancy, pride of Chigwell Row
  Who set all hearts a dancing:
In bonnet white, divine brunette,
O'er Burnet's field I see thee yet,
  To Sunday Church advancing.

Seek we the churchyard; there the yew
Shades many a swain whom once I knew,
  Now nameless and forgotten:
Here towers Sir Edward's marble bier,
Here lies stern Vickery, and here,
  My father's friend, Tom Cotton.

The common herd serenely sleep,
Turf-bound, "in many a mouldering heap
  Pent in by bands of ozier:
While, at the altar's foot, is lay'd
The founder of the school, array'd
  In mitre and in crozier.

'Tis nature's law: wave urges wave:
The coffin'd grandsire seeks the grave,
  The babe that feeds by suction,
Finds with his ancestor repose:
Life ebbs, and dissolution sows
  The seeds of reproduction.

World, in thy ever busy mart,
I've acted no unnoticed part—
  Would I resume it? oh no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
  And reason asks—*Cui bono?*

I've met with no "affliction sore;"
But hold! Methinks, "long time I bore;"
  Here ends my lucubration—
Content, with David's son, to know,
That all is vanity below,
  Tho' not quite all vexation.

J. S.

MR. PEPPERCORN "AT HOME."

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A grave call from a court of law summoned Isaac Peppercorn, Esq. from the romantic wilds of Lincolnshire to the peopled desert of London. It was with a pang and a foreboding of future mishap that Isaac, having thrice read the mandate of his attorney, resigned himself to his fate. But there was no help for it; he must, for a time, quit the rural duties to "attend to his interest." He sighed to leave his home, a circumstance to be marvelled at by those who looked upon it. To be sure, every hovel has its household gods, though we incline to think that Providence Hall—such was the name of Peppercorn's mansion—lacked them in winter. In the last frost a cat had been found frozen to death at the fireside; a loss of little matter to the dwellers, inasmuch as no mouse had ever been seen or heard within the tenement. The Hall was a huge, shapeless pile, pierced with here and there a window—indeed, it was a white-washed barn, with casements. Time and tempest had done their work, and the very penetralia of the building were now open to sun and rain. Isaac, seated at his hearth-stone, sat calmly as a Cornelius Agrippa with the elements playing about him. We may liken Providence Hall in its dilapidations to a huge Eolian harp, and, in winter nights, terrible was the music of the tempest. And yet Isaac Peppercorn and old Biddy, his no less tranquil housekeeper, would sleep as sweetly through the hurricane, as did the lost babes in the wood, albeit, we hasten to observe, not in the same proximity. Biddy, however, had a clear conscience; though, poor soul, she was miraculously deaf. Isaac, too, had a conscience—but custom made him slumber. Indeed, so essential was a storm to his peace, that the nights the Hall ceased to rock—fortunately they were few—his rest was sure to be broken. Several of the casements had been blown in, but Isaac had never reproached the elements by having them replaced. Not a chimney lifted its arrogant head above the roof, having been levelled thereto by the tempest. That the Hall held together through a high wind, that roof and sides did not come down like a house of cards, was a wonderful illustration of what is commonly called a lucky escape. However, Palmyra had its date; and, the spring in which Isaac was summoned from the Hall, it was remarked that the swallows had deserted the eaves, the feathery grass waved at the door-step, pieces of green moss, like patches on the face of an ancient beauty, grew on the walls, making ruin more visible; and all things gave token of desolation.

It was 7 o'clock on a March morning as the door of the Hall creaked on its one hinge, and Isaac Peppercorn, followed by Biddy the housekeeper, and Cupid the terrier, came forth into the light. Isaac was equipped for travel. He carried—we cannot say wore—a coat of forgotten black; made for him in the days of his belly, he having many years since subdued that deformity. The coat met in one wide wrinkle down the back, and pocket yearned to pocket; and the large cuffs hung like horse-collars on the wrists of the bearer; who had ventured himself into breeches coeval with the coat, and had armed his legs with boots—

evidently made, but found too big, for some giant—as hard as horn. A broad-brimmed hat, tied over his ears with a red handkerchief, secured the beaver from the sudden prancings and caricollings of the horse, should the animal indulge therein. Alas! much was the gravity of that ancient quadruped scandalized by the precaution. Little of Isaac's face was to be seen, but that little looked very like a withered apple. He carried a whip with a handle a yard-and-a-half long, and a thong thereto —fortunately the horse was blind—enough to appal the heart of a Bucephalus. Isaac said a few words in a voice between a cough and a whistle to Biddy, who crossed her thin arms over her apron, widened her mouth into a smile, and said nothing. The horse, held by a boy, was at the gate: it was of a dirty white, and looked rather the spectre of a horse, than a living steed. What hair it had was rough as a rug, but its tail—and in the ignorant vanity of its heart the horse continually twitched it to catch the eye of the spectator—was bare as a carrot. The animal continued to champ the bit, with a satisfaction that at last it had got something in its mouth. Isaac, with inhuman placidity, mounted the horse, touched the rein, rattled his legs in his boots, plied his whip, and in a minute or two the horse gathered itself up and shambled off—much to the apparent annoyance of a party left at the Hall; we mean, Cupid the terrier. Now, the dog was as lean, nay even leaner than the horse, but there was a something in its spirit—it must have been hope —that as it sometimes looked at the white horse on the common, made it cheerful, nay, even gamesome. This morning, however, it was but too plain that all was not right with Cupid. As the horse stood saddled, waiting for the rider, Cupid as on tip-toe walked round it, now looking in its face, and now at its ribs, and now gazing mournfully at its master. When, however, Peppercorn was fairly mounted, and the steed, after due consideration, stumbled into a trot, Cupid tried to bark, but its voice failed, and it only wheezed at the departing horse-flesh; and yet, as plainly as legacy-hunter ever mourned his disappointment, did Cupid exclaim, "There go my long-nourished hopes of many, many dinners!" The neighbours had long marked the attention of the dog to the horse—had often dwelt upon the friendship of Cupid: friendship! in this world how hard is it to discover the motives of even a dog.

Nothing calls upon us to pause on the road from Providence Hall to London. Isaac Peppercorn, though slowly, was safely borne to the metropolis by his faithful steed: its master—in his simplicity he thought as much—dismounting for the night at a humble, economical inn, in the northern suburbs. It was nine in the morning, and Isaac sat in the travellers' room fixed like the lady in Comus, in his chair, glancing at a strip of, evidently, significant paper. At length he exclaimed in a voice which startled the tripping waiter into a dead halt—

"It can't be—no, no—it can't be!"

"What's the matter, Sir?" asked the anxious servant, taking breath.

"Bed—bed—a shilling!" cried Peppercorn, as though he was proclaiming the whole sum of human iniquity.

The waiter tucked his napkin under his arm, rubbed his hands, and observed, "One shilling."

"And I—I slept soundly all night!" exclaimed Peppercorn, in almost an agony of self-reproach.

"Glad to hear it, Sir," said the waiter, with a bland smile.

Peppercorn cast a cannibal look at the speaker, then fixed his eye on the bill, and repeated, "A shilling!"

"I believe, Sir," said the waiter, perfectly aware of the fact, "I believe, Sir, you took no supper?"

Peppercorn swung round in his seat, put his hands upon his knees, and, with a grim grin at his tormentor, asked, "Do you think I'm from the Diamond Mines or the Gold Coast? Supper! and bed a shilling!" Again, he ventured to glance at the bill, and again he screamed, until his voice broke, "Breakfast! what! breakfast—ninepence!"

"Ninepence," calmly corroborated the waiter.

Peppercorn spoke in a tone of touching appeal, "A cup of milk and a chip of toast!"

"You call it breakfast, Sir," remarked the immoveable servant—'so do we. You might have had coffee and eggs for the same money."

"Oh!" cried the guest, with the air of a man who has his adversary at a dead thrust—"Oh! then it seems you charge according to the clock: and if a man was to have only eggs at dinner-time, I suppose he'd have to pay for full-grown turkeys."

The waiter could not escape from this reasoning; he therefore bowed, rubbed his hands, and observed, "The rule, Sir, at every respectable inn."

"Do you call this place an inn?" asked Peppercorn, with his eyes fixed on the bill. "A melting-pot," he muttered—"yes, a crucible! Was a man ever known to take a whole guinea out of it? Oh, yes—no doubt—the landlords. Eh! what's this? Oats!"

"Oats," echoed the waiter. "You came on horseback."

"Thank you for the news, Sir. I've come a hundred miles on horseback, but, I bless my stars, this is only the third time I have incurred a charge for oats. 'Oats, fourpence!' And after such a harvest! Providence," said Peppercorn, solemnly, "is lost upon these people!"

"I believe, Sir," ventured the waiter, "you wouldn't have your boots"—they were sheathed in mud—"you wouldn't have your boots cleaned?"

"I never was a fop in my young days," said Peppercorn, proudly looking down on his dirty leather; "and I hope I am too old for such vanities now. Humph! Two shillings and a penny," said the traveller, pronouncing the sum total.

"And then, Sir," insinuated the waiter, "there is myself, Sir—and Sukey chambermaid, Sir—and——"

"If I have given you any trouble," replied Peppercorn, with grave politeness, "I am very sorry for it. As for the chambermaid, I always prefer making my bed myself. I'm an old traveller, though I may not have travelled much for some years; and it was always my maxim to consider the chambermaid included in the bed. Yes—two shillings and a penny," repeated the imperturbable Peppercorn, as the ostler, with serious meaning in his eyes, presented himself before the traveller.

"That horse of yours, Sir," said the ostler, mysteriously, "must have been fond on you, to bring you all the way to London."

"To be sure he is—but why, why, my man, do you think so?" asked Peppercorn.

"Why, Sir—because, by rights, he ought to have died three days ago.

Poor thing! But it's no use to grieve, Sir"—and the ostler looked the picture of resignation—"it's no use to grieve, Sir; dogs must be fed."

"Dogs! Anything happened to my horse?"

"Dead, Sir," briefly replied the ostler.

The camel that carries the Koran to Mecca is thenceforth exempt from future labour; the horse that brought Peppercorn to London was freed from further toil; its journey done, it died.

"Dead!" Well, he *was* weak," observed Peppercorn, mastering his grief—he *was* weak, but what could he die of?"

"On life and death, Sir," replied the man of the stables, "it's always hard to give a judgment; but it's my opinion, Sir, that he died of the smell of the hay. Ha, John!" and the fellow threw a significant glance at the waiter—"you should have seen him shy at the rack."

"Did you give him a feed?" asked Peppercorn, anxiously.

"I tried—I tried," answered the benevolent ostler; "but la! Sir, he didn't seem to know what oats was made for."

"Then he didn't eat?" continued Peppercorn, with growing concern.

"Eat!" said the ostler, with emotion—"he looked at the corn for all the world as a Christian looks at a bad shilling." It is impossible, we think, to convey a more striking picture of disgust.

Again Peppercorn cast his eye upon the bill. "'Oats fourpence.' Take four from two-and-a-penny, and there will remain one-and-ninepence. There—there," and Peppercorn forced the amount into the hand of the waiter—"there, my friend, is your lawful demand, without the chambermaid, the ostler, the waiter, or the oats. I see you are about to be moved—I see you are. Now, understand me: I give you unbounded permission to call me whatever you like—to think me whatever you please—but," and Peppercorn buttoned his pocket in a manner that shut out all hope—"I do not give one penny more." And with this determination, our traveller quitted the inn, enduring like a martyr the fiery glances of the servants. Peppercorn, we must add, was touched by the death of his horse; for, impressed on his long ride with the growing unfitness of the animal for the saddle, he had resolved to put it in the way of harness. He wished to leave the creature in London, promoted to a hackney-coach, when, alas! he saw it on a tumbril. However, the reader may be assured that the remains of the quadruped were not left neglected in the stable by their late master; no, all that could be done for them, Isaac Peppercorn most scrupulously performed.

It was yet the morning when Isaac entered Clement's Inn, on his way to the chambers of Mr. Sheepskin, his legal adviser—his pilot among the quicksands, reefs, and shoals of our inestimable and inimitable laws. Sheepskin was an unerring guide—a person of most curious knowledge. Under his tuition, a man might trade securely all his life near the gallows, when, if left to his own discretion, he had surely mounted the ladder. Sheepskin could take a client near enough to smell the odour of the hemp, and yet secure his neck from the halter. Yes; Jonathan Sheepskin was a learned—a great man.

"Mr. Peppercorn," he exclaimed, in a cordial voice, as Isaac walked into the office—"Mr. Peppercorn! delighted—delighted to see you! Have done nothing but expect you these three days. No mishap on the road, I hope?"

"A lame horse, Master Sheepskin; but he's cured. Now, now," cried Peppercorn querulously, "why am I hauled up to London—to this land of profligacy and waste? Do you think me Crœsus, or Midas, or the fellow with the wonderful purse? Must I die in a poor-house?" his frequent question when incurring or tempted to any expense.

Sheepskin bore the complaint with more than professional meekness, and smiling, said very softly—"My dear Sir, you must watch your interests." The chord was struck, and Peppercorn's face relaxed.

"Interests! Well, well—what of my affairs, Sheepskin?"

The lawyer drew himself up, and said, "I am proud to say they flourish. Ha! Mr. Peppercorn—there's a blessing upon your money, Sir; it increases like fish. Your wealth——"

"Pah! wealth!"—Peppercorn could not endure to be reminded of his riches, which he always declared to be nought—"wealth—what is wealth, if I had it, against fate? I shall die—I know it—I shall die poor as a worm. I am sure of it—a pauper—a—but all goes well, you say?"

The attorney smiled assent to every question, as his client ran through the long catalogue of his ventures. "And—and the Hyacinth estate—what of that?"

Sheepskin was suddenly grave at the question, and, raising his eyebrows, and taking his right knee between his clasped hands, he remarked, "Why, the Hyacinth estate—ha! there we have not been lucky."

"No—no—no," cried Peppercorn, in a tone of something like remorse; "who could hope it? What had I to do with it? My sister's houses, and you made me take them. Well, how many have tenants?" Sheepskin shook his head. "What! none!" exclaimed the landlord, and "none," looked the attorney. Peppercorn groaned. "So, grass at every threshold—grass at every threshold! And the boy? But doubtless Tyburn has ended him."

"If so, we had surely heard of the accident," remarked Sheepskin, with his usual acuteness.

"Not so," replied Peppercorn, generously championing the spirit of his nephew—"not so, Mr. Sheepskin; for, with all his faults, I think the rogue has family-pride enough to be hanged under a false name." And then, his thoughts recurring to his empty houses—"Not a tenant—not one! And I am put to charge for travel—ruin! ruin!"

"Your stay in London, for the business we have to do, may not exceed a month," said the lawyer.

"A month!" shouted Peppercorn. "And how am I to live? Where am I to hide my head? A month—and in London!"—and a vision of the coming poor-house floated before the eyes of the miser.

"That we'll consider," said Sheepskin, who hospitably added, "you shall be my guest—to-day."

"And where to sleep?" and Peppercorn unconsciously muttered, "bed a shilling!"

"My clerk shall find you a lodging. Here, Thomas——"

"Hush!" cried Isaac. "I can't creep into a rabbit-burrow or perch upon a bough, and all other lodging is chargeable. Where shall—why, what a wasteful wretch am I! Here have I paid for lodging, and I have twenty houses, with not a soul in one of 'em. Yes, yes," and Peppercorn

smiled from ear to ear—"as there is nobody on the Hyacinth estate, I 'll—yes, while I stay in London, I 'll be tenant there myself*."

"What! at this season, Mr. Peppercorn! My dear Sir, consider the cold," said Sheepskin.

"I am not rich enough, Mr. Sheepskin, to know what cold is," said Peppercorn.

"But every house has been empty so long," urged the lawyer.

"It's time a tenant should be found at last," argued the landlord, confirmed in his design. "Who knows? I may serve as a decoy duck, and bring others. Don't speak, Sheepskin; I am fixed—it must be—for no wealth can stand the costs I've suffered. Not a word; in one of my empty houses I sleep to-night. You can supply me with furniture, Sheepskin?"

"Why, really, Mr. Peppercorn—"

"With all the furniture necessary for civilized man? Listen: let me have a mattress stuffed with—anything; two blankets—sheets are effeminate; one stool and a tinder-box; no man really needs more—all beyond is wasteful superfluity," said Peppercorn.

"But, my dear Sir, you'd never sleep alone in a house?"

"I have the sweetest bedfellow," said Peppercorn, to the utter astonishment of his lawyer—"conscience, Sheepskin,—conscience. Ha! it's a charming thing to feel her at our heart—to hear her even-song and morning-song, and—yes—more than all, it is charming to feel that we can enjoy the sweets of bed, while, at the same time, we save our shilling."

Peppercorn was resolute in his purpose: the landlord became his own tenant. He took up his abode in one of his sister's deserted houses. What befel him there, we shall endeavour to narrate in the following chapters. We have hitherto endeavoured to indicate the character of our hero by many minute touches, believing that he is destined to act a very important part in the events that are crowding upon us.

Chapter II.

It was near that part of Bloomsbury, known at the time of our history, as the Long Fields, that the uninhabited tenements owned by Peppercorn were situated. They formed a long, dismal line of blackened brick. Each house, viewed by itself, with its uncurtained, cheerless windows, looked grim and desolate—an eyeless skull. Spiders wove their webs in the doorway, and the sparrows chirped from the smokeless chimney. There seemed the curse of crime or law on the buildings: surely, some murder had been done there,—or, perhaps, the mortar was crumbling from the bricks, and the rot was growing in the rafters, whilst justice weighed in her separate scales the claims of litigants to the wasting ruin. Such must have been the thoughts of many a stranger, startled by the cold and dreary aspect of the houses. There was nothing picturesque in their desolation,—the passenger hurried by them, chilled with a feeling of discomfort. And yet at one of these houses, and one of the most wretched, at the time their landlord was dining

* This was the custom of John Elwes, who, in the practice, doubtless imitated Isaac Peppercorn.

with his attorney, a young man was knocking loudly for admission. Many and many a day had passed since such a sound had rung through the walls. Still the young man knocked, and at intervals looked upwards, as though to catch the face of an inhabitant at a window. The door remained fast—not a soul was visible. The young man, with an air of impatience, quitted the door, and crossing some paces from the house, again looked for a tenant. He looked in vain—still, resolved on his purpose, he again addressed himself to the knocker. At length, wearied out, he turned from the door, and observed, a few yards from him, a man, whose watchful yet composed air showed him to have been some time a spectator. The appearance of the looker-on contrasted strongly with that of the youth, in whose deportment and manner were the indications of a gentleman, though owing little to his dress for any courtesy that might befal him. The spy—if we may be allowed to call him so—was oddly, nay, fantastically habited; his dress being made up of several pieces of faded finery, each bearing a distant date to the other. In his person, the various fashions of the last hundred years met, and were reconciled. For the wearer, he had a face that seemed as if it would be equally at ease in brocade or in sackcloth: a man either above or below the shafts of fortune.

"Pray, Sir," said the young gentleman,—and we may at once inform the reader that it was young Hyacinth, Peppercorn's nephew, who addressed himself to the man of odd garments; "pray, Sir, can you inform me who dwells in that house?"

"Have you knocked, Sir?" asked the fellow in answer, half-closing his eye, as if to see through his querist.

"Knocked! I have thundered," replied Hyacinth.

"What then—you,"—and the fellow lowered his voice to a confidential whisper, and familiarly took Hyacinth by the sleeve—"you have seen *it*."

"*It!*" exclaimed Hyacinth—"*It!* I caught, as I believe, at one of the windows, the features of a gentleman, who—"

"A gentleman? a soldier? Ha! sometimes it does appear in regimentals. But I never heard of its showing itself so early. Ha! Sir, we ought to mind what we do while we crawl upon the earth—it must be terrible not to rest well when we're under it."

"My good man, I speak of the person who, I presume, dwells in that house."

"Dwells!" and the man thrust his hands into his pockets, and uttered a long whistle—"walks, you mean. *That* house! all the houses: sometimes it appears at one window, sometimes at another."

"Do you speak of some supposed apparition, or——"

"Supposed! Real spirits, I assure you. Why, look at the houses, don't they seem like so many coffins?"

"And are they all uninhabited?" asked Hyacinth.

"Who do you think would live in 'em? There was old Guilders, the Dutch money-lender—seven years ago he went to live there,"—and the man pointed out a house—"well, he was left alone one night, and next morning he was found with his neck twisted on the stairs, and what's more, his pockets turned inside out. A shocking sight, I can tell you."

"Then the tenements are said to be haunted?" and Hyacinth laughed.

"*Said* to be haunted! Why, there's a ghost on every floor. Then, there was old Mugs, that hanged his son-in-law for forging on him—he lived in that house. And there he walks through the rooms all night, and does nothing but write his name in blue fire on the wainscots."

"Humph! I am somewhat disposed to become a tenant, for all these awful stories. Now, that house strikes my fancy—yes," and Hyacinth, to the astonishment of his hearer, pointed to the most desolate and ruinous of them;—"that house takes my fancy above all the others."

"Ha! I see," and the man, with somewhat of an anxious look, sidled towards Hyacinth; "I see you are fond of cymbals."

"Cymbals!" cried Hyacinth.

"Well, if all's true, you'll have enough of 'em in that house. You see, when it was last let, the black cymbal-player of the Duke's Guards used to court the housemaid. Would you think it? She jilted him for the drummer of the same band. The black couldn't swallow this, so he took arsenic. Well, every night—most respectable people, even two churchwardens, have heard him—the black wanders from the kitchen to the housemaid's garret, and all the way up the stairs, from the bottom to the top, he does nothing but play upon his cymbals. Look at the windows, Sir, do you see how many are smashed?—that's the music."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and Hyacinth continued to laugh, the man becoming graver at his merriment. "Pray, my good ——"

"Young man,"—and the individual, who had been as communicative as Doctor Dee on the world of spirits, assumed a very serious tone and air, placing his right arm under the wide skirts of his faded coat, pulling his hat over his brow, and marching up to the very toes of the unbeliever—"young man, I see you have no religion. Good day;" and ere Hyacinth could repel the accusation, the accuser walked rapidly from the spot.

"There is a mystery in this," thought Hyacinth; and again looking up at the house where he had knocked, he muttered, "I could swear it was he." Hyacinth paced irresolutely before the door. Again he looked at the house, and, with a mournful smile, sighed—"And *that* house haunted!" Aroused from the reverie into which he had lapsed, he observed a strange man, as he thought, curiously eyeing him. The appearance of the inquisitor by no means enhanced his attention. He was a thick, burly fellow, with his face literally set in a frame of black hair; his eye, sharpened by cunning, was fastened upon Hyacinth, and his underlip, curled half-way down, did not improve the expression of his countenance. When, however, he saw that he was observed, he called up a look of vulgar assurance, and met the approach of Hyacinth with perfect unconcern.

"I think, my friend," said Hyacinth, "like myself, you seem struck with the desolate condition of the dwellings before us?"

"Not a bit of it," growled the stranger; "I'm not a bit struck now,—that's over."

"Over!"

"I was a little timersome at first,—because, you see, I always had to pass down here to see my mother in the next street; but, after a time, I used to say a short prayer, and take a pint of brandy. And

then, whatever goblins were about, I didn't care nothing for 'em. But this, you know, can't happen to all of us,—we ar'n't all good moral folks." And the speaker twitched his waistband, cocked his hat, and looked fiercely upon Hyacinth.

"True,—very true. Then, ghosts, it seems, abound in these houses?"

"Of course. Why, they wer'n't built for nothing but murder and robbery. Ghosts! you should hear 'em screech at night,—'specially when the wind's up."

"And, since the ghosts have dwelt here, has no one been found bold enough to visit them?" asked Hyacinth.

"Oh, yes! There was a ship's carpenter from Wapping, one of the biggest men you ever looked upon,—you see that room, there,—well, he went to sleep in that house for a wager. He was never seen agin."

"Indeed!"

"It's awful, but it's true: all search was made all over the house for him, but there was nothing found but his 'bacco-stopper and his buttons."

"And there was no other evidence of——"

"None at all; only this was remarked: the rats in the house where the carpenter was, were a long time fatter than them in any other. I wouldn't be the owner of them houses for a little: for though I'm a poor man, with only my profession——"

"And what may that be?" courteously inquired Hyacinth.

"Dancing-master," confidently replied the man, to the astonishment of his querist. "'Tis a hard living, Sir, but it's an honest one, and meddles with the opinions of nobody. Good bye, Sir, for it's getting duskish, and they'll be jumping the baby in a minute."

"Jumping the baby! What do you mean?" cried Hyacinth.

"Ha!" said the man, shaking his head, with a look of compassion, in Hyacinth's face; "that shows you are a stranger. Why, at that top window, there's a wet nurse all in white dandling a little baby in *longs*."

"And pray what story may be attached to that apparition?"

"I don't know the particulars, but everybody says it's a case of pison. The more especially as the nurse, for one whole month in the year—I think it's this month or the next—does nothing but stir a bason."

"Then what becomes of the baby?" asked Hyacinth, with the smile of a sceptic,—a smile not lost upon the dancing-master, for he gathered himself up, and making a leg—we trust not a sample of his professional grace—replied very coldly, having first passed the cuff of his coat across his lips—"My service to you, Sir; I didn't think I was talking to an atheist." Saying which, the dancing-master strided off in vehement disgust.

Hyacinth laughed heartily at the religious horror of the self-named professor, but speedily became serious as he reflected on the similarity of intelligence gathered from both his informants. The tales were, of course, inventions of ignorance and superstition. And yet, why, within a few years, should houses, before respectably inhabited, have become the deserted skeletons they were? The house in which he was born,—the happy, comfortable home, was now the mere carcase of a dwelling,—a large brick shed. Still thoughtful, he lingered near it, when a man, a poor cripple on crutches, toiled by him. Hyacinth raised his hand towards the houses, and was about to speak, when the lame man

hurriedly prevented him. "No—no,—I can't stop;—not here—not here!" cried the beggar, for he was no better, and with his best strength moved himself from a place he seemed to shudder at. Some fascination held Hyacinth to the spot; again and again he looked at the house, and then paced before it, his eyes upon the earth, and brooding in silence. He was at length startled from this mood by a sudden cry of "Murder!" and, looking round, observed an old man standing with clenched hands, gasping mouth, and starting eyes, at the houses. In a word, it was Isaac Peppercorn, transfixed by the spectre of the Hyacinth estate.

"Are you hurt, Sir?" cried the nephew, unconscious that he addressed his uncle, to whose assistance he immediately hurried. "Are you hurt?" he repeated.

"Hurt! for life—for life!" cried Peppercorn, wildly.

"Where, Sir,—where?" asked Hyacinth. Peppercorn ought in answer to have put his hand to his pocket, but he raised it to the broken casement, at which, according to the dancing-master, the spectre wet-nurse was wont to fondle the spectre baby. "Look there,—look at it," cried Peppercorn, in anguish at the broken glass; "Look at it! isn't it horrible?"

"I—I see nothing," cried Hyacinth, confounded by the emotion of the old man, and, for a moment, shaken in his unbelief.

"Nothing! nothing!" screamed Peppercorn. "Oh! oh! What a spectacle!"

"Is it,"—Hyacinth felt almost ashamed to put the question,—"is it in white? Is there an infant?"

"Oh Lord!" groaned Peppercorn, deaf to Hyacinth, and wrapt up in his own injuries,—"there—there—there!" and his eyes wandered all over the broken windows. "Was ever anything like it? What a crash! what a crash!"

Ere Hyacinth could reflect, the ghostly image of the arsenic-taking black presented itself to his mind, and he unconsciously asked of Peppercorn—"Is it cymbals? I hear nothing."

"And such a property, too,—such a property!" exclaimed Peppercorn, insensible to everything but the dilapidations. "Not one house let? Isn't it—isn't it shocking?" cried the landlord. "How many families might be happy there—eh?" and Peppercorn looked wildly at his nephew.

"True, Sir, very true," answered Hyacinth. "Yet, Sir, when we reflect on the fatal influence of superstition, we cannot feel surprised at the deserted ruin before us."

"Not surprised—not surprised!" cried Peppercorn, resenting the opinion. "Why not, Sir,—why not?"

"The stories attached to the houses; indeed, at first I thought *you* beneath the spell."

"What stories?" exclaimed the landlord, waspishly, and then lowering his voice, and with deference,—"what stories?"

"The many horrors committed in the buildings. Every house, if we may believe popular report, seems to have its tale of murder."

"A lie—a lie—a lie!" repeated Peppercorn, with earnest volubility. "I'm strange to London, Sir,—what do they say?" And the touched interest of the miser called up his civility. "Tell me, Sir, what is it? Murder! Where—when?"

Hyacinth, somewhat amused by the odd appearance, and fervent, anxious manner of the landlord, in his turn became a complacent narrator of the terrors he had listened to. The ludicrous gestures of his hearer—the desperate way in which he plunged his hands into his pockets—the droll ferocity of his countenance—and his frequent yet unsuccessful efforts at composure, rendered Hyacinth—despite his good nature—a more elaborate historian of horror than his original materials gave him warranty. "You spoke of murder, Sir—well, well?" and Peppercorn grinned as at a good jest.

"Yes, Sir, only seven years ago—the Dutch money-lender at that house—he was found murdered on the staircase."

"And only seven years ago—ha! ha!—serve him right." Hyacinth started. "What can people expect who don't pay their rent—seven years ago!—no; no Dutchman ever paid a shilling for the premises," said Peppercorn, with authority.

Instantly suspecting that he had found some one acquainted with the concerns of the estate, Hyacinth proceeded with his narrative, bringing out events into bold relief with the licence and ability of an historian. "Then, Sir, at that house—but you wrong the Dutchman, Sir; yes, upon my life you do; he paid his rent—a year's rent—the receipt was found in his left waistcoat pocket."

Peppercorn drew himself upon his toes with suppressed rage, and muttered in his throat, "That villain, Sheepskin! Robbed! The receipt was found?—I'm glad of it, for the sake of his poor soul. What a rasc——well, that house?"

"Ha! that was very awful; and only three years ago. A beautiful creature, poisoned by a former rival, disguised as a wet-nurse. The innocent babe"——

"Three years ago," interrupted Peppercorn; "was any receipt found there? If not, where's the husband?"

"Oh, Sir! that completes the tragedy. He was never heard of more, Sir. The last place he was seen at was at the house of—of—I believe the agent to this property—I forget his name"—

"Sheepskin, Clement's-inn?" asked Peppercorn, his eyes turning like lighted glowworms upon Hyacinth.

"Sheepskin was the name," said the nephew, gravely: "where, like an honest man—for it is supposed he immediately after drowned himself—he went to pay his arrears." Peppercorn's arms moved up and down convulsively, and his mouth worked as if filled with dust, but he spoke not. "And in that house, Sir," proceeded Hyacinth——

"That will do—I shall go mad—that will do," roared Peppercorn. Hyacinth, mistaking the cause of the landlord's emotion, forbore to oppress him with the relation of other terrors. However, the fearful curiosity of the miser—his belief that he had been cheated by his agent, many of the houses having been let—pricked him on to further questions. "Well, Sir—that house—was that murder, too?"

"That, Sir, is a case of remorse. It was in that house that Mr. Mugs"——

"What! Mugs, of Tower-hill, the ship-dealer—the—he whose nephew was"——

"An unfortunate youth," observed the compassionate Hyacinth.

"A hardened, unfeeling rascal," judged the rigid Peppercorn—

"made his own uncle hang him. Did Mugs live there?" asked Peppercorn, as if he had now arrived at the climax of all mortal guilt.

Hyacinth answered, in the same key of solemnity, "Mugs lived there. He is to be seen"——

"Well, there *is* one tenant!" shouted Peppercorn, exulting that he had caught Sheepskin in the fact.

"His ghost is to be seen every night, with a pen filled with blue flame," said Hyacinth.

"Ghost! Pah! Ghost! Ha! ha! You don't believe such lies? You can't believe such bubbles—no,"—and Peppercorn could sometimes pay a compliment,—"no, you don't look quite such a fool as that."

"I am bound, Sir, for your good opinion," returned Hyacinth, gratefully. "I own that reason rejects such fables, and yet we cannot wholly divest ourselves of certain fears and shudderings: in a word, it would try the nerves of the boldest man to pass even a night in one of those houses."

"Do you really think so?" asked Peppercorn, with new gravity.

"Unless"—and Hyacinth enjoyed the sudden seriousness of the sceptic—"unless a man knew Dutch, and could converse with a midnight visitor. To be sure, if he were partial to cymbals, *that* house might be a bargain; or if he were used to ladies in long clothes, *that* might not be objectionable; for the spectres"——

"Do you know, Sir, what you're about?" inquired Peppercorn, with austere face; "do you know that by such reports you seek to ruin the property—the hard-earned property of an honest man? and do you know that the landlord may punish"——

"By the way," interrupted Hyacinth, carelessly, "who is now the landlord? Nay, I wish to know."

"Do you want a house?" asked Peppercorn, subduing his face to smiles. "Perhaps about to marry—*that* house, now, for a family"——

"*That* house—you forget the murder that I spoke of," said the nephew.

"I dare say that could be made right," observed Peppercorn.

"Right! Make a murder right?" and Hyacinth stared at the confidant look of the speaker.

"To a tenant," said Peppercorn. "For instance, the house went at guineas; if a murder has really been done there, the landlord must say pounds."

"But you have not told me—who *is* the landlord? What kind of man?" asked the nephew.

"A very honest, liberal, excellent kind of man; his name is Peppercorn!" said Peppercorn himself.

"The villain!" exclaimed Hyacinth, in a tempest of rage, to the utter consternation of its object. "So—they have passed into *his* hands?"

"Do—you—know—the—the—gentleman?" Peppercorn ventured to ask, in a voice reduced to a whisper.

"They were his sister's houses—his younger sister's. Her husband mortgaged them to—and they have fallen—into *his* hands!" and the speaker hid his face, possessed by some strong emotion. Then, recovering himself, he addressed his frightened uncle, "You, Sir, I presume, are the landlord's friend, or"——

"His friend;" and Peppercorn drew himself up, "his early, constant, and intimate friend."

Hyacinth raised his arm towards the houses, and looked full in the working, withered face of the owner. "May desolation hang upon their walls—may they become the haunt of wretches as vile and worthless as the wretch who owns them—may they become the miser's curse—his torment—his remorse!" And with this hearty wish, uttered in a tone of thrilling earnestness, the nephew left his ancient uncle.

After some time, Peppercorn came to a sense of his loneliness. He stood, his feet grown to the earth: at length he looked from side to side for his vehement companion, and breathed more freely, finding him gone. He turned towards the houses—his heart sank, but in pulling forth a bunch of keys, each labelled with the number of the dwelling, he pulled out his tavern-bill. In an instant he shrank from the tales of horror he had listened to; but a glimpse at the tavern document called back his errant spirits. He was beset by ghosts; but he thought of the charge for bed; and, like a wise, worldly man, he triumphed over the assault of superstition by the force of a shilling.

Peppercorn selected his lodging—with much labour turned the lock—and forced open the unmusical door. As the hinge squeaked, the rats within squeaked in answer, a welcome to a long-absent landlord. Here the passenger—for it was growing dusk—might have fancied, at two or three of the casements, odd, grotesque heads peeping forth, wondering at the aspect of the mysterious visitor. However, Isaac Peppercorn is "at home."

(To be continued.)

TOM SMITH RETURNED.

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Unlike most persons who write their own biographies, I recollect nothing that occurred before memory commenced. At its earliest dawn, I remember seeing a spot called Smithfield, so designated, I believe, from the number of people named Smith who were burned there in the reign of Queen Mary. This scene must have presented itself on my way to a celebrated school in that neighbourhood, of which the Rev. Cicero Smith was then the ruling power.

The scholars were numerous, and most of the boys, so it appears to me, were of that name too. They might be relations of the master. I certainly was not; and yet there is a vague half-notion, or semi-idea, clinging to my memory—it may be, to my imagination—that, for some years, that is, from seven to ten, I also went by the name of Smith. How it was, I can't say with certainty; but it has always impressed itself on my mind, that I went to bed one night answering (had I been asked) to that name, and that I was awakened the next morning by somebody calling out, "Clay, if you don't get up, you'll be too late for the boat."

Upon being thus roused from sleep, and by another name, as it seemed, I was somewhat puzzled; but as the master in a few minutes summoned me by this new cognomen to his room, I became satisfied that such *was* my name, and that the idea of my being a Smith was the illusion of a romantic dream. There is no accounting for the wildness of a youthful imagination. Still the point was one of frequent perplexity, both then and afterwards; and I could only conclude that

it was from the almost universal prevalence of that name among the boys that I had confused myself, and forgotten whether it was mine or not.

The only other recollection of my school-days is, that we were all taught that *homo* was Latin for Smith, and that in going through the adjectives we used to say, *bonus* Smith, a *good* boy—*malus* Smith, a *bad* boy.

The interview with my schoolmaster was short, as I was simply warned that there was no time to lose, and that it only wanted ten minutes to six. I rubbed my eyes, and then opened them very wide; but all I know is, that in a few minutes I lost sight of school, and was very soon afterwards shivering and snivelling amongst a crowd of tubs and packages, with what seemed to my eyes a ship ready to sail, into which somebody unceremoniously jerked me—I being, as it turned out, "consigned to the care" of Captain Smith, in company with a trunk, on which was written, "Master Clay, passenger."

All this was so sudden, unexpected, and mysterious, that it might well have passed for a combination of the romantic vision of the previous night, in which childish ambition had fondly caught at the glory of a popular name. That I asked many questions is certain, and that I got no answer is likely; for I learned nothing whatever explanatory of this change in my fortunes. All I remember is, that somebody desired me to be damned; and that, habitually obedient, but ignorant at that time how to become so, I cried myself asleep.

It was not until we had made our way so far into salt-water as to render any tears of mine ridiculously superfluous, that I ascertained we were voyaging to the West Indies. Boys' hearts are tougher than salt beef, and Sorrow vainly fastens its teeth in them. Hope in youth is too strong to be broken, like a ship-biscuit, with a sledge-hammer. I soon began talking instead of crying, and one day elicited from Captain Smith that my mother had died at Stratsmith, in Ireland,—that my father was killed defending Acre under Sir Sydney Smith, and that his own acres had been successfully besieged by a detachment of creditors,—that my schoolmaster had been instructed to ship me without a moment's delay for the West Indies,—and that when I got there, I should be as happy as new nankeens could make me.

I could not avoid seeing how strangely my fortunes were, at every turn, influenced by, or connected with, the family of the Smiths. *The* family! "Ah," I exclaimed; "if it had but the instinct to keep and act together, it might govern the world, as it has governed me." I had not then read Cowper, and was not aware who the "first Smith" really was; but having heard of Adam Smith, I concluded that he was our first parent, and author, not merely of the Wealth of Nations, but of the Nations also. Happening, one afternoon, to express some reflection of this kind aloud, I was roughly rebuked by a sailor, who told me to mind what I said about Smiths in that ship. I replied that I meant no harm, and that neither the captain nor the mates (who were so named) could hear me, as they were at dinner. "No," said the man significantly; "but the *crew* might, and you had better not quiz *us*."

Until we arrived at Jamaica, I continued to form all kinds of surmises respecting the past, and speculations as to the future. The first offered the most attractive theme; but not a feature of my infancy could I trace.

I tried to recollect my christening, in order to remember my name. Thomas Clay! no; I *had been* called Tom Smith; that seemed certain. I kept saying that I was sure of it, until I felt sure. And why could not I still be called so? why go by another name in the world? To be called otherwise, could only denote affectation, and ridiculous singularity. I couldn't bear to be so eccentric. Why separate myself, as it were, by a mere name, from the majority of my fellow creatures? The word "Clay," however, as meaning the material of which human nature is composed, was, I reflected, an excellent substitute, and, in fact, differed only in sound.

On landing, I was made over in a regular way, with sundry commercial stores, to the firm of Smithson, Smithers, and Co., merchants, with whom Captain Smith had sufficient influence to procure me a post—or rather a stool—in a sort of apprenticeship to the business of clerk. Here fate let me alone for a long time. I grew out of my new nankeens; my sum-totals and percontras improved, and I became arithmetician enough to count two years of life on each of my ten fingers. Still my thoughts would fly backward, and try to unravel the mysteries of my infancy. My character took a tinge of melancholy, my habits, a lonely turn. My fellow clerks found gayer acquaintances, until, as regards companionship, I had, in the language of the Rev. Sydney Smith, "preached myself down to the bare sexton." This sexton saved me, by conducting me to the clergyman—not the one just mentioned—but it happened to be one of the same name, who joined Lucy's hand to mine, as love had joined our hearts. Lucy was the "Sexton" I spoke of. She was a distant relation of the junior partner of the firm, and being dependent, was not thought so beautiful as his daughters. But Lucy Smith was interesting in my eyes; she listened to my history—to its romance, to its realities—to my sad and unsilenced suspicions regarding my real name. At last she laughed at my anxiety to prove myself a Smith, and then lamented the difference of taste between us; for whereas I was bent on acquiring that name, while she (she said) was hoping to get rid of it. We married upon this; and a witty writer in the "Molasses Gazette and Guide to Mirth" felicitously remarked on the occasion, that "there was one Smith who was not a-miss, since she had been turned to Clay." The joke created quite a sensation in Jamaica.

I was not happy, in spite of a little advance of salary, when marriage bore its first fruit. My boy only served to remind me of my boyhood. Sometimes a dreadful notion would flash across me—"Good Heavens! perhaps I have married my sister." I was more terrified by the idea than ever were the negroes by Three-fingered Jack, whom we used to hear of as delineated by Obi Smith. At times I was more cheerful, and was wont to take great delight in reading the "New Monthly" when it came from England, in which I was always sure to find some exquisite whimsicality, or stroke of humane humour, by one of the two Smiths, Horace or James. But on one occasion, turning my eye to the advertising sheet, my sensations may be guessed. As Addison, I think it is, remarks, they may be more easily conceived than described. It here saw an advertisement to the effect that "if Thomas Smith, who at such an age was at such a school (naming my identical time and place) and was supposed to have been mysteriously smuggled over to

the West Indies, would apply to, &c., he would hear something, &c." I read with suspended breath, but with swimming eyes. Thomas Smith —time—place—West Indies—everything agreed. I *was* Tom Smith! I was delirious with delight. The object of my fondest visions, my highest ambition, was to be realized. I broke the news to my wife in a burst of ecstacy. Alas! what shook my soul only caused her to shake her head. There were ten thousand Tom Smiths scattered over the West Indies. The name might belong to every man, in every island that could be mentioned; from the President of Bermuda, so entitled, to Sir C. Felix Smith, the Governor of Antigua; and from him again to the Governor of British Guiana, Sir James Carmichael Smith. The chance was too slight—the hope too ridiculous. If I were to write, I might have to endure months of anxiety, crowned with a cutting disappointment. "Ask your friend," she advised; this was my fellow-clerk. He laughed at the notion, and seemed shocked at the vulgarity of figuring among a crowd of eager miscellaneous applicants. I forgot at the moment his finical and fastidious character, displayed particularly in the weak and idle conceit of spelling his name thus—Smythe! But they prevailed; I gave up my brilliant hope of distinction, and relapsed into my settled obscurity.

A few years rolled on, and again, in a stray journal, the same advertisement met my eye. The sight of it rekindled in me the old sensations. I now *knew* that I was Tom Smith! My excitement was at the full— I resolved to write. The dispatch of my letter was prevented by the receipt of one from an English agent, inquiring respectfully concerning my origin and early history, and half claiming me as the long-lost Tom. It was answered! so was mine in turn; and this inclosed a remittance heavy enough to weigh down all my wife's doubts, and eloquent enough to convert her to my creed. We sold off, packed up, got on board, and made our way to the Irish home of my fathers. I presented myself as a specimen of the Smiths. I stood erect to be recognized. Curiosity with its peering eyes read me through; Doubt awarded me a shifting side-long glance; love Looked beamingly in my face, and a sisterly confidence admitted my claim. I was Tom Smith, heir to a handsome estate and a round sum down. But "the mystery, the mystery." That cannot just yet be fully explained. I had been reported to have died at school, and my funeral had been witnessed. The parish-books proved the burial of a little Smith at that time, who was probably a little Clay about to be shipped for Jamaica; only the parish-clerk, accustomed to write down Smith, wrote down Smith from sheer habit. But my sister had a presentiment that one Smith there was in the world more than the world wot of, and she never ceased to advertise till she found me. She has been a real blessing to newspapers.

All I shall say further is, that having written to consult Sir Lionel Smith, the present Governor of Jamaica, and shaping my course accordingly, I have just been re-married. Thus, my wife's name is what it was when I first whispered my suspicions to her—Lucy Smith, the lovely wife of Tom the Lucky, and the happy mother of a boy whose re-christening is to be celebrated at a county festival, to which all the Smith families in the three kingdoms, rich and poor, illustrious or obscure, are invited joyously as friends and kinsfolk. To defray the costs, I have just issued an unlimited order upon Smith, Payne, and Smith. It sounds like an ill-assorted firm, nevertheless. Ah! never, never may Pain come between the Smiths!

L. B.

THE BLUE KNIGHT.

A CONCENTRATED ROMANCE.—BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAP. I.—*An Arrival.*

ON the summit of the loftiest tower of the castle of Altenberg gaily flaunted in the evening breeze the flag of the redoubtable and right valiant Baron Ulric. His only daughter, the incomparably beautiful Elvina, was the sole object of his love and fear; her filial tenderness was the cause of the first, her wit and beauty, of the latter; for, as the fairest flowers attract the bees, and the dazzling flame the moth, so did he dread lest some adventurous and unworthy knight might be attracted by the charms, and win the affections of his child. The Baroness of his early love had long since yielded to the arms of death, and the barrenness of his domains was alone left for his enjoyment. Secluded from the world, the Baron trusted that his daughter would remain unscathed by the random arrows of love, until he could select some stalwart knight of wealth and valour on whom he should be proud to bestow her hand.

Compelled to take the field to repel the invasion of an enemy of one of his distant allies, he left the castle of Altenberg in the care and custody of his warder, and two or three vassals.

The moon had just risen, and the inmates of the castle retired for the night, when a Knight, attended by his faithful esquire, approached the borders of the castle-moat.

"Seest thou that moat?" inquired the Knight.

"Ay, truly, your Worship," replied the esquire, "for do not the wise ones say that we sooner see the *mote* in our neighbour's eye than the beam in our own."

"We must crave a lodging there, Grummel," continued the Knight; "blow me yonder horn."

"With what breath I have," said Grummel; "for I'm blown myself, as well as the steeds, with our long journey."

The horn was sounded, and the warder appeared at the wicket.

"In the name of St. Grimbald," cried Grummel, "give shelter to the valiant Knight, Sir Wilhelm of Dusseldorf and his trusty esquire."

"The Baron Altenberg is abroad," said the warder, in an excusatory tone.

"And so are we," replied Grummel; "for we have lost our way."

"Tarry awhile," answered the warder, after a moment's consideration, and, closing the wicket, departed.

"A discourteous knave," grumbled Grummel, "keeping us here like a couple of dogs."

"How, sirrah?"

"Why, did he not bid us tarry here; and therefore are we not in better condition than a couple of *tarriers!*"

"We cannot bite, and therefore bark not," answered the Knight.

The warder again made his appearance; the drawbridge was lowered, and the Knight and his esquire crossed the moat.

"The lady Elvina welcomes the stranger Knight to her father's castle," said the warder, obligingly.

"I kiss her hands," replied the Knight, "and thank her for her courtesy."

Anon they were ushered into a spacious hall; and while they unarmed, the board was spread with substantial fare for their refection.

"I am anxious to pay my respects to the lady," said the Knight.

"And I to the *fare*," replied Grummel, vigorously attacking a boar' head.

"She is not visible, Sir Knight," said the warder.

"Then it's impossible we can see her," said Grummel, falling to. "She is doubtless a *morning* star, your Worship?"

"What then?"

"Why then, your Worship, the *Knight* cannot expect her presence."

Chap. II.—*An engagement, both in love and war.*

At an early hour the following morning, Grummel having dressed his master in a superb blue velvet doublet and suit, proceeded to the kitchen to dress his breakfast. Sir Wilhelm, meanwhile, descended to the castle garden, where he encountered the blushing Elvina.

After the due acknowledgement of her hospitality, the Knight, who was, of course, deeply enamoured at the first glance by her transcendant charms, began to make a little love on his own account. The innocent Elvina listened with pleasure to the silver music of his sweet discourse and courtly compliments, for he had been to court, and now had come to court again. And in a few minutes after the fashion of those romantic times, she surrendered the fortress of her affections. She did not indeed "tell her love," but referred him to her father with such an expressive blush as gave him confidence. At this pleasant juncture, the old warder rushed breathlessly into the garden, and interrupted their placid felicity, by hurriedly informing them that a petty Baron, with whom his lord was at feud, had just appeared before the castle with a force one hundred and fifty strong, and demanded the immediate surrender, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword if they resisted.

"O! Sir Knight," exclaimed he, "repay our hospitality by thy succour and counsel in this extremity. What's to be done?"

"Arm instantly, and let us defend the castle to the death," replied the brave Sir Wilhelm. "Lady, retire to thy chamber; put up thy prayer for our success, and Heaven and St. Grimbald help us."

Hastily quitting Elvina, he retired to arm. Grummel was still in the kitchen, preparing his morning repast.

"Away with these rashers," exclaimed the esquire, on hearing the news, "there is a less savoury *broil* preparing for us by the enemy. We are in a pickle, 'tis true; but small as we are, as the capsicums said to the cauliflower, they shall find us hot withal, and not at all to their palate."

"If they ford the moat, and scale the walls, we are lost," said one of the three vassals.

"Tut, man," exclaimed Grummel, who was an old soldier, and knew all the resources of war, "fill the kettles presently with pitch, and hand me the ladle, and long ere they reach the parapet, I'll—*pitch* 'em over."

"There's the horn again," cried the warder, "summoning us to surrender."

"What o' that," said Grummel, encouragingly; "we're not *veal* to be spoiled by their *blowing*. Pluck up thy courage, my boys, and lend

me a bow,—an I do not put a cloth-yard shaft into the varlet, and pin him like a cockchafer to the gate, I'm a ninny!"

While he kept talking in this strain, he armed himself and his master.

The "garrison" was soon in battle array. Grummel now proceeded to his post with two of the vassals, and proved his skill and strength by executing his vaunt, for at the identical moment the herald was about to blow another blast, he shot an arrow through his heart, and transfixed him to the spot.

"If all the rest run," said he, coolly, "there is no chance of that fellow quitting his *post!* Nailed, by St. Grimbald! There is no succour for him, poor fellow! May all the rest of the wounded find *leeches* in the moat."

This exploit was the signal of assault, and a shower of arrows fell upon the castle.

"Let the porcupine shoot his quills at the boar!" said Grummel, "he is only throwing away his means of defence. Hand me that pebble," continued he, pointing to a stone of half a hundred weight. It was soon raised, and hurled by one of their warlike machines, into the thickest of their foes. "That has made an impression," cried he; "it is quite a smasher; there's half-a-dozen at least *stone* dead; another little one," said he, "we shan't miss that, though it should miss them. Besides, it will be as well, as they have challenged us, to show them we have a *second.*"

While Grummel was thus ably executing his part, the Blue Knight (for so was Sir Wilhelm called, from the favourite colour of his armour and appurtenances) directed his little force with equal skill, dexterity, and advantage. The engagement now began to assume a more serious appearance; the enemy began to fill the moat, in order to proceed to the *escalade.* The little garrison was now concentrated. The boiling pitch and water were supplied by two of the vassals, and the besieging party had no sooner succeeded in raising a scaling ladder, and began to mount, than they were saluted by a cataract-like discharge of scalding water.

"'Tis but a fair return," said Grummel, "as they keep us in suspense that we should keep them in hot water! Down with it, my comrades, till they're done in their armour like lobsters in their shells! Another pebble! What, no more! Then up with the flags from the court-yard, and break their ladder—they're the only *flags* we'll lower to them."

These new missiles were speedily provided, and did great execution; the ladder was dashed to fragments, and numbers of the assailants were precipitated headlong into the moat. The Blue Knight was unwearied in his exertions, and encouraged his little force by his daring example.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grummel; "we have *wetted* the enemy's courage, and sharpened our own."

The discomfited leader now retreated, and rallied together his "remnant."

"By George!" exclaimed the 'Squire, "they are forming for a fresh assault. We have so far lost nothing; and yet in the language of the lawyers they may be said to have gained the 'action,' for they have already got considerable 'damages.'"

"And see yonder," cried the Warder, extending his right arm "there comes my liege lord. I recognise his banner. What a happy diversion!"

"Very diverting, indeed!" replied Grummel; "mark how th scamps are making ready to scamper. The bow-men are all like cross bows, prepared for a *bolt!*"

The Baron Ulric von Altenberg now gallopped to the scene of actio with all his band. The besiegers were in an instant scattered ove the plain, like a flight of affrighted sparrows in a corn-field, when som adventurous Cockney boldly takes the field to—waste his powder.

"Wheugh!" whistled the 'Squire, "that fellow hath truly brough his pigs to a fine market. While the Baron is pickling the lot, let u descend and clear away the *litter* he has left."

The Warder lowered the drawbridge, and the Blue Knight sallie forth with the "garrison" to pick up the wounded which they had s dexterously picked off. The moat was so full that Grummel declared i was more like a folk-mote than anything else. When they had got in th "living," which the 'Squire declared was no "sinecure," the gentl Elvina, as was the wont of those days, humanely busied herself i dressing their wounds.

They then proceeded to draw the moat, and fished up many a *pike*

The trumpets of the victorious Baron now sounded merrily, and the all rushed out to greet him. Ulric and the Blue Knight embraced wit true chivalric ardour, and when the Baron learned from the blushin Elvina the extent of his obligation to Sir Wilhelm, the expressions o his gratitude were unbounded.

Chap. III.—*A Remark.*

"Fool that I was to leave my castle alone," said the Baron.

"And wise would the enemy have been if had they done so!" sai Grummel.

Chap. IV.—*A Cloudy Prospect.*

"I'm *bound* to serve you," said the Missal to the Monk as he *claspe* it—and so said the bold Baron Altenberg when he encountered the Blu Knight on the morning following the affray. Grummel, like an inde pendent man, was serving himself; for chine, chickens, and flowin flaggons graced the baronial board in the most tempting profusion.

"Left *wing* forward!" exclaimed the 'Squire, dismembering a pullet "right wing advance! chine support right wing! Fall in!" and at th word of command he commenced a vigorous assault. He then pro ceeded to demolish the "breast-work" as he termed it, and finall completed his gastronomico-military evolutions, by ordering the "lef leg first," when the "right" followed as a matter of course!

Meanwhile the Blue Knight was doing the agreeable to the ol Baron, and insidiously insinuating that he was a *single* man; an plainly demonstrated that he was an eligible match for any young lad who (in the advertising phrase) "Wanted a *partner* who could *command*," &c. &c. The Baron was confused, and not knowing exactl what to reply, he endeavoured to divert the attack by simply looking under the table, and ingeniously calling "Puss! puss!"

"What does he mean?" said the Blue Knight, looking *bluer.*

"He smells a rat to be sure," whispered the acute Grummel.

Chap. V.—*Counsel.*

When they retired Grummel addressed his master in these words—

"I can tell which way the wind blows, your worship, as well as a weather-cock. It's my mind the Baron wishes to deprive *us* of the Lady Elvina."

"*Us?*" repeated Sir Wilhelm.

"To be sure, when she's your wife will she not be my mistress?" replied Grummel. "Now I'm resolved on the match, for thereby you'll get a better half and I better quarters. Two things no less agreeable than essential to our happiness."

"What's to be done?"

"Why, the whole garrison are in favour of the alliance; therefore, pop the question—demand her hand—and if the old boy holds out——"

"What then?"

"Why, then, filially kick him out! and take possession of the castle we have fairly won by force of arms."

"You forget he is Elvina's sire."

"Will she not get a more agreeable *sigher*—in the shape of a lover? But, lo! here comes the comely dame herself—I'll vanish."

And the sagacious 'Squire walked off, leaving the lovers to their own sweet discourse.

Chap. VII.—*A Sudden Decision.*

Although the Blue Knight and Elvina were elegantly *slender* in their personal proportions, the Baron declared in abrupt and vulgar phrase that "they were too *thick*."

"Honoured father," said Elvina, "it is impossible to conceal from your parental eyes that I entertain an affection for Sir Wilhelm—and I know that he returns it."

"So much the better!" replied the Baron, "for it would be dishonourable in him to keep your affections, when he knows he cannot keep you."

"You mistake me, father," continued Elvina. "He has declared himself my suitor, and I have sworn——"

"Sworn!" exclaimed the Baron. "A young lady of your rank has no right to swear. It is indelicate!"

"But he swore first."

"Then, i' faith, you two sworn shall be forsworn," said the Baron. "Remember you are my daughter, and I am positive——"

"And I'm positive I'm your daughter," replied Elvina, "from the same feeling; for I have formed an unalterable resolution to become his!"

The Baron looked at the gentle damsel for a moment as in surprise, and then suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Give me a buss," cried he, affectionately; "you are my own child—a chip of the old block!"

The affair was of course decided—the old Baron admired his daughter's firmness—the Blue Knight loved her for her tenderness; and the gordian knot of matrimony was soon after tied in the chapel of the castle of Altenberg. Beauty presented her hand to Valour as the palm of victory; and Grummel had the felicity of being at the marriage-feast celebrated in honour of the nuptials of Elvina and the Blue Knight.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE FOR MAKING TIME STAND STILL.

Dear Tom! if you would learn the way
To quaff life's true elixir,
To keep your curls from growing grey,
And, as joy flies, to fix her:
Though scholar in no modern schools,
Skill'd but in old romances,
I've yet a few old fashion'd rules
To check grim Time's advances:
And this the first—If day and night
You'd shun the dotard's hold,
"*Keep all about your conscience right*,"
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

And never mind whate'er they tell,
Dear Tom! of modern uses,
Be sure you'll just do twice as well
To stick to old abuses;
So pay your taxes—love your king,
Howe'er our sages bore you,
Take op'ning med'cines in the spring,
As your fathers did before you;
Don't lend your *razor*—nor your hack,
And when you lend your gold,
Be sure you don't expect it back,
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

And stern howe'er you play your part
In life's more sober stages,
Keep one small corner in your heart
For boyhood's sunny pages:
Don't cut a friend because he's poor,
But pause before you choose him:
And when a man has shut the door,
Don't let *his friends* abuse him:
Sell off your claret—if you must—
But keep *yourself* unsold,
Then live upon a laugh, or crust,
And still—you'll *not* grow old!

And when, to dissipate your gloom,
You wander down, some even,
And sit within the long brick room,
Re-formed since old Saint Stephen,
If you should hear a sacred name
First taught by her who bore you,
And your father's ancient faith and fame,
Denounced as "*cant*" before you;
Don't fancy that we're turn'd to Turks,
But just go home—unfold
Some page of Pitt's, or Fox, or Burke's—
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

And welcome, Tom! on heath or hill,
Each bright, green spot may greet you;
Call Hope delusion, if you will,
But let her—let her *cheat* you!
Don't rob life's roses of their bloom,
Tho' Benthamites deride you—
Don't sit within a *childless* gloom,
Tho' Martineau may chide you.
But trust, when bright things round you die,
Something our mothers told
Of hopes and homes above the sky;
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

January 26th, 1837.

THEATRE ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

THE DAY OF THE OPENING.

I WAS journeying to Guttlebury Abbey, where I was engaged to spend a week with its hospitable proprietor, my friend Sir Swaggerton Shuffle. The direct road to Guttlebury lies through Little Pedlington *, from which it is distant eleven miles; and here, at my old acquaintance, Scorewell's, in High-street, the coach stopped for its last change of horses. Scorewell came to the door, and welcomed me on my arrival; reminding me, at the same time, that it was two years since my visit to the place.

"But, Scorewell," said I, "I am not come to stay with you: I am going on to the Abbey."

"What, Sir!" he exclaimed, with a look of amazement, or, rather, of consternation; "what, Sir! not stop? Why, Lord, Sir! I thought you had come from London on purpose for the occasion."

"For what occasion?" inquired I.

"What occasion, indeed! Why, Sir, to-night our theatre is to open for the season! It has set all Little Pedlington agog; and surely you must have heard of it in London!"

"I can assure you," replied I, "that excepting the few whom Fashion carries to talk at the Opera, or to sleep at a French play, the good Londoners are scarcely conscious of the opening, or the being open, of their own theatres. However," continued I, "the opening of the theatre of a place like this is an interesting event; so, as my visit to Sir Swaggerton is not timed to a day, I will remain and witness it."

Greatly to the satisfaction of Scorewell I ordered my portmanteau to be carried into the house. It was already two o'clock; so, having desired mine host to prepare an early dinner for me, I sallied forth to visit all my favourite spots. This I did with that eager interest which every one has felt on his first return, after long absence, to a place rendered dear to him either by its own intrinsic charms, or by the stronger charm of association. The Crescent, the Market-place, the New Pump, the Vale of Health, Yawkins's Skittle-ground, each and all received from me the homage of a glance. Time would hardly permit more: for, to become fully and satisfactorily acquainted with the beauties natural and artificial of a place of the extent of Little Pedlington; to inspect with care and accuracy its libraries, its museum, its Zoological Garden, &c. &c., would require the devotion of at least three good hours to the task. Even as it was, when I had made the tour of the entire town, and intersected it in every possible way, devoting a minute or two to the examination of one remarkable object, a minute or two to the consideration of another, I found it was almost three o'clock! "Thus doth Time fly!" as a moralist would say.

On coming into Market Square I found numbers of persons divided

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* For the information of tourists I may state that there is a road to Guttlebury by Poppleton and Squashmire Gate, which abridges the distance by nearly two miles. It is not, however, either so good or so pleasant as the road through Little Pedlington: besides that the latter affords him an opportunity of seeing one of the most delightful places (*of its kind*) in England.

into separate crowds of two, three, nay, in some places, four, with their faces all eagerly turned towards the walls, or the shop-windows. I was at first astonished at this singular sight, but my astonishment was not of long duration. The circumstance was presently accounted for. The people were all pressing to get a sight of the play-bills announcing the evening's performances at the theatre.* The hand-bills exhibited in the shop-windows—such as, for the *convenience* of the spectator, are sold in the theatres—were scarcely four feet long; but the posters—those pasted on the walls—somewhat exceeded four yards. At the head of these was a spirited wood-cut, representing the interior of a cow-house, with a man (holding a hatchet in one hand, and the head of a female, young and lovely, in the other) standing astride the decapitated body of the massacred milk-maid! The interest excited by this promise of elegant recreation was evidently intense. All Little Pedlington seemed disposed to attend the theatre. "I wish I knew where to get an order!" exclaimed one: "I wish I knew somebody who could pass me in!" said another: a third, with an air of determination which indicated the inveterate play-goer and the true patron of the drama, exclaimed—"I, for one, am resolved to go—if I can contrive to get in for nothing." Inferring from these and similar manifestations of anxiety to witness the night's performances that there would be a crowded house, I thought it prudent to go to the box-office to secure, if possible, a place.

"Have you any place in the boxes for to-night, Sir?" inquired I of the box-bookkeeper.

"How many do you want, Sir?" inquired he in return.

"Only one for myself," replied I.

"Luckily," continued he, "I have one place which has just been given up."

"Because," said I, inquiringly, "it was not deemed worth keeping—a seat on a back row at the top of the house?"

"Beg pardon, Sir; it most luckily happens to be a seat on the first row of the centre dress-box."

"I am fortunate, indeed!" exclaimed I. "You expect a reat house?"

"Tremendous, Sir! Every place taken."

Not having any silver, I tendered a half-sovereign in payment for my ticket; the price of admission to the boxes being two shillings.

The functionary opened a drawer in which there were two or three stray shillings. He then felt successively, though not successfully, in each of his pockets. Upon my telling him, in reply to his inquiry whether I could oblige him with such a thing as two shillings in silver, that I had no silver at all, he expressed his regret that he had given away all his small money *in change.* [It somehow happened that I saw neither notes nor gold in his drawer.] He then desired a boy to go into the treasury and see whether Mr. Dumps had change for a half-sovereign *there.* After some delay the boy returned, and apologised for his long absence by stating that he had been obliged to go for change to Yawkins's Bank.—That the only vacant place in the house, that place being also the very best in it, and that place again, having fortunately been relinquished by its first proprietor, should fall to my lot, formed a com-

* For a copy of this attractive document, at length, see the "New Monthly Magazine" for January.

bination of lucky circumstances upon which I could not but congratulate myself.

Having still a spare hour on hand before dinner, I strolled into Yawkins's library. There I saw my old friend Hobbleday—Jack Hobbleday, the Great Humbug of Little Pedlington, and, like all of his class, a great bore also.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Hobbleday, "most happy, most delighted to see you! When did you arrive?"

"Little more than an hour ago," replied I.

"Of course you come to make a stay," said he.

"I shall proceed to-morrow to Guttlebury Abbey," said I.

"To-morrow! No, no! you will stay till Wednesday," continued Hobbleday; or must you *positively* go to-morrow?"

"Positively, Sir, I shall leave Little Pedlington to-morrow," I answered.

"That 's decided, is it?" said he. "Well, dear me! that is very provoking; for I intended to ask you to dine with me on Wednesday. However, since you can't, you can't."

Here he was interrupted by Yawkins, who, after a few words of recognition and of welcome, said, "Ah! Sir, the world has sustained an irreparable loss since you were last here. That great luminary, that master-spirit, is extinguished. The immortal Rummins is dead! Died, Sir, on the first of April last."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Rummins dead!" I turned aside, and—shall I confess it?—I shed a tear.

"*And* a most extraordinary coincidence!" said Hobbleday. "Our cockatoo at our Zoological Gardens died on that very same day! Poor Rummins! We had him stuffed; and there he is on a perch in a glass-case, looking all but alive."

"Stuff'd!" exclaimed I. "Simcox Rummins, F.S.A., stuffed! Embalmed (you would say) as an antiquary so learned and profound deserved to be."

"Rummins!" cried Hobbleday; "no, the cockatoo. Ever see a stuffed cockatoo? Most curious thing! The only one in all this place. Come," continued he, taking me by the arm—"come with me and see it"

"I thank you," said I; "but I cannot at present."

"But why not? What is there to prevent you?" said he.

"I have not the time to spare, Mr. Hobbleday."

"But it won't take long. Come, now; do come. It is not far—it will be a nice little walk for us. But *why* won't you go?"

After enduring twenty more "why's" and "what's-your-reasons," I thanked him for his pertinacious politeness, and turned to speak to Yawkins.

"Your theatre has put forth a very attractive bill," said I; at the same time pointing to one which was hangir g in the shop, and which reached nearly from the ceiling to the floor.

"Never before, Sir," replied Yawkins, "was there such a company collected together in Little Pedlington. Why, Sir, Tippleton is in himself a host. Then, Snoxell is a host; Waddle is a host; Gigs is a host; Mrs. Biggleswade is a host; Mrs.——In short, there is scarcely one in the whole company but is singly a host."

"Mademoiselle Sara des Entrechats, who is to dance, is, of course, from Paris," said I.

"Why, no; not exactly from Paris," replied Yawkins; "she comes from Fudgeborough, and her name is Sally Jumps. But, Lord, Sir! the connoisseurs of Little Pedlington would as soon allow that a woman could dance gracefully and well in jack-boots as with an English name."

"I say, my dear fellow," said Hobbleday to me, in a half-whisper (twitching my sleeve and giving me a knowing wink at the same time), "that Mamzell *Ontershaw* is a charming little girl. Ahem!—I say, my dear fellow; if you should happen to see a certain person in a French bonnet and shawl walking about the Vale of Health, or a mile or so on the Snapshank road, arm in arm with another certain person—ahem! —who is not *very* far from you at this moment, do you pretend not to notice us—*them*, I should have said."

I assured Mr. Hobbleday that I was Discretion itself.

Yawkins drew me aside and whispered:—"To my certain knowledge he never spoke to her in his life, Sir. She has been scarcely three days in the town."

I made no remark upon this little piece of illustrative information, but again turned to the play-bill, saying:—"This Miss Julia Wriggles, whose name occurs so frequently in the bill; who not only acts in tragedy, comedy, and farce, sings a song, delivers an address, and dances a broad-sword hornpipe; but concludes her labours by acting eight parts in one piece--that is to say, by playing the whole piece herself—this Miss Julia Wriggles, I say, must be a young lady of pre-eminent ability. Why, to execute well what she has undertaken to perform, would seem to require the combined powers of any six actresses I ever heard of."

"A wonderful person indeed, Sir," replied Yawkins; "and a great favourite———"

"Favourite!" exclaimed I; "why, this is announced as her first appearance on any stage!"

"Of the manager's," continued Yawkins, somewhat drily. "But as to a first appearance, Sir, I can't say much for that; for it is whispered, in the best-informed circles, that she has been acting these three years past over at Fudgeborough. One thing, however, is certain: Mr. Strut, the manager, has discharged Mr. Wigs, a very promising young actor, for merely saying so; and that, I think, gives an appearance of probability to the thing. But she must be a prodigious genius: for Mr. Strut has opened the theatre chiefly on her account --which he would not have done this season unless he had had the good fortune to secure her services."

"Fortunate Strut!" thought I.

"What a charming, domestic creature is poor Mrs. Strut!" said Hobbleday. "I say, Yawkins: you have heard that she has determined to sue for a separate maintenance?"

"Now, really, Mr. Hobbleday," cried Yawkins, "this is too bad! It was I myself who, not an hour ago, mentioned to you, *in strict confidence*, that such a proceeding was probable. I gave you no authority to repeat it: yet, no doubt, by this time you have trotted all over Little Pedlington to disburthen yourself of the information."

"Not I, I assure you, Sir," cried Hobbleday, with an air of offended

dignity; "not I, Sir; am incapable of such a proceeding. Have mentioned it but to one person—to whom it could be no secret—Mrs. Strut herself."

"Impossible! And you told her you received the report from me?"

"No, Sir; did *not* tell her I received it from you. Did not say *Yawkins* told me—have too much tact for that—merely said, 'I heard it *at* Yawkins's.'"

"So, Sir, you left my shop, full puff, for the express purpose of——"

"No, Sir; not for the purpose. This is how it happened, Sir: My friend Strut has had the politeness to put my name upon the free-list; but as the free-list is 'Entirely and totally suspended, *in toto*,' as the bills say, I waited about the stage-door in the hope of meeting with somebody who could give me an order. Presently saw Mrs. Strut. Could not help saying how sorry I was at hearing such a report—should have been a brute if I could—and requested an order for two, which she most kindly gave me. And that is the whole truth of the matter."

Hobbleday had not finished speaking when a boy entered the shop, threw a note down upon the counter, and, without speaking a word, went out again. Whilst Yawkins was reading the note Hobbleday said—"Of course you'll be there to-night. Like to go behind the scenes, eh? I'll take you. Show you the green-room. Introduce you to all the principal performers. I'll look out for you in the theatre. What say you?"

Recollecting his promise, upon a former occasion, to introduce me to all the eminent people of the place, when, as it afterwards appeared, he, himself, was but slightingly considered by them, I declined his kind offer."

"Here, Sir!" cried Yawkins, in a voice trembling with rage (at the same time holding out the note in one hand, and striking his counter heavily with the other): "Here, Mr. Hobbleday! these are the awful consequences of your busy tittle-tattling! Listen, Sir!"

Mr. Yawkins read the note, which was in the words following:

"Mrs. Strut desires Mr. Yawkins will *instantly* send in his bill for the two cakes of Windsor soap, also the tooth-brush, she owes him for, as she intends to withdraw her custom from his *shop*, and give it somewhere where people have enough to do *to mind their own business* without troubling themselves about *other people's*. Mrs. S. also informs Mr. Y. that she does not intend to renew her subscription to his library when her present week is out, as people *taken up with pleasant conversation* naturally forget to send *new* works when *bespoke*. Mrs. S. also informs Mr. Y. that *she* has struck his name off the free-list of the theatre, which she has STILL a right to do, *whatever Mr. Y. may report to the contrary*. Mrs. S. desires Mr. Y. will be sure to *receipt* the bill, as people who trouble themselves so much *with what does not concern them* MIGHT forget to scratch it out of their books *when paid*, and she is not fond of *disputes*."

Hobbleday did not wait to receive the reproaches which Yawkins was preparing to shower upon him; but, pretending to hear himself called by some one who passed the door, he bustled out of the shop.

"That, Sir," said Yawkins, "is the most pestilent little gossip in the town. A secret runs through him like water through a sieve. He

is not happy till he has got it, and is miserable till he is rid of it. He is worse than forty old women. You cannot be sure of the duration of a common acquaintance for a day, if he gets between you. He is a sort of cholera in social life; and, when he 'breaks out' in a place, he 'carries off' friendships by the dozen. Ah! Sir; you ought to be very happy that you have no Hobbledays in London."

"In London," said I—(glad of an opportunity of elevating the character of *that* pretty town in the opinion of a Little Pedlingtonian)—"in London, we entertain a virtuous horror of slander, scandal, tittle-tattle and old-apple-woman gossip; so that *there*, Sir, a Hobbleday would not be endured; he could not exist: he would fail from the utter want of encouragement."

"Happy London!" exclaimed the eminent bibliopolist.

"Heaven forgive me!" thought I; reflecting on the enormity of my assertion.

I took up a book which lay on the counter. It was "Jubb's *Pedlingtonia*, a new Edition, with additions." The only considerable addition, however, was an 'Elegy on the Death of Rummins.' Here it is. It is remarkable for its sweetness, its pathos, its elegiac tenderness; but, by the generality of readers, it will, perhaps, be most admired for its originality.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
No more illustrious Rummins shall I see!
O, Simcox Rummins, senior, F.S.A.,
Why leave the world to darkness and to me!

In vain thy Jubb thy 'Life and Times' shall write,
For since, O Simcox, thou'rt no longer there
To join in thy biographer's delight,
He wastes his sweetness on the desert air.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The height which thou, my Rummins, did'st attain!
All say in prose what Jubb now sings in rhyme,
We ne'er shall look upon thy like again.

A man thou wert to all the country dear;
Great was thy learning and profound thy lore;
And, passing rich with ninety pounds a-year,
Thou gav'st relief that Heaven might bless thy store.

One morn I miss'd thee on th' accustom'd hill,
Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled.
Ah, ruthless Death! and could'st thou Rummins kill!
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Since, then, I'm doom'd my dearest friend to lose,
In Pedlington no longer stay I can.
The world is all before me where to choose!
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

I purchased the volume, thought of the illustrious defunct, paid half-a-crown, and sighed.

At this moment Mr. Rummins, son of the *great* Rummins, and editor of the Pedlington newspaper, came into the shop. He was accompanied by a shortish, stoutish gentleman. It was Waddle, the tragedian! who was that night to enact Growler in the "Hatchet of

Horror!" Rummins, after saying a few words to Yawkins, was invited by the latter to stay dinner.

"Can't," replied Rummins; "I dine with Waddle."

"Then will you come and sup after the play?" said Yawkins,

"Can't," again replied Rummins; "I sup with Waddle."

The editor was about to quit the shop, when I took the liberty of reminding him that, on my former visit, I had had the honour of an introduction to him at a *conversazione* at the house of his late illustrious father. He condescended to make me a remarkably polite bow, and, with becoming dignity, wished me good morning, and went away.

"Upon that same occasion," said I, turning to Yawkins, "I had the pleasure also of meeting Miss Cripps, the poetess."

"At that time, Sir," said Yawkins, "Miss Cripps and he were great friends, and she used to invite him to all her tea-parties; but since then they have quarrelled."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I; "I am sorry to hear that. What was the cause of the rupture?"

"Why, Sir," replied Yawkins, "Miss Cripps wrote some very charming verses on the death of the cockatoo in our Zoological Gardens; and Mr. Rummins, in his notice of them, said that they were far superior to Milton, but not quite equal to Jubb. At this, Miss Cripps took offence, and she has never since invited Mr. Rummins to tea. For my own part, I think her in the wrong; for a poem may be very fine, yet inferior to the compositions of such a writer as Jubb. And, to say the truth, Miss Cripps is one of those ladies who are never satisfied with anything short of the very top of the tree. However, he is now all in all with Miss Jane Scrubbs, the lady who writes riddles and charades, and things of that sort."

"I had the pleasure of meeting her, too. Pray is she any relation of the manager of the Fudgeborough theatre?"

"Not in the least; and nothing offends her more than that it should be thought she is. Besides, Sir," continued Yawkins, with a solemn nod of the head, "Scrubs has only *one* b in *his* name, whilst Miss Scrubbs spells hers with *two*."

"That's an important and an honourable distinction," said I.

"Sir, Sir, Sir," suddenly cried Yawkins; "did you ever see Mr. Snoxell off the stage?"

"Never," said I; "which is he?"

"You see those three gentlemen arm in arm, crossing the square," said Yawkins. "The middle one is Mr. Fiat, who writes the 'Dictator;' he on his right arm is Mr. Dowlas, author of the melodrama, the 'Hatchet of Horror,' which is to be acted to-night; the gentleman on his left is Mr. Snoxell."

With becoming admiration I looked at them, till, by turning a corner, they were lost to view.

"But what *is* the 'Dictator?'" I inquired

"O, very true, Sir, I remember," replied Yawkins. "When last you were here we had but one paper—the 'Little Pedlington Weekly Observer,' edited by Rummins the Younger, the gentleman who just now looked in. We have now another—the 'Little Pedlington Dicta-

tor,' written by Mr. Fiat. It is a publication exclusively devoted to politics, literature, the drama, the fine arts, science, political economy, geology, zoology, conchology, pathology, craniology——"

"Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Yawkins," cried I. "Surely you do not pretend that Mr. Fiat himself writes upon all those subjects?"

"Indeed but I do, Sir," replied he; "and upon all with equal knowledge, taste, and judgment. In his criticisms upon acting, he is a Snoxellite for tragedy; for comedy, a Tippletonian. Rummins, on the contrary, is a Waddleite and a Gigsite. What they will say about Miss Julia Wriggles, is a mystery; but my own private opinion is, that Rummins, being a friend of the Manager's, the 'Observer' will be all on her side; whilst Fiat, who (between ourselves, Sir) is said to be over head and ears in love with little Laura Dobs—a pretty little girl who sings in the choruses—will be against her."

"And pray, Mr. Yawkins," inquired I, "which, in your opinion, is the greater actor of the two: Snoxell or Waddle?"

"Why, really, Sir," replied he, "that is a question which it is utterly impossible to answer. When I had but one paper to read ('The Observer') I was convinced that Waddle was the better; but since 'The Dictator' was established, which gives the preference to Snoxell, I am greatly perplexed."

"But have you no opinion of your own?" inquired I, with some degree of astonishment.

With an appearance of equal astonishment Yawkins echoed—"An opinion of my own? Bless me, Sir, what an extraordinary question! Where is the use of reading a newspaper if one is to be at the trouble of thinking for oneself after all? No, no, Sir; we are not such fools in Little Pedlington as that comes to; and happy are they who are content to read but one paper, for, in that case, they know exactly *what* to think"

"Then," said I, "you Little Pedligtonians are very wise people. Far different is it with us in London. *There*, no one is newspaper-led; and such a phrase as 'But my paper says' is never heard. Well; I wish you good morning, Mr. Yawkins. I shall go to the theatre this evening. To-morrow I will write to my friends what *I* think of the performances; and at the same time, send them the criticisms both of the 'Observer' and the 'Dictator.'"

I returned to Scorewell's; took a hasty dinner; and at half-past five—the performances being to commence at six o'clock precisely—proceeded to the THEATRE-ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

O! SING, my muse, while Fame her trumpet blows,
O! sing the theme which England's pride delights,
The brave St. George, the terror of her foes!
Gone are those days that brought us such fair knights.

Against the Saracen in tented field,
He raised his lance, which in the bright sun gleam'd,
And many a moon unto the Cross made yield;
For such war-fare was then a fair war deem'd.

The land they fought for certainly was theirs,
Where we, like bold intruders dared to roam.
Like men we battled, and the rightful heirs,
Most bravely fought, but could'nt thrust us home.

In vain they swarm'd like flies in summer's ray,
For he dispatch'd them—as he would a lunch;
Full sore he punch'd and pummell'd them till they
Roll'd on the plain—like men o'ercome with punch.

Weary of beating (tho' he ne'er was beat),
And turning steeds "to dog's meat" with a "hack,"
The valiant knight now beat a quick retreat,
Avoiding, cunningly, the "beaten track;"

And journey'd into Egypt straight, and there,
He learned a fierce, fell dragon ruled the land,
And found the terror-stricken people were
On their last legs, and—could not make a stand.

The wise men in their wisdom did declare,
To glut his fury, there should be purvey'd
A virgin for his maw. O! dainty fare!
And thus each day he had his dinner *maid.*

But to this *fair* supply there was a stop,
No maids were to be had for love or law;
For quickly was exhausted all the "crop,"
To satisfy the cravings of his "craw."

At length, the daughter of the king, alone,
Remain'd the dragon's hunger to allay;
And *she*, the rightful heir of Egypt's throne,
To *him* was destin'd to be thrown a prey.

"O! spare my daughter, whom *I* cannot spare,"
The king exclaim'd, "or me with grief you'll slay."
But vain he wept, and tore his silver hair;
The frantic people tore his heir away.

Unto a stake they bound the trembling maid;
The fearful preparation made her quake,
For in the game of death, now to be play'd,
The virgin had indeed a heavy stake.

Her friends and foes had bidden her farewell !
When lo ! St. George came on his courser by—
He said, " Why are you bound, O! lady, tell ?"
" Alack ! Sir Knight," cried she, " I'm bound to die !"

And then she straight unfolds the Dragon's tale,
While from her eyes the tears like crystals drop.
" Nor maid nor stake shall he—so do not wail"—
Exclaim'd the Knight, " I'll treat him with a chop !

" Tho' hard as adamant his scales may be,
" 'Gainst my sharp sword his tough hide nought avails :
" Unless I lose my balance, thou shalt see,
" Fair maid, this arm shall quickly turn the scales."

With outspread wings the Dragon, as he spoke,
Came wheeling through the air with fell intent,
While from his mouth, as from a crater, broke
Fierce flames ; and brave St. George his straight lance bent.

Then, riding at the monster with a bound,
He cried, " Thy nose I'll soon put out of joint ;
" And by this lance ! I'll bring thee to the ground
" If I can only bring thee to the—point !"

The Dragon gaped as he would swallow him,
While quick, as rifle-bullet to the mark,
The Knight, with piercing eye and stalwart limb,
His swallow spitted as he would a lark.

Down dropp'd the Dragon, and his fearful claws
Scratch'd up the scorching sand in bootless spite.
With sword in hand, St. George without a pause
Came to the scratch just like a dauntless knight.

And at one stroke his well-attemper'd glaive
Shorten'd the monster by the head and neck !
O ! proud was he, his valiant arm could save
At least one weaker vessel from the wreck.

Now from the stake fair Sabra he untied,
And "Thou art free !" exclaim'd, with bow profound ;
" O ! do not call me free," the virgin cried,
" For I avow unto *thyself* I'm bound !

" Thine arms have rescued me from death, and I
" Unto thine arms right willingly do yield ;
" And I will be thine handmaid 'till I die,
" Thy love my pleasure, and thy sword—my shield !"

THE IRISHMAN IN EGYPT.

"'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft named,
But *now* for British valour far more famed."

Captain F——, of the Engineers, while serving in Egypt, was one morning seated in his marquee, when he saw, drawing near, a miserable Arab, bestriding the hind-quarters of an ass, which also carried a pair of large panniers, filled with garden esculents—acceptable, and somewhat rare, commodities at that time and place.

This purveyor of greens was jogging inoffensively along, looking out for purchasers, when his evil star sent him such a customer as he did not bargain for—a tall and powerful Turk, richly dressed, and armed to the teeth, who, without a word, dragged him from his seat, kicked the panniers off their bearer, "and spread his vegetable store" upon the sand. Pressing as this hero's temporary necessity for a steed might be, it was probable that he would not have tolerated one so mean, but for the pleasure of tyrannically usurping the goods of a powerless inferior; yet, ere he had lifted his leg high enough to cross the animal, a dapper fellow, much below the ordinary size of soldiers, who had been cleaning his master's belt close by, roared out,—

"What d'ye mane be dat, ye big blackguard? How dar ye maltrate the Arawbian in his lawful calling? Let go his ass, or you'll sup sorrow, my lad!"

The Mussulman, though he might not understand a word this champion of the injured poured forth, could neither mistake nor relish the hostile looks and menacing gestures of little Jemmy Mullhollan, to whom, however, he only vouchsafed the mute and dignified hint of laying his hand on his dagger.

"Och, you murtherin' thief! you mane that, do you?" cried Jemmy. "By all that's holy, I'll tache you manners!"

Then, springing upon the formidable persecutor, he wrenched the weapon from his hand, and flung it into the air.

"Hooroo!" shouted Jemmy, dancing with passion, and reiterating the wild exultant cry so frequently heard in an Irish *scrimmidge*.

The follower of Mahomet stood for a few moments utterly confounded by the suddenness and success of this attack; but, recovering his self-possession, prepared to draw a pistol from his girdle.

"Ye're there, are ye, ould muslin cap? Bad cess to ye, but I'll take the shine out of yez yet!"

Saying this, Jemmy made a furious butt with his bull-head at the breast of the Moslem, which felled him to the earth, with "the boy" on top of him. As they rolled over each other in their prostrate scuffle, the active Hibernian absolutely abducted his foe's pistols. In drawing the second from the folds of the shawl, it went off, and alarmed the guard, some of whom hastening to the spot, secured the combatants.

Mullhollan, spite his narrow escapes from ball and blade, was unhurt; but the Turk had one eye "bunged up;" while, on his nose, the fist of Erin had performed a diametrically contrasted operation, broaching its claret, by which a handsome vest was liberally stained. This was a ready-made-out strong case of assault and battery. The suffering party,

addressing an officer who had been led to the scene of action, insisted on seeing the Commander-in-Chief, to make complaint of the rough usage by which he had been insulted.

The poor Irish lad was conveyed to the guard-house; the Turk to Lord Hutchinson, on whom the command had devolved—

"When the brave Abercromby received his death-wound."

His Lordship ordered the matter to be investigated; and Captain F——, in detailing what he had witnessed, dwelt with pleasure on the humane impulse of the little Irish fighting-cock. Still the malignant and the turbaned Turk demanded the life of the offender in expiation.

It was the policy of Lord Hutchinson to treat the Ottomans and Mamelukes who still hung about our camp with every mark of respect: peculiar circumstances would have rendered it dangerous to refuse even this request.

A drum-head court-martial was assembled; Mullhollan's transgression fully proved; he was ordered for instant execution. The sentence being made known to the belaboured and vindictive infidel, he seemed appeased, though his satisfaction was somewhat qualified when he heard that "the regulations of the British army would not permit persons of an opposite faith to *witness* a punishment."

In about an hour a strong detachment was seen marching towards the sand-hills in the rear of the camp, and in the midst of this guard the prisoner, who, to his honour be it spoken, seemed to bear his fate with extreme fortitude. As far as the soldiers would permit, the poor Arab followed on his donkey, wringing his hands, and wailing over this reward of his protector's brave good-nature. Just ere Jemmy's escort turned this grateful creature back, the condemned man begged leave to speak with him—"That is," added Jemmy, as his entreaty was granted, "to shake his brown hand, and pat his brown baste, in token that, if it war to do agin, I'd do that, and more, for an unlucky divil as couldn't help himself; and I don't mind what's come of it at all, my man; so be aisy!"

The gallant bearing of the speaker re-assured the being to whose wrongs he was a victim, and they parted.

The appointed spot was soon gained; the fatal volley fired. As it reached the ear of the maltreated Turk, he was seen to smile, and, with a heart full of gratified malice, hurried from the vicinity of the camp.

In a few minutes the soldiers returned; when, in full regimentals, carrying his musket, and occupying the centre of the rear rank, *marched Jemmy Mullhollan!* who had lent himself to this exhibition of justice, and for many a year afterwards would laugh over the story.

"Shure I liked the fun of licking the long chap, and chating him after it. He was a bigger jackass than the ould cabbage-man's own, if he thought my Lord would rob the sarvice of a lad like me for all the Turks that ever wore whiskers. I tuk good care to keep shut of him ever after, for all that—as, if we had met, he'd have fallen out wid me for being alive, to a sartainty; and the next shindy I had wid him, I might not have been let off so convaniant. The Arawbian did twig me at last, and frightened enough he was; but I tipped him summut handsome, not only to show I was no Fetch, but to make him hould his tongue."

BENSON E. HILL.

NEW VALENTINES FOR THE FOURTEENTH.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The Statue of Shakspeare, over the Portico of Drury-Lane, to the Statue of Queen Elizabeth, in the Royal Exchange.

Immaculate maiden! fair monarch—not dead,
But living in hues wrought by Needle and Thread;
In books, and in prints,—thanks to good Pen and Ink,—
And in stone,—thanks to Chisel where'er he may clink.
Old Chisel! yes, mine and your Majesty's sire,
Who sculptured us both to stand water and fire.
'Tis so—and we're not merely Poet and Queen,
But sister and brother, dear virgin unseen.

Unseen! ah, you're lost in those high civic niches
'Mid people who think but of Rothschilds and riches.
Condemned to look down on such caricatures
Of manhood as maidenhood never endures,
I wonder no longer that scandal should fix
On your fame as a theme for her talkative tricks.
Why, 'tis said—but who credits it?—people will rush
Into falsehoods—I'm sure 'twould be silly to blush—
But 'tis said—only some folks are *so* fond of fibs—
(Now, laughter, sweet crony, don't crack my stone ribs,)
That your Majesty once on a time was attached
To—a certain—wild bard—who may one day be matched—
But not in that fortune, had, *had* it been true,
Which linked him in love, royal riddler, with you.
Yes, *had* it!—Posterity's shockingly vicious;
Umph! poor Mistress Shakspeare was quite unsuspicious.
Well, *this* I may say—that the thousand pounds sent
Through Southampton was not unbecomingly spent.

But, shifting the theme, I shall fall in a passion,
If intellect sends you so fast of fashion;
'Tis dull enough here, to be sure, in the Strand,
Where, instead of a run, they allow me a stand,
But *out*side! The stage has but seldom the grace
Among the *in*sides to afford me a place.
I'm voted, I fancy, a sort of a bore,
Undramatic, and vulgar, indecent, and more.
Yet *you*, the "fair vestal," once throned in the west,
Have laughed, with your ladies, when Love had his jest.
Indecent! The moderns are growing, I fear,
Prodigiously moral in all that they *hear*;
But as for the *sight*—how demurely they sit,
With Duvernay delighting their eyes, in the pit!

I know *I'm* not played, when I see in this cramm'd
Ellistonian portico, playgoers jamm'd.
In fact, people gaze at my figure, and all
Wonder whether I'm Warde, or Ducrow, or Fitzball.
But look at the actors, and where's the surprise
That the public should feast, not their ears, but their eyes!
Such *Touchstones* and *Falstaffs!* Well, let me not boast,
But *I* drew more laughter when playing the *Ghost*.

Such horrors of *Hamlets*—my stonehead feels dizzy—
Ophelia's as fitted for you, my dear Lizzy.
My actor's Macready; him proudly I own:
But kings should have subjects, or why have a throne?
No, most of the players may suit the "long line"
From the stage to the gallery—keep them from mine.
Yet still they are kind, in omitting the best
Of my verses for Tate's, and misreading the rest.

My critics! still worse! Yet I see from this brink
Fame's dove winging over the deluge of ink.
So, Liz, let us laugh, while they act and indite,
And bring all our blotches, for beauties, to light.
No more of myself,—I am deucedly stupid,
And cannot this morn even compliment Cupid;
Exposed night and day to this out-of-door din,
And, worse, to the vapid stage-tattle within.
Yet smile,—let your stony lips smile at the song
Of a bard who has loved you so awfully long;
And though base were your life, men should doat on you still,
For the blessings bequeath'd to the world in—

Your WILL!

THE STATUE IN "DON JUAN" TO QUEEN ANNE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

A stranger, accomplish'd Princess, sues
  A pardon frank, for sending a line,
On a morn when cavaliers can't refuse
  Their homage to old St. Valentine.
Gratitude prompts my rapier thus
  To scratch on the back of a tombstone-page,
A private note, design'd to discuss
  A point or two for the present age.

The old year 's gone with its heat and haze,
  The new one brings gruel, and fog, and ice;
"Try 37" (old Hardham's phrase)
  Is still the moralist's best advice.
But trust me, the town—the boxes, pits,
  And galleries—all want "something new;"
Could *you* bring back your poets and wits,
  Or even your dunces, they wouldn't do.

A Pope would soon be deposed; and ink
  Destroy Steele's temper, with rust-spots thick;
The Gay would be lost in the grave, I think,
  And even the Swift wouldn't suit the quick.
Were they all to come back, by St. John led,
  Describing the realms to which they flew,
The town would cry, ere the season sped,
  "Gentlemen, let us have something new!"
"Tell us Queen Anne is dead," exclaims
  The knowing world ten times a minute;
Oh! Dead One, play them the best of games—
  Make but a *move*, you're sure to win it.

A move! Ah, lady-statue, thou
  Hast heard of *my* history, sung in rhyme,
Described in action,—think of it now!—
  Do as *I* do in the pantomime.

Tell us Queen Anne's dead! or Queen Mab!
  Now, let them not make so sure of that;
Step from your pedestal, on the slab,
  And startle the stones with a strange pit-pat.
Portugal's, Spain's, nay, every Queen,
  Even Queen Adelaide, it would chill
With envy, to hear that you were seen
  Taking a walk down Ludgate-Hill.

Lest you should chip off one of your toes,
  Move with a soft and musical clatter;
Heard it would be, mid the deep repose
  Of wonder witnessing what was the matter.
That small pit-pat wouldn't ring in vain
  An alarum to Learning, over the land;
For great Professors would soon explain
  What none of them ever could understand.

And though 'tis true you would quite eclipse
  All feminine fame, and break the spell
Of the lark-like song upon Grisi's lips,
  And the deepening strains of L. E. L.
Yet woman, through you, would lead the van
  In mind's quick march; Regina be Rex;
And will, and power, be theirs whom man
  Politely christens the *softer* sex.

The wonder, I own, would disappear;
  As it has with me, who now retire
In favour of *Jim*,—I spare your ear,—
  Permit me to say James Crow, Esquire,
Of course, nine days would just run through,
  And back the town to its wants would fly;
The old demand being, "something new,"
  And "tell us Queen Anne's *not* dead," the cry.

But those nine days, what a tuneful nine!
  The Press beneath its reports would groan;
Medals would glisten, and portraits fine,
  "The Stroll of the Statue,"—on stone—by Stone.
At least, you'll pardon a Spanish Don,
  Who, feeling a debt to England owing,
Wishes to see Still-life get on,
  And gratefully set the Fine Arts going.

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LITERATURE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

Mr. Prior has already made himself known to the public as the latest biographer of Edmund Burke. The task was a trying one. Burke was the greatest political philosopher that the world has ever seen. Bringing the profoundest knowledge of moral action to practical experience of the most direct, vigorous, and penetrating kind; gifted with prodigious powers of eloquence, which only reinforced prodigious powers of argument; and thrown into public life at a period when the convulsions of European thrones demanded, shaped, and stimulated all this mass of noble qualities and accomplishments to their fullest exertion, Burke left behind him a fame achieved by none other of the mighty aspirants for the *permanent* honours of public genius. To have written the life of such a man without repulsive failure, implies considerable qualities; and though none but Lysippus should sculpture the bust of Alexander, we may feel indebted to the artist who preserves the likeness, even if it be left to our imaginations to supply the soul.

But the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" is a more congenial task. The life of an easy, harmless mixture of all kinds of contradictions; simple, yet subtle; embarrassed, yet adroit; giddy, yet calculating; the most indolent, yet the most laborious of mankind; rather lingering on the outskirts of literature than literary, until accident dropped him into involuntary fame; often in sight of wealth, yet always defeating the kindness of fortune, and predestined to be poor to the last; with the force of a philosopher, and the flexibility of a child; capable of the mortifications of a monk, yet enjoying life by snatches with the raptures of an Epicurean; loved and laughed at; powerful in his works, played upon in society, burlesqued as long as he lived, and when he died more deeply lamented and more universally praised than any author of his century.

For a work of this order, it is evident that the principal qualifications would be diligence in amassing facts hitherto generally unknown, a clear conception of the author's peculiarities, and a style neither too familiar now too elevated. If brilliant conceptions of character, happy insights into the impulses of the poet's mind, or showy illustrations of the manners of his day, should be added to those merits, the reader would, of course, be only the more indebted. But clearness, fidelity, and diligence, are the essentials.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at Pollas, a village in the county of Longford, in Ireland. His father, Charles, was in the church. The family were originally English, probably from Crayford, in Kent. The poet claimed connexion with the celebrated General Wolfe, whose mother was a Miss Goldsmith, and he believed that his Christian name was derived from some remote alliance with the still more celebrated Lord Protector.

The house thus converted into classic ground has long since been a ruin. The Irish, who hang a fiction upon everything, say that the fairies would not suffer it to be rebuilt. When the roof began first to

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* The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M.D., from a variety of original sources. By James Prior, F.A.S., M.B.T.A. In 2 volumes. London, Murray.

give way, it was found that all attempts to repair it (they probably were not many) were rendered abortive by the apparition of a huge figure in boots, who nightly rode astride on the roof, and, as if in the action of hard riding, kicked its frail materials to pieces. The rider was a sort of vidette for a troop of fairies, who, having taken a liking to the spot for their own purposes, did not choose to be disturbed by the vulgarities of earth. They soon had it all to themselves.

But the more acknowledged classic ground, the scene of the "Deserted Village," was in another, though not a distant quarter,—a hamlet, named Lissoy, in the parish of Kilkenny West, near Athlone. There is, of course, a good deal of rapture and romance expended in this volume, and in every life of Goldsmith, on this Irish Arcadia. But all the charms of the scene, from the soft name of Auburn down to its most minute touches of beauty, are the poet's own. He peopled a hideous, beggarly, barren fragment of Irish wilderness with images borrowed from the rich, sweet, still loveliness of English landscape. Yet, such is either the ridiculous force of fancy on such occasions, or the propensity to deceive ourselves and others, that every human being who subsequently bore the name of Goldsmith, and they were many, and all stragglers and beggars, seem to have regarded Lissoy as a sort of terrestrial paradise. They write from all the ends of the earth, and all are full of the captivations of Lissoy. One of them, living in all the pomp of nature that America displays, in the midst of the noblest landscapes of the world, sends his expiring soul towards Lissoy, and longs only to breathe his last under its delicious shades. The delicious shades of half a dozen brambles on a common, dotted by a dozen huts into which an English farmer would disdain to house his pig!

Goldsmith's career began by his entering the Irish University at fifteen. He entered as a sizar, a sort of eleemosynary studentship, which, however, generally requires a more competent share of classical and general knowledge than is insisted on in the ranks of the students who pay. Out of this rank, also, many of the ablest persons of the university have risen. His college career has left no marks of distinction. He was probably indolent. But the strong and most luckless tendency of the college course of studies to place all merit in mathematics, has repelled many a mind destined to celebrity in the world. Of the measureless importance of mathematics there can be no conceivable doubt, and the Newtons and Laplaces will sit for ever high in the temple of intellectual glory. But the college from which Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, and Curran came with the reputation of dunces, and to which they all looked back with a feeling of misspent years, must have something erroneous in its principle. Not one man in ten thousand is made for mathematical eminence, and the smattering forced on all has only the effect of turning the feeble into coxcombry, and disgusting the powerful.

Our notice of these volumes must be brief, and we can little more than mention, that, after some bustling, though by no means too sincere, efforts to establish himself in a regular profession, he settled in London on his return from the continent, and fixed himself in connexion with the reviewers and booksellers. He wrote for the two rival Reviews, then conducted by Griffiths and Smollet, a service of danger, if we are to judge from the fury which dictated notes likes like these.—Grainger,

the poet, had quarrelled with Smollet relative to the translation of "Tibullus." The angry conductor sent after him a shaft of this order:—"Whereas one of the owls belonging to the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," which answers to the name of Grainger, hath suddenly broke from his mew, where he used to hoot in darkness and peace, and now screeches openly in the face of day; we shall take the first opportunity to chastise this troublesome owl, and drive him back to his original obscurity."—*C.R.*

The "Monthly Review" had already thrown down its defiance in various forms, but perhaps among the most pungent to Smollet's personal sensibilities was the following sneer at his play, the "Reprisal:"—"Calculated for the meridian of Bartholomew fair, but by some unnatural accident (as jarring elements are sometimes made to unite) exhibited eight nights at the Theatre Royal, in Drury-lane."—*M. R.* 1757.

For some years Goldsmith led this obscure, dubious, and impoverished life of authorship, for which breaking stones in the highway would be an enviable change. But necessity, the only thing which could awake him, awoke him at last; and on the 19th of December, 1764, the "Traveller" was announced to the world. This was the foundation of his fame. Its singular combination of simplicity and strength, the still more singular beauty of its versification, and the animating, novel, and picturesque nature of its subject, obtained an universal praise, which has scarcely subsided to this hour. Yet its success was not immediate. The efforts of his friends were required to tell the public that they ought to be pleased. But the feeling at length arose, and the "Traveller" was in the hands of every one susceptible of the richest charms of poetry.

Opulence was now within his prospect, if not within his reach; and it must be acknowledged that, for once, he seemed determined to secure himself from the miseries of dependence. The inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," showed at once the versatility of his powers, and the vigour with which even his easy temperament could prepare against those years when "life is but trouble and sorrow."

But in 1774 his labours were to be brought to a rapid and painful conclusion. In this year he completed his "History of Animated Nature," a work constructed on Buffon, whose magnificent volumes were the wonder of Europe; but the profligacy of the Frenchman had stained the splendours of his page, and it was left for Goldsmith to give the knowledge without the vice, and inform the mind without corrupting the imagination. From this period he intended to adopt a new mode of life;—to remain but two months in the year in the Temple, and spend the rest rambling and writing through the country. He commenced his plan by retiring to Hyde, in March, but was seized with the attack of an habitual complaint (Dysuria), which compelled his return to London. The disease subsided, but left behind it a slight nervous fever. His medical science unfortunately only led him to rely too much on himself, and he insisted on taking James's powders, which Dr. Hawes, his medical adviser, declared to be wholly unfit for his case. This was on the 25th of March; Hawes reasoned in vain; the powders were taken, and the patient grew worse. He then insisted that Hawes had deceived him, and given him other powders. He sent for more to the house of the maker, took them, and thus virtually poisoned himself.

Drs. Fordyce and Turton were called in, and the disease was partially repelled for a week. On one occasion Turton said to him, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the state of fever you have; is your mind at ease?" He answered, "It is not." However, he discoursed often cheerfully, but not being able to take nourishment, he was less fitted to resist any new attack. Still recovery did not seem at all improbable, nor was the fatal attack anticipated.

At twelve on Sunday night, the 3rd of April, he was in a sound sleep, his respiration easy, with all the symptoms favourable; but a little before four the attendants were alarmed by signs of a dangerous change; his medical man was instantly called; he found him in strong convulsions, and in that state he continued until half-past four in the morning of Monday, April 4, when he expired, in the 45th year of his age.

Great grief was felt on the public announcement of his death. He had long survived the race of envious and low-minded authors, among whom his first steps to fame had been made. His talents now belonged to the higher ranks of society; men of name were his companions, and while the restlessness of personal rivalry was thus extinguished, and the jealousy of professional success had no place, th genius of the poet and the man received its full praise. A public funeral was first proposed, the pall to be borne by Lord Shelbourne, Hon. Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Garrick; but the idea was wisely changed for that of a monument in Westminster Abbey.

On the whole, Mr. Prior's work is well done. It is unequal; but what equality, but an equality of dulness, can ever be preserved in a work of a thousand pages? He has collected a great quantity of new matter, some curious, and the rest generally illustrating the habits of its subject. At the same time, he occasionally makes much too large an allowance for public curiosity; for no man of taste or sense can have the slightest desire to see some of the documents which Mr. Prior so palpably exults in having procured—ex. gr. the grocer's bills of the poet's landlady, or the "full and true statement" of the pairs of stockings mended and charged for, though perhaps not paid for. Such things are the follies of the book.

Goldsmith's negligence followed him to the last. Though in the receipt of large sums—for by his "History of Animated Nature" alone, he seems to have made little short of 1000*l*.—he died in debt. "Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith," says Johnson, in a letter to Boswell, "there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than 2000*l*. Was ever poet so trusted before!" He subsequently writes, "He had raised money, and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

It is still more deeply to be regretted that in his last hours we find no trace of those feelings which are so much more important than considerations of wealth or fame. That as the son of a clergyman Goldsmith could not have been unacquainted with religious duties and doctrines, it is natural to conceive. That as the describer of those clerical virtues in his brother, which

"Allured to brighter heavens, and led the way,"

he could not have been insensible to their excellence, it is impossible to doubt. And yet we find no mention of his recurrence to those feelings, no trembling hope, no pure repentance, no solemn faith, no acknowledgment either firm or feeble, when his spirit was fluttering over the grave.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S RAMBLES IN EGYPT AND CANDIA.*

Egypt is the most extraordinary country on the globe; the land of perpetual fertility; the natural mistress of the Mediterranean; and the natural key of the route to India. Mohammed Ali is the most extraordinary Moslem since the days of Saladin; the most successful administrator; the most vigorous governor: and the most indefatigable cultivator of the arts of peace, power, and national prosperity. Both are here developed by a writer equal to the task.

Captain Scott is evidently a man of intelligence. His profession makes him master of the details of a government, which, like that of all Moslems, is essentially military. And his peculiar department of that profession, the Staff Corps, qualifies him especially for the inquiries into the *matériel* and use of the military means of this singular sovereignty. His style is free, flowing, and unaffected. His observations are those of an acute and accomplished mind, and, with an undisguised and natural admiration of the brilliant qualities of the viceroy of Egypt, he fairly states what remains to complete the structure of his power and fame. The work is unequivocally that of a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman.

"That the Pasha of Egypt is a despot, and that the inhabitants are serfs, chained to the land," says Captain Scott, "are facts beyond the power of contradiction. But that Mohammed Ali is a sanguinary tyrant, and that he has involved Egypt in greater misery than it endured before, are assertions that have been hazarded without due reflection. As to the improved state of the country, though I did not, as I had been led to expect, find a diligence grinding down a Macadamised road from Cairo to Alexandria, yet I soon became sensible that, thanks to Mohammed Ali's *tyranny*, a Christian's head was now as safe on his shoulders in Cairo as in London; his purse safer in his pocket; that he was neither despised for his religion, nor ridiculed for his dress, but, on the contrary, was invariably treated with respect, and this, without any outward check on vice; it was less apparent in the streets of the Egyptian metropolis, than in those of most European cities. In fine, it appeared to me that the people, well-disposed by nature, had rather been *weaned* from their prejudices, than *forced* into compliance with the new order of things."

The result of the change is, that Egypt, from a wretched seat of beggary, suffering, and licentiousness, under the abominable sway of the Mamalukes, the most profligate and tyrannical race on earth, is become comparatively rich, tranquil, industrious, and powerful. In the single instance of naval preparation, will it be believed, that, from the midst of the huts and ruins of which Alexandria consisted so late as our campaign in 1801, have grown up a succession of arsenals scarcely equalled in Europe; warehouses containing everything for

* Rambles in Egypt and Candia, with details of the military power and resources of those Countries, and particularly of the Government, Policy, and Commercial system of Mohammed Ali. By C. Rochfort Scott, Captain H. P., Royal Staff Corps. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 700. Colburn, London.

the equipment of a fleet, from guns and anchors, cast on the spot, and of immense size, to hair-brushes; a rope-walk a thousand feet long; workshops employing 3000 artisans; slips of 195 feet long, for building three-deckers; and, anchored in front of them, the Egyptian navy, which once did not muster half-a-dozen cock-boats, but now consists of the formidable number of *eighty* line-of-battle ships, from 90 to 136 guns! seven large frigates of from 50 to 60 guns, and a crowd of corvettes, brigs, &c. Captain Scott went on board one of these ships, the Mesr (the Turkish name for Cairo), a noble three-decker, mounting 136 guns, commanded by a Frenchman. The guns were in excellent order, and all fitted with sights, the decks clean and clear. There was at the same time a want of the *finish* observable in English ships of war. The arrangements of the powder-magazine, however, deserve but little praise, and the hospital was not sufficiently large for the probable cases of wounded in action. Smoking on board was totally prohibited. There was a school in the ship for the instruction of the midshipmen and petty officers. But the Mehalet Rebeer is regarded as the best ordered ship in the navy. This is a fine, round-sterned two-decker, carrying 100 guns, all thirty-two pounders, of which thirty on the upper deck are carronades. The crew consist of 1100 men. The sailors are fine young men, taught the use of the cutlass and boarding-pike; they are well fed and clothed, extremely healthy, and apparently contented. The pay of the officers is remarkably good, and, what is of more consequence, is pretty regularly issued. A captain of a line-of-battle-ship receives 300 dollars a-month; the other ranks, of course, less in proportion. The petty officers from 175 to 200 piastres (1*l*. 19*s*. to 2*l*. 4*s*.); sailors from 15 to 55 piastres.

All this is an extraordinary evidence of the work that may be done by one vigorous mind. Thirty years ago all this would have been declared to be impossible; but it has been done, and by the mere application of a strong intellect, indefatigable activity, and a manly use of European civilization. Mohammed Ali is now not only the greatest administrator but the greatest conqueror of Asia. His troops, after having beaten the tribes of Upper Egypt, and taken possession of Sennaar, —beaten the Wahabees, and taken their chief and capital,—beaten the Syrians, and conquered the whole vast and beautiful region from the Nile to the Libanus,—and beaten the Turkish army and Vizier, at the decisive battle of Rouich, which laid Asia Minor at his mercy,—were restrained simply by the remonstrance of the European ambassadors from marching to Constantinople, and seating Mohammed Ali in the place of the Sultan Mahmoud, brother of the sun and moon, and uncle to the seven stars! Mohammed is now advanced in years, but he is still vivid, intelligent, and active. When he dies, his dynasty is not likely to receive the sudden shock of a disputed throne. Ibrahim Pasha, the best soldier of Egypt, is to be his successor, and if his fortune shall be equal to his intrepidity, Egypt will still be a sovereign nation, and worthy of its sovereignty.

Captain Scott's volumes have some striking decorations, a fine portrait of Ibrahim Pasha, and several interesting views of Alexandria, the Pyramids, Candia, &c. The work does honour to the manliness, sense, and observation of the writer.

FLITTINGS OF FANCY.*

There is one great charm about these volumes, namely, that of youth: they belong to that period which Goethe so well describes, when he makes his poet exclaim, "Give me back again those times, when a fountain of crowded lays sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled my world,—the bud still promised miracles; when I gathered the thousand flowers that profusely filled all the dales. I had nothing, and yet enough,—the intuitive longing after truth, and the pleasure in delusion! Give me back those impulses untamed, the deep, pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hatred, the might of love! Give me back my youth." Mr. Sullivan's writings are essentially of the morning,—there is the dew yet undried on his flowers, and the landscape sparkles with early sunshine. The lark "pours down lighted music from above," and a rosy mist extends from the east. There are shadows too; some few dark clouds are gathering up their showers, and a few far stars are yet pale and indistinct on the distant horizon.

These pages mingle poetry and prose, the sad and the gay, even as they are mingled in real life. Their chief characteristic is impulse,—the gaiety is light and eager. It is that mood when—

> "Sudden glee
> Bears the quick heart along,
> On wings that struggle to be free,
> Like bursts of sky-lark song."

It is contagious—because it is real; so is the pathos. There are one or two of the stories filled with the tenderness of tears; and then some pleasant fancy comes, which will, while

> "Raising its bright face
> With a free gush of sunny tears erase
> The character of anguish."

"The Story of Arnaut," for example, is singularly effective, both in the moral it works out, and the pity which it excites. It is a terrible lesson to see the fine mind destroy itself by its very gifts, and the beating heart consumed by its own emotions,—both because they lacked the strong restraint of self-control. "Lovers's Quarrels" are in quite another vein, as light and as piquante as such things ought to be. It is a duty that lovers owe themselves to quarrel.

> "'Tis a weary thing, a summer
> That lasts throughout the year."

Shakspeare calls "music the food of Love." We are rather tempted to say, he lives upon doubts, fears, and disputes. Then the reconciliation is proverbially delightful; it quite encourages you to begin again. The French lover was not far wrong, when, on being asked in what consisted the peculiar fascination of a mistress to whom he had remained wonderfully constant, said, "C'est qu'elle me querelle toujours." The most charming things in these pages are two little dramas, called "Faithful and Forsaken," and "The Silent River." They are beautiful exceedingly. Mr. Sullivan is very happy in his slight touches of description,—witness the following day-break:—

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* Flittings of Fancy. By Robert Sullivan. 2 vols.

"This morn, while yet the sun
Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard,
And purple clouds, like happy lovers, stole
With smiles and tears into each other's bosom."

The work opens with a new fiction, "Teresina." Sancho Panza says, "Oh! tell it by all means: I delight mightily in a love story:" and this is among those with which we may well be mightily delighted. Many of these sketches, now first collected, have long since been "popular and praised." We are glad to add Mr. Sullivan's volumes to one very peculiar shelf on our book-case. We like to know to whom to be grateful, and, moreover, we are sociable, and like to see our favourites all together.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

[*The Library, remarkably comfortable—Arm-Chairs, that fly with a touch—Damask Curtains, flowing to the earth—a brilliant Fire—a Table covered with Books, and a handsome Coffee equipage—the luxury of life, and literature on all sides. The* Rector, *the* Colonel, *the* Doctor, *and the* Barrister *alternately indulging in criticism and coffee.*]

The Doctor (handing over a pamphlet). Eh, Colonel, have you seen this? You are an old Indian, and know the world beyond the "mighty Burrhampooter old."

Colonel. Grindlay's pamphlet on "Steam Communication with India." Yes, I know the man and the subject: both well worth knowing. The importance of a rapid and regular intercourse between England and India is as unquestionable as between Liverpool and London. All India, native as well as European, is crying out for it. It can be done with almost miraculous rapidity: for the last outward mail of which we have an account was only *forty-one days* from *Falmouth* to *Bombay!* The interests, even commercial, are immense. The India trade with England is upwards of eight millions sterling a-year; the number of letters passing, even now, when it takes almost a twelvemonth to have an answer, are upwards of 300,000 a-year. The rapidity of communication would be a better defence against Russia than half a million of men; and all that is required is the co-operation of the Government and the East India Company: it must be done. The pamphlet does honour to Grindlay's pen—clear, manly, and eloquent.

The Rector. Ah, Horace again!—"The Maid of Skiddaw, and other Poems; with Translations from Horace. By Thomas Bourne." I have no taste for "Maids of Skiddaw," however graceful their sorrows; but I never see a fragment of Horace without feeling something like a veteran treading over the fields where he once "militavit non sine gloria." This is pretty, polished, and tender—the Twenty-sixth Ode, Book I.

"To the Muse.

"The Muse's friend, a child of song,
No griefs, no cares to me belong.
On wild winds borne, aloft they fly,
Amid the Cretan waves to die;
Alike regardless I, who reigns
The tyrant of the Arctic plains,
Or what, beneath the Parthian wind,
Alarms proud Tiridates' mind.

Sweet Muse! who lov'st the fount that flows
For ever pure, a wreath compose
Of sunny flow'rets, fresh and fair,
To twine my lovely Lamia's hair.
In vain I touch the golden string,
Unless thy smile shall bid me sing:
Then wake again the Lesbian lyre,
While all thy sisters join the quire,
And consecrate, in deathless lays,
My Lamia's name to love and praise."

The Barrister. When will the Germans have the common sense to know that metaphysics are a science denied to man; that *their* especial metaphysics are especial nonsense; and that the object of good writing is not to puzzle, but to please? Here is the last production of Goethe, "A Novel" of a dozen pages, written at the ripe age of seventy-eight. The translator, who has done his duty well, for he has put extravagant German into plain English, tells us that its object is to impress the idea of Beauty—beauty, essential, *per se*—abstract from all form, fact, and substance. This, to plain understandings, is an absurdity; but it is a prodigious favourite among the German philosophers, and probably for that particular reason. The German is no more made for flights of imagination than a blind horse in a mill for following the hounds; but the German horse is not content with dreaming of following the hounds, —he must be nothing less than a Pegasus: he spurns the earth, and capers among the clouds.

The Doctor. What have we here?—"Journal of a Tour to Moscow." Russia is now the "cloud-compelling Jupiter," whose frowning brows are, I fear, not to be smoothed by the tender diplomacy of Lord Durham. The tour is by the Rev. R. B. Paul, late Fellow of Exeter College, &c. He travelled with a pupil in the summer of 1836; rambled to St. Petersburg; saw the Emperor, a fine military apparition of six-feet-two, in a scarlet coat and cocked hat, with a good-humoured face, but an eye in which a Pole would "read strange matters;" saw half-a-dozen fêtes; saw Moscow the Magnificent, with its copper steeples; returned by Sweden, which, to his astonishment, he found barren, bleak, and rocky!—was cruelly taken in by a little rogue of an innkeeper at Göttenburg, who charged him and his friend the adequate sum of about 3*l.* 12*s.* English for a night's lodging, two breakfasts, and a dinner! and, on being refused this, snatched up all the money on the table, about 2*l.*, and ran out of the room. For the behoof of all future travellers, the rascal's name is "Robertson, and his house No. 62, in a street adjoining the Great Square." So let John Bull take warning, and not be fleeced with his eyes open. The narrative is neat, clear, and animated.

Colonel. Here is evidently a sincere and intelligent performance. But, Mr. Rector, rather more in your way than in mine. "The Christian Citizen, a Sermon preached in aid of the City of London Mission, by the Rev. John Harris." Soldiers are not required to be great divines, but we know, at least, that a great scoundrel never makes a good soldier, and that the very worst recruiting depôt for the army is the jail. So I wish success to the reverend orator, and hope he may live to see schools take place of penitentiaries, and turnkeys a dead letter.

The Rector. But what have we here? a whole pile of little publications:—

"Characteristics, by William Hazlitt," a collection of apophthegms in the style of Rochefoucault's maxims. Sharp, shrewd, and selfish; probably not a bad transcript of the author's mind, and thus accounting for the perpetual disappointment of his career. The man who goes to war with the world may be a bold man, but he will be a beaten one.

"The Poetical Works of Richard Holt." Pretty and promising. The author should pay more regard to the smoothness of his versification, and the choice of his subjects. He has power.

"The Naked Truth;" a singular title, but probably chosen for that stimulating reason. A collection of maxims on the Utilitarian theory, which allows all men to choose their own happiness;—that happiness consisting, in some instances, in kicking their wives; in others, in getting drunk, and in others, in highway robbery.

"Joan d'Arc:" a sketch of the heroine of the fifteenth century, who fought for a country unworthy of her; placed a king on the throne, who abandoned her to the scaffold; was given up by French cowardice into the hands of English cruelty; and burned, after the Papist style of the day, as a witch, on a pile of faggots, in the market-place of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

"A Disquisition on Government. By George Ramsay." A brief but intelligent view of the mutual action of democracy and despotism, illustrated in Athens, Rome, America, &c. Unlike most other theorists on those ardent topics, his principles are sound. "The king and the aristocracy," says he, in conclusion, "are now, *perhaps more than ever*, essential to the existence of any free government in England, for were they laid low, *nothing but a military despotism could save us from pillage and anarchy.*" This clever, principled, and well-timed pamphlet ought to be known.

"Leeds; the Tourist's Companion from Leeds to Selby." Books of this kind have an interest. They show the increasing intercourse of the people, their increasing comforts, improvements, opulence, arts, and activity. There is probably as large an accumulation of all things tending to the comforts of mankind within the single district that this little work describes, as in many an Asiatic kingdom.

"Marriage, the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue." A most important subject, gracefully treated in a succession of polished chapters, but with more elegance than argument, and less Scripture than poetry.

The Barrister. But here is something rather more "virginibus puerisque." A love tragedy. "The Student of Padua." A good deal of romance, a good deal of feeling, and a good deal of very pretty versification. Listen to what the heroine says in the pride of her beauty. She is told that one of her admirers is about to give her a serenade. She haughtily answers:—

"*Bianca.* Poor man, if he must waste his love on me,
Whose soul reflects not his, as those bright waters
Mirror that moonlight, he had better die.
If *I* should love, 'twould be as suns look down,
To feed the flowers upgazing in their light.
Maria. I knew you'd love.
Bianca. Because you trusted nature,
Whose precepts told you that we all must love.
No matter what the object be, love is

> As natural, as much a part of woman,
> As is the light to heaven, the green to earth,
> Or anything that is most natural."

The Doctor. The death of the Ettrick Shepherd has left a vacancy in the Scottish Parnassus. How long he might have lived, had there been no Glenlivat on the earth, is a problem for the physiologists. No man could be so eloquent in the praise of whiskey toddy, but a thorough enthusiast in honour of the "mountain dew." I knew Hogg, though slightly. He was a rough and rugged, yet somewhat soft-souled, and even warm-hearted son of song. He had poetry in him, and wrote some ballads worthy of that "rakehelly fellow Burns," as the old Scottish woman called him, with more regard to truth than tenderness of expression. He had not the organ of fortune. Yet once, in London, he might have made a something; when he came to town, about four years ago, and was fêted by the great, and had a public dinner given to him, and was loaded with all sorts of civilities. He might have then had a subscription of a thousand guineas for a volume of his poems worth a shilling. But he delayed, lost time, intended to do something magnificent, did nothing, slipped out of the public mind, wanted a shilling, and died. "The Tales and Sketches of the Ettrick Shepherd," are now commencing in single volumes, decorated with very pretty engravings of the scenery. The whole publication will tend to revive the memory of poor Hogg, and give to Scotland the sinister fame of one neglected genius more.

The Rector. Our divines are now beginning to revert a good deal to the ancient church history, and Mr. Evans has here produced a very pretty addition to the "Theological Library," in the shape of a volume of the "Biography of the Early Church," the lives of the principal fathers during the first two centuries and a part of the third. Another volume is promised, and to bring the biographies down to the Council of Nice, in 325. The present volume contains fifteen lives, and among them the memorable ones of Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian. The style is plain without rudeness, and diligent without dulness; and the facts, collected from the most established authorities, are detailed at oncewith animation and accuracy.

"The Life and Persecutions of Martin Boos. Written by Himself, and translated from the German." Martin was a Bavarian, educated for the Romish priesthood. There have been from time to time, even in the bosom of the Romish church, especially in Germany, individuals who were Romanists only in name. Martin read his Bible, talked Protestantism, preached Protestantism, and was simply unconscious all the while that he had ceased to be a Roman Catholic, when he was awakened to the facts of the case by being grasped by the ecclesiastical authorities. From this time forth his life was one continued vexation; without decision to make his choice between the two faiths, he continued to linger on the confines of both,—to talk Protestantism and act Popery,—to abjure the doctrines of Rome in his pulpit, and perform her ceremonies at the altar. He died August 29, 1825, at the age of 63, halting between two opinions to the last, and leaving an example of the fatal injury that falls to the lot of truth, by the want of resolution.

THE DRAMA.

The holidays have been celebrated in holiday fashion at Drury Lane—opera, ballet, and pantomime composing the nightly feast of reason. Even this would not attract in sufficient numbers. The spirit of the age required to be consulted in another essential particular; albeit the necessity was not enforced, as in the political theatre, by the pressure from without. No preparatory seminary flocked to Drury Lane; no father of a family, when one voice from the nursery (consisting of six, blended into an irresistible note of demand) shouted "the pantomime!" proposed going to Drury Lane—no apprentice aspiring to the gallery—no middle class holiday-maker wending his way *in medias res* to the pit—no gay gallant volunteering to escort the young ladies to the dress circle at a ruinous cost to his pocket, and perhaps to the loss of his bachelorship—was heard to cry out, "Oh! let us go to Drury Lane!" Duvernay danced for her own delight, and the pantomime was performed for the amusement of Messrs. Clown, Pantaloon, and Company. The hour had manifestly arrived when the old ground of dignity must be surrendered, and the prices reduced to a state of conformity with the condition of the public pocket. The majesty of the manager staggered; but the announcement of a play by Mr. Bulwer at the rival house gave the crowning blow to his obstinacy; and down came the prices to the vulgar level of "four, two, and one." The result, we believe, has been, public pleased and actors paid.

Eager to keep ahead in the race, not of dramatic encouragers, but of theatrical speculators, the Covent Garden manager resolved to trust to pantomime attraction for a very few nights, and then to produce the object of no little public interest—the first dramatic work of Mr. Bulwer—reckless, apparently, whether it could, at such a season, receive fair justice or not. Its production would be a compliment to the audience, though an unfortunate one, perhaps, for the author. No matter: the sensation was wanted, and the "Duchesse de la Valliere" was produced.

Upon reading this play on the evening of its first performance, our exclamation was, "Here is a drama that will not need, on its representation, the omission of a line, or an alteration in any respect." Such was our strong sense, not absolutely of the dramatic fitness of the original story for stage purposes, but of the dramatic *tact* with which the author's fine and varied genius had employed itself upon his subject. As the play opened, scene by scene, we were attracted by many varieties of interest, all centering in a great and decisive one, "the conflict between the affections and the conscience," in a woman erring and innocent—swayed alternately by principle and passion—the victim of loving impulses, and the vanquisher, by the aid of the wisdom that springs from suffering, of the temptation of love in its most insidious form, and of her own sorrows in their deepest extremity. In this we saw the working of a character strong enough, as resting on a natural basis, to achieve the best ends of tragic pathos and of morality. Aiding the effect of this, we saw the strong dramatic contrast in Bragelone and Louis, between the refined and the gross passion—between the subtle and unbroken sympathies of an exalted love and the blind selfishness of a mere arbitrary desire, heightened by the sweetness and purity of its object into the semblance of a true affection. There was a natural virtue outliving all the influences of the depravity that surrounded it—there was a noble and generous love, balming its own disappointment, and finding relief from its sickness of soul, in equal devotion, to its idol before and after ruin—and there was the brilliant mask plucked from the wretchedly mean and vulgar features of a royal intriguer, and the more intellectual panders whose puppet he was, while he conceived them to be his. There was much beside this, in

the painting of manners, as well as the working out of passion; in exhibiting the artificial and the real in character; in showing, with a delicate and masterly hand, the assumed and the true nature of the courtier; in portraitures struck off with historical exactness, yet with broad and bold effect; and, in Lauzun especially, stamped with an individuality as marked and striking (though not admitting of violent contrasts, or the full stage effect of light and shade) as any creation in the range of the drama. These characters, Louis and the Duke, Bragelone, La Valliere, and Montespan, are clad in becoming colours, and each has its distinct style and bearing; they are not a merely theatrical group, but each has its individual expression, and contributes its tone to the manners and morality of the scene. The language they use varies with circumstance, and contains as many examples of light laughing humour and of careless or sarcastic wit, as of graceful fancy, true pathos, and impassioned, resistless, and brilliant eloquence. The most stern and striking scenes are introduced where they are most essential to effect, and the leading events succeed each other with a rapidity not impeded but regulated by the lighter agencies of the plot.

Yet this, which is so dramatic to the reader, was not held to be so theatrical to an audience. The play was warmly applauded by the public; but a dance and music introduced helped to render it too long; and some critics immediately grounded upon this fact, and on the circumstance of the profane introduction of a crucifix upon the stage, the assertion that the play was "undramatic," immoral, maudlin, and a failure as regards the reputation of its author. "The heroine was a dowdy, and the hero a poor creature." One assertion begat another; the pathos was puling, the dialogue generally feeble, the characters all alike, the subject altogether mean and commonplace, and the drama deficient in tragic grandeur. Above all, it was insidiously political, and palpably irreligious. Some of these generous and sagacious objections have been started by private jealousy and envy: others are perhaps the result of political prejudice. Dramatic authors at any rate ought to be the first to discourage the propagation of such malicious absurdities; for to the author of this play, which does honour to the stage, they owe perhaps one-half their incomes. A powerful advocate in Parliament is, however, a different character to a formidable rival on the stage—a writer of great original power and equal popularity. There may be persons who would have liked the drama better, and thought it more "dignified" and "dramatic," if La Valliere had taken poison, and Bragelone strangled the king, firing at the same time a train of gunpowder connecting the court and the convent. Such critics should henceforth labour in the vocation they criticize: they would become popular dramatic authors. Still there is room, as the earnest and prolonged applauses with which the play on subsequent representations was received, for authors of the intellectual grade of Mr. Bulwer. To some practical objections he yielded—objections that arose solely from the palpable deficiency in the acting of the play. The author materially altered the third act—writing a new and most impressive scene—and reduced two or three of his finished pictures to sketches. Miss Faucit does not now appear too weak for the awful conflict of impulse and principle in the heart of La Valliere; for the chief difficulties are diminished or cut away. Mr. Vandenhoff is still unfitted for Louis, for the very reasons that render him so fitted for parts of a precisely opposite description; to blame him would be to condemn him for not being Elliston or Charles Kemble. Mr. Farren is still as ridiculously far from embodying the subtle spirit of Lauzun; but the scope of the character now reconciles us more to the farcical mistake. As far as a recompense for all this can be had, we have it in the noble performance of Bragelone by Macready; and as there is a soul of goodness in things evil, so out of the first failures comes a more triumphant success in the expansion which is now given to the action allotted on the scene to this deeply-conceived and richly-coloured character. It is enough to say, that this is one of those performances that may be wit-

nessed over and over again with fresh delight, being full of small and delicate touches that are at first lost in the power of a general effect. Most sorry we are, that at the moment of our writing, the illness of this admirable actor has checked the successful run of an admirable play.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Zoological Society.—At the last monthly meeting of this society, donations from the Commissioners of Affairs of India of the skins of eighty-seven birds and two quadrupeds, several reptiles preserved in spirits, and a collection of insects, made on the Euphrates Expedition by Col. Chesney, were reported. The donations to the menagerie announced were a kangaroo, a sooty monkey, three green lizards, two Balearic or crowned cranes, two bonneted monkeys, and a night-heron.

Discoveries in Australia.—At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 8th ult., an interesting communication from the Swan River, addressed to Major Irwin, was read, giving information of the discovery of an extensive tribe of natives in the interior, several of whom had confirmed the opinion entertained by Drummond and other travellers, of the existence of a great inland sea. Sir John Barrow announced that funds had been provided by the Admiralty for the expedition of Lieutenants Gray and Lushington, who would shortly proceed in the ship-of-war destined for that station, on a surveying expedition, and that they might start to any point they deemed fit, their principal object being directed towards this inland sea, which had hitherto remained unknown.

Warming and Ventilating Buildings.—At the meeting of the Architectural Society, held on the 10th ult., Mr. A. Beaumont read a paper on this subject, in which it was stated that nothing could be more wasteful of fuel than the common stoves, only one part in fifty of the heat evolved radiating into the room, the rest passing off with the draft into the chimney. In illustration of this he remarked, that if a kettle of water be placed before the fire it will not boil in less than twenty-four hours, although half an hour is sufficient to make it boil if placed over the fire. The ancient Romans, he observed, were better acquainted with the principles of the evolution of heat, and accordingly constructed their flues so as to pass horizontally under the apartment to be heated. Upon this principle Mr. Beaumont has himself erected stoves at the County Fire Office, at the elephant-house, Regent's Park, in St. James's Church, and in other buildings, with admirable success, inasmuch as it effects a saving of eleven-twelfths of the usual quantity of fuel, causes a more equable distribution of heat, improves the ventilation, and prevents the evolution of dust, smoke, and other impurities.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.—Unless we may be permitted to treat such "gatherings" as those of Bath, Glasgow, Liverpool, Oxford, Maidstone, and, though last not least, Drury Lane Theatre, as political events, we have nothing but a dead blank to offer for the past month. At the festivals to which we have referred, the two great political parties have been making demonstrations of power, and giving indications of future proceedings, which warrant us in anticipating some sharp work during the parliamentary session, which was opened by Commission on the 31st ult.

The following new creations in the Peerage are just announced:
Lord Howard of Effingham—Earl of Effingham.
Lord Ducie—Earl of Ducie, and Baron Moreton.
Lord Yarborough—Earl of Yarborough, and Baron Worsley.

Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq.—Baron Portman.
Thomas Alexander Frazer, of Lovat, Esq.—Baron Lovat.
William Hanbury, Esq.—Baron Bateman, of Shebden, county of Hereford.

In Ireland the work of "peaceful agitation" proceeds without any abatement of zeal or activity; indeed, the organization of parties there is being carried almost to a point of perfection. "Pacificators" are appointed in every parish, who are to look after the "safety-valve," while the "agitators" are getting up the steam!

Foreign States.—Another insane and criminal attempt upon the life of the King of the French, as he was on his way to open the Chambers, on the 1st ult., has proved the salvation of his government, which was previously menaced by a powerful and well-armed opposition.

The name of the assassin who attempted the king's life is Meunier, an idle, dissipated desperado, formerly a journeyman saddler, and afterwards a book-keeper in a waggon-office. He is confined in the cell formerly occupied by Fieschi. Many of the newspapers have been proceeded against and condemned for "seditious" articles, but the failure of a prosecution instituted against the *Courrier Français* has created considerable sensation in Paris, and given to the opposition papers an additional degree of boldness.

The trial of the Strasburg conspirators has been dragging its slow length along through twelve tedious days; but the only point worth mentioning, in connexion with it, is the admission of General Voirol, that the French government were all along aware of the intentions of Louis Buonaparte. The trial closed on the 16th ult., and on the following day the court summed up the evidence, and the jury acquitted all the prisoners!

The last event of importance which has occurred in Spain, is the relief of Bilboa, which was effected by the aid of the sailors of the English fleet.

Mina died at Barcelona, on the 24th of December, after a long illness.

A royal decree has been promulgated in Portugal, abolishing the slave-trade throughout the Portuguese dominions.

An official document has been published in Hanover, entitled "A Royal Family Law for the Kingdom of Hanover." It relates to the succession to the throne, and the marriage of members of the Royal Family; providing for the succession of the Duke of Cambridge and his son, in case of the extinction of the Cumberland line. The absolute power of the King is asserted throughout the Royal Family Law.

The second session of the 24th Congress of the United States was opened on the 5th December; and on the following day the two Houses received from President Jackson, avowedly "the last annual message" that he would ever present to them. The document embraces a large number of important topics, not the least of which are those of the currency and the surplus revenue.

The monetary affairs in America are somewhat less disturbed than they were; but the government is still making the most vigorous efforts to add to the gold currency.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Brevet Appointments—Army and Navy.—The following analysis of the promotions made by the Brevet, just issued, may not be uninteresting to some of our readers:—

THE ARMY.

To be Generals	38
— Lieutenant-Generals	50
— Major-Generals	36
— Colonels	133
— Lieutenant-Colonels	102
— Majors	76
Total promoted in the Line	435

ROYAL ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

To be Generals	5
— Lieutenant-Generals	9
— Major-Generals	25
— Colonels	9
— Lieutenant-Colonels	11
— Majors	59
Total promoted in the Artillery	118

ROYAL MARINES.

To be Major-Generals	2
— Lieutenant-Colonels	6
— Majors	8
Total promoted in the Marines	16

ROYAL NAVY.

Admirals of the White to be Admirals of the Red	8
Admirals of the Blue to be Admirals of the White	12
Vice-Admirals of the Red to be ditto	2
Vice-Admirals of the Red to be Admirals of the Blue	11
Vice-Admirals of the White to be ditto	3
Vice-Admirals of the White to be Vice-Admirals of the Red	11
Vice-Admirals of Blue to be ditto	9
Vice-Admirals of the Blue to be Vice-Admirals of the White	9
Rear-Admirals of the Red to be ditto	11
Rear-Admirals of the Red to be Vice-Admirals of the Blue	5
Rear-Admirals of the White to be ditto	15
Rear-Admirals of the White to be Rear-Admirals of the Red	2
Rear-Admirals of the Blue to be ditto	18
Rear-Admirals of the Blue to be Rear-Admirals of the White	7
Captains to be Rear-Admirals of the White	14
Ditto to be Rear-Admirals of the Blue	21
Total promoted in the Navy	158

Thus, the total number of Officers promoted is 727.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

The monetary and commercial affairs of the past month present little novelty. The low rate of profit to be obtained just now by investments in commercial and manufacturing speculations, has had the effect of forcing up the price of stocks, which maintain a high range, and are in great request, especially for small investments.

The periodical returns of the quarterly averages of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 18th of October to the 10th of

January, were published in the Gazette of the 13th ult., and have furnished a topic of much discussion amongst those learned in currency science. It appears by this statement, that since the last return was published, the stock of bullion in the coffers of the Bank had undergone a further diminution; viz., from 4,545,000*l.* to 4,287,000*l.*; *i. e.*, 258,000*l.*; while the circulation had been increased from 17,361,000*l.* to 17,422,000*l.*; *i. e.*, 61,000*l.* In the securities held by the Corporation, an increase had taken place from 28,971,000*l.* to 30,365,000*l.*; and in the deposits, from 13,330,000*l.* to 14,354,000*l.* In the *nest*, or surplus profits, there also appears a slight increase; viz., from 2,825,000*l.* to 2,849,000*l.* The total of the liabilities were 31,776,000*l.*; and of the assets, 34,652,000*l.*, independent of the surplus of 2,849,000*l.*

Upon a comparison of these items with those of the corresponding period of the preceding year, the following results are exhibited. The circulation is at present 160,000*l.* greater than in Janaury, 1836; while there is a decrease in the deposits of not less than 4,815,000*l.* In the present amount of securities, as compared with that of the preceding year, there is a diminution of 1,589,000*l.*; while the stock of bullion has been reduced to 2,789,000*l.* This increase in the circulation, contemporaneously with the diminution of the bullion, has furnished the occasion of some very grave charges against the Bank directors, for their mode of regulating the currency. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that a large additional amount of specie has been put into circulation in Ireland, as also in the principal manufacturing districts in England; first for the purpose of checking the panic in the sister kingdom, and next to meet the exigencies arising out of the position of the Northern and Central Bank. Nevertheless, the diminution of the bullion has excited considerable surprise and disappointment. As it is certain that the Bank would neglect no opportunity of obtaining as much specie as possible, the fact adverted to places it beyond a doubt that the previous advance in the rates of exchange had been effected by artificial means, and can therefore only be temporary in its duration, unless supported by an increase in our *bonâ fide* claims upon foreign countries.

The Bank has been making some very large sales of Exchequer Bills, while the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt have been making considerable purchases.

The official statement of the revenue for the quarter ending in January, presents a very favourable view of the public income. Under all the disadvantages arising out of the boisterous weather, which so materially interfered with the commercial business of the month of December, added to those resulting from the diminished amount of accommodation afforded to the mercantile classes by the Bank of England, there was an increase in the public revenue of the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, amounting to 16,231*l.*; while the receipts for the whole year exceeded those of the previous year in the sum of 2,570,957*l.*

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

At length the hostile feeling against the corn laws has begun to embody and show itself according to the fashion of the times, by the expedient of enlisting masses into a combination for an express object. An anti-corn-law association has been formed, and about one hundred gentlemen, more than twenty of whom are members of parliament, were the first to enrol themselves as the nucleus. That such a society would have sprung up long since there can be little doubt, had not the low price of wheat rendered the protecting law a dead letter. The altered state of the markets has naturally awakened their fears by increasing the cost of living so greatly amongst the operatives in the manufacturing districts. This indeed is but a foreseen

consequence of what is called the more prosperous condition of agriculture—otherwise, a high price of corn; and there is no risk in predicting that so long as the Continental price of subsistence is so far below the English price, this discontent on one side, and fluctuation on the other, must continue. And when we regard, as we have been compelled to do for nearly the best part of a quarter of a century, the perpetual complaints of the tenantry, and the casual *benevolences* of the landlords, declared in returns of ten and fifteen and twenty per cent. upon the rent, according to the exigencies of the moment, and duly circulated through the journals, it cannot be denied that there must be something radically wrong in a state of things requiring such means of rectifying the balance—a means at once uncertain, unsatisfying, and derogatory.

When a difference arises between interests of such magnitude, the best mode of discussion appears to be, to go to first principles. The trader says, "Give me an unrestricted market for the prime article necessary to life;" the agriculturist replies, "First free me from the restrictions which compel or enable you to charge me a protected price for your commodities; because while you increase my taxation, directly or indirectly, I cannot compete with the foreign grower." This is the true state of the argument between *the parties*. As respects *the state*, the government cannot, under the weight of existing establishments, consent to the relinquishment of so vast a portion of revenue as both or either of these propositions imply. The foundation thus would seem to be placed in too costly a government. And so it would be (and so to a certain extent it is), but that there is another consideration, the relation between the wealth annually created in the British dominions, and the wealth created by foreign nations, our competitors, and the relative sums levied upon each. For the capability of bearing taxation, we have shown in a former article, depends on the surplus wealth of the payers more than upon the actual amount of the taxes; but there can be no question that in both these particulars England exceeds any and every other country in the world—thanks to her coals, her capital, her machinery, and her industry.

So difficult is it to say where taxation ultimately rests, that we defy the clearest calculator to come to any plain decision, except by taking the ratio between the amount of the whole production of the year, and that of the gross revenue of the state. By subtracting the latter from the former, we find how much income is actually surrendered to the exigencies of the commonwealth; and it is probable on a rough average, that the ratio of every man's income to the whole, compared with the numbers of the population, and their ratio with the revenue, will show what he contributes. But we must also consider that the agriculturists are not the largest consumers of taxed commodities, and therefore they do not contribute indirectly so much as those who live in towns. Thus then we are apt to believe that, after all, the complaints of the landed interest against the protecting duties on merchandise are exaggerated, and that their suffering has been chiefly augmented by their own false method of computing their expenses and probable profits. Taking all these points of the subject then into view, computing the effects of a high price (that which doubles the Continental price is high) upon the prime cost of manufactures, and with this the power of competition in foreign markets, taking the consequences to the state through revenue and the country, and the individuals through stagnation of their commerce, there is then every reason to think that even the present prices will not be long maintained. Another striking fact is, that protecting laws are altogether against the spirit of the age. If a statesman were desired to show the true principle of the late prosperous state of England, he would probably assign the fact to the higher approach to free intercourse, which has given a wider expansion to the commercial enterprise and power of the country, aided by cheap bread. As respects both the landed interest and the public, Lord Milton's Pamphlet has long since set the question at rest. The agri-

culturist (the tenant especially) must then prepare himself for the conflict, if he feel disposed to fight a battle which he must eventually lose. We should rather recommend him to take the means of redress which are in his control, namely, to give only such a rent (the basis of computation) as will allow him the chance of a fair remuneration at a fair average market. Tithes will follow, rates are down, taxation is diminishing, and his other items of outlay must all conform to the price of his commodity; for the general price of commodities follows the rate of subsistence.

While such are the prospective opinions we have deliberately formed concerning a question the most momentous to all classes that can be agitated, it may be useful to exhibit a view of the actual advantages derived by the agriculturist, during the past and present season. This has been so perspicuously done by the Editor of the Mark-Lane Express, that we at once adopt his tabular statement, as the clearest and best that can be exhibited.

A comparative view of the averages of grain, which were, on—

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Beans.	Peas.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1st Jan. 1837	58 9	35 4	24 6	42 10	42 3	40 9
Do. 1836	36 0	27 4	18 7	27 0	33 4	34 5
Difference in favour of 1837	22 9	8 0	5 11	15 10	8 11	6 4

Again, taking the last six weeks of 1836, ending Dec. 30, and the corresponding period of 1835, the enhancement in the currencies is still more marked. The aggregate averages regulating the duties being on the

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Beans.	Peas.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
7th Jan. 1837	60 0	37 0	25 10	43 1	45 2	43 6
Do. 1836	36 6	28 1	18 8	28 4	34 8	35 3
Difference in favour of 1836	23 6	8 11	7 2	14 9	10 6	8 3

The general average price of Wheat in the United Kingdom for 1835 was 39*s.* 7*d.* and is for 1836, 48*s.* 9*d.*; and on the London market in 1835, 42*s.* 3*d.* and in 1836, 51*s.* 1*d.*

The construction of this table seems to have justly no less than profoundly estimated the causes of this altered state of the trade in corn; it is indeed first assignable to the increased demand of the manufacturing operatives, who are enabled to consume more and better food by employment at good wages; and the next and not less effective stimulus was given to the market by the prospect of profit afforded to speculation by a supposed (though perhaps imaginary) scarcity; an effect not previously felt for some years. These are truths, were any wanting, which establish the reciprocating agency of prosperous times, and that the productions of one class must augment the profits of another.

We have long considered that the price of wheat, if not low, cannot remain high in England, unless such exaltation be the consequence of a succession of bad harvests; and there is another, though not a new fact, which has lately been brought into prominent view, namely, the vast increased consumption of the potato amongst the lower classes, so much indeed, as to vie with the staff of life. Wherever the earnings are small, potatoes are substituted for bread, and the inroads made by this species of competition with wheat are incalculable. If nearly *two hundred thousand tons* find their way annually to London from the counties surrounding the metropolis, it stands within our own knowledge that in the agricultural districts potatoes supply almost a moiety of the food of that part of the population. It has been well observed that this change in the diet of those classes will always keep the price of wheat down, if not low; and the higher the rate, the more certainly will the people fly to the use of this now equally indispensable root.

We urge it, then on the agricultural interest steadily to contemplate

these facts, and to consider, whether either in the alternative of slack manufacturing employment, or a high price of bread corn, the abrogation of protecting laws (falsely so called) will not be assiduously agitated, and whether it be not for their best interests, that the trade in corn should be placed upon such a level as to preclude the chance of any great and casual fluctuations?

The last markets have exhibited in a remarkable degree the phenomenon so contradictory to the theory of the agency of supply and demand often visible in the corn trade; namely, that there is a fall with a short supply, and a rise with one that is abundant. We may repeat our explanation of this appearance. A short supply presents no choice, and low qualities must often be purchased, consequently prices on a par with the article are given. An abundant supply furnishes abundant choice, and the best samples only are bought at corresponding rates. In the present instance, the damp weather and difficult access fully account for the depression of the month. But let it not be forgotten, we are brought, and *without any feeling of inconvenience*, a month nearer to the next harvest. The farming operations are necessarily very confined at this season, and have been much interrupted by the weather. The principal *res gestæ*, are the shows of cattle throughout the country, which in the general indicate the advancing science and care applied to "breeding in all its branches." Many agricultural meetings have also been held, with similar indications of a desire to cultivate knowledge as well as the soil, in those branches which most immediately appertain to "the first of arts." The early lambing season has begun well, notwithstanding its severity, and the drop is said to be plentiful.

Imperial averages—Wheat 59*s.* 6*d.*; Barley 36*s.* 1*d.*; Oats 24*s.* 6*d.*; Rye 38*s.* 9*d.*; Beans 41*s.* 6*d.*; Peas 40*s.* 7*d.*

OBITUARY.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR SAMUEL HULSE.

THE death of this gallant veteran, whose military services had extended through three-quarters of a century, took place on the 1st ult., in his 91st year. The gallant officer entered as an ensign in the first regiment of foot-guards, in the month of December, 1761. In 1780, he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment; and in 1793 he embarked in command of the first battalion for Holland, where he served for a short time, and returned in the same year with the rank of major-general. In the following year he returned to Holland for a short period, and commanded the brigade of guards. In May, 1795, he was appointed colonel of the 56th regiment, and placed on the home staff. Three years afterwards he obtained the rank of lieutenant-general, and served for a short time in Ireland, during the eventful period of the rebellion. In the following year he was appointed to the command of the expedition to the Helder, and was present in all the engagements from September to November, when he returned with the expedition, and succeeded Lord Grey in the command of the southern district, which he held till the peace of 1802; and in the following year he received the rank of General. In February, 1806, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital; in June, 1810, he obtained the colonelcy of the 62nd regiment; in 1820, was made governor of Chelsea Hospital; and in 1830, received the baton of a British field-marshal. The loss of their venerable commander is unfeignedly regretted by the aged inmates of the Hospital which he governed for so many years—a great number of them having served under him in various victorious campaigns. The funeral of the gallant general's remains was strictly private, but the pensioners fell in and formed a square in the quadrangle of the Hospital, where they received the corpse and conveyed it to the hearse, at the grand entrance of the asylum.

Great anxiety was evinced by many field-officers, generals, and subalterns, that the funeral should be accompanied by the funeral honours appropriate to the high rank of the deceased, but all display was dispensed with, no doubt, in acquiescence with the expressed wish of the deceased officer himself.

DUKE OF MONTROSE.

His Grace the Duke of Montrose died on the 30th of December, in the eighty-second year of his age. His Grace was born on the 8th of February, 1755, and received his education at Eton and Cambridge. In 1780, he was returned as a member of the House of Commons, and in December of the same year was elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. In 1785, he married Lady Jemina-Elizabeth, daughter of John, second Earl of Ashburnham, by whom he had an only son, who died in infancy; and the Duchess also dying, his Grace, in 1790, married Caroline Maria, daughter of the late Duke of Manchester, by whom he had issue, James, Marquis of Graham, who succeeds to the family honours, one other son, and four daughters. In the same year, he succeeded to the peerage, upon the demise of his father. Upon his entrance into public life, the deceased Duke attached himself to Mr. Pitt, and was rewarded for his services by some lucrative employments and distinguished honours. During Pitt's second ill fated administration, he occupied a place in the Cabinet, as joint Postmaster-General, and subsequently became Master of the Horse to the King, filling also, at one period, we believe, the office of President of the Board of Trade. His Grace was also Chamberlain of the King's Household, Lord Lieutenant of Stirlingshire and Dumbartonshire, Captain-General of the Royal Archers of Scotland, and hereditary Sheriff of Dumbartonshire. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall ascribes his Grace's good fortune, not to the possession of any extraordinary intellectual endowments, but to those sagacious, prudent, and business-like qualities which so often compensate for the lack of great ability. "His celebrated ancestor, the Marquis of Montrose," he remarks, "scarcely exhibited more devotion to the cause of Charles I. in the field, than his descendant displayed for George III. in the House of Commons, while Lord Graham. Nor did he want great energy, any more than activity, of mind and body."

During the progress of the French Revolution, and after his accession to the peerage, he enrolled himself as a private soldier in the City Light Horse. After Mr. Perceval's administration, in 1812, when the Prince Regent attempted to form a junction with some of his own former friends and Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Montrose owed both the preservation of his place, and the Order of the Garter, solely to the inflexibility of the individuals who refused them. If the Earl of Jersey would have accepted the Mastership of the Horse, the Duke would have been instantly deprived of that employment; as, in like manner, the Duke of Norfolk's rejection of the Garter, determined the Prince Regent, after long hesitation, to confer it on the Duke of Montrose." Nevertheless, his Grace's public conduct must be allowed to have been upright, honourable, and consistent; while his private life was in the highest degree estimable. At his seat in Buchanan, where he spent much of his time, he set an example which produced the happiest effects in the neighbourhood, and added all that the influence of his rank could give to the charities of social intercourse, and the regular observance of religious duties. To strangers he might sometimes appear as cold and reserved; but those who knew him well, can testify that nothing could exceed the frankness of his manners, the steadiness of his attachments, or the cordiality of his friendship. Throughout his extensive estates, and the adjacent country, his death excited a deep feeling of regret, and has created a void which will not be easily filled up.

SIR WILLIAM M'MAHON.

The death of this gentleman, who was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, took place on the 15th ult., at his seat, in the county of Dublin. The deceased judge was in his 61st year; and in his career, he furnished, perhaps, an instance of the earliest and most rapid success in the profession, ever known at the Irish bar. Sir William was originally a Roman Catholic in his religious principles, and is said to have evinced considerable zeal and earnestness in defence of the faith he professed. Three or four weeks before he was called to the bar, however, he renounced the creed he had hitherto maintained, and was sworn as a Protestant barrister. His rise was rapid, which was, no doubt, attributable to the fortunate circumstance of his half-brother, Sir John M'Mahon, being private secretary to the Prince Regent. Before he had been six years at the bar, he was made a Serjeant —a leap in the profession almost unprecedented. But this was not the most extraordinary promotion for which he had to thank his good fortune. Upon the death of Mr. Curran, in 1815, he was lifted over the heads of such men as Plunkett, Burke, Saurin, and others, into the Rolls Court, where he so far justified his appointment as to prove himself one of the most pains-taking of judges. His judgments were most tardily formed; but no doubt, we believe, was ever entertained of the purity or integrity of his motives. It is understood that Sir William has died possessed of considerable property, though not acquired by his own personal exertions. He was made rich by lucky circumstances, and what he received from others he was careful to make fructify for himself. He was the sole heir of his brother, Sir John M'Mahon, whose wealth was considerable; and he also became possessor of the vast property of Count Stackpole. He was twice married, too, and by both ladies he is said to have made considerable accessions to his previous fortune. It is greatly to the honour of the deceased judge that he never evinced anything like political partizanship throughout his long judicial career; indeed, he is said never to have been known to express an opinion upon public affairs. He leaves a large family to deplore his loss. The Baronetcy was conferred in 1815.

JOHN DE GRENIER DE FONBLANQUE.

This gentleman, who is said to have been the father of the English bar, died on the 4th ult., in the seventy-eighth year of his age, but with a mind apparently unimpaired. He was a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and for some years represented the borough of Camelford in the House of Commons. Mr. Fonblanque's political principles were those generally entertained by the Whig party; and it is said that, during the short administration of his friends, in 1806 and 1807, he was spoken of as the future Chancellor. He was a profound, eloquent, and skilful lawyer, and enjoyed the singular honour of having his "Treatise on Equity" cited in the courts of law, during his lifetime. In the early part of the Prince of Wales' (George the Fourth's) career, Mr. Fonblanque is said to have enjoyed his full confidence; and he is reputed to have been the writer of the celebrated letters addressed to the King by his Royal Highness, on the subject of his exclusion from the army, and which were long attributed to the Earl of Moira. It was not generally known that Mr. Fonblanque was the head of a Languedocian family, and inherited the title of Marquis, although he never assumed it in England. He was a man of great urbanity of manners, and of large benevolence, withal.

SIR FREDERICK CAVENDISH PONSONBY.

This gallant officer, who was the second son of the Earl of Besborough, and brother of Lord Duncannon, died suddenly, at Merwell Green, near

Basingstoke, on the night of the 11th ult., on his way to London, in the 54th year of his age. His military career was one of great distinction. He entered the army in 1800, became lieutenant-colonel in 1810; colonel in 1814, and major-general in 1825. In the Peninsula he acted as assistant-adjutant-general, and obtained a cross for his gallant conduct at Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Nive. He was twice wounded; first, on the lines of Torres Vedras, and next, at the siege of Burgos. He was engaged also at the battle of Waterloo, where he received several wounds, and was all but killed, by being trampled on by the cavalry and infantry engaged, during an entire night. As a reward for his bravery he was made a Companion of the Bath, Knight of the Tower and Sword, of Maria Theresa, and of St. George of Russia; and, only a few months since, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the 1st Dragoons. For deeds of personal bravery, Sir Frederick Ponsonby's name stood high in the annals of military fame. The memorable charge made by him at the head of the 11th Dragoons, at Talavera, was only equalled by the tremendous charge which he subsequently led on at Waterloo—a deed of bravery and devotion surpassing even the chivalry of romance. Nor were the gentler and more generous virtues of his character less conspicuous than those which characterized him in the field.

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

Her ladyship expired at her house in Privy Gardens, on the 17th ult. She was the third wife of the late Marquis of Exeter, third daughter of the late Peter Burrell, sister of the first Lord Gwydyr, and widow of Douglas, eighth Duke of Hamilton.

BARON AUDLEY.

His lordship, who was the seventeenth peer in succession, died on the 14th ult. in the 55th year of his age. He was born in January, 1783; in 1816 he married Anne Jane, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Ross Donnelly, by whom he has issue, two sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom, who succeeds to the family honours, has but just completed his twentieth year. The title of Audley is one of the oldest in the peerage, the creation being by writ of summons, in 1405, but originally summoned in 1297. It is the fourth title on the roll of Barons, the preceding ones being De Roos, Le Despencer, and De Clifford. The deceased baron was of retired habits, and was scarcely known in public life.

On attaining his majority next year, the young Lord will come into possession of the large estate of his grandfather, George, sixteenth baron, at Sandwich, Wilts. The late peer having sold his life-interest in the family domain, during the life-time of his father. The dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire has also descended to the present peer.

LADY FARNBOROUGH.

This lady, who was wife of the present Baron Farnborough, died at the family seat, Bromley Hill, Kent, on the 15th ult., in the 65th year of her age. Her ladyship was the eldest daughter of Sir Abraham Hume, bart., and Lady Amelia Egerton, only sister of the last Earl of Bridgwater, and was born on the 29th of January, 1772.

Catherine Frances Gore

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THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. III.

I AM perfectly sure that the growth of affection so generally admitted to be the inevitable result of juxtaposition and constant association between those whose tastes accord, whose feelings assimilate, and whose habits and principles are congenial, is neither so rapid nor so decided as the progress of dislike when once the sentiment has taken hold of one. I felt as I sat carving a huge haunch of mutton, which in our moderate establishment still maintained its place at head-quarters, unbanished to the side-table, that I really *was* nothing more than purveyor to the party, and likened myself to one of those mountains of flesh who were wont to cut slices from huge rounds of beef in a shop at the corner of St. Martin's-court, and sell them—

"To every passing villager."

There were ten people to be helped to mutton,—of which ten, my wife and brother were the only two who had any legitimate claim to places at the table;—it is all very true Mrs. Wells is a very nice woman, but even she, I think, interferes more than she need in my domestic affairs, and seems to impress upon Harriet's mind that the mode in which matters are managed at the Rectory is the only system to be adopted and adhered to all over the world. I hate boiled pork,—so does Harriet,—a parsnip is my aversion, it reminds me of a sick carrot; —no matter. Mrs. Wells has instilled into her daughter's mind the necessity of having certain prescribed joints and dishes on certain particular days in the week; and accordingly it was but yesterday that I was taken by surprise with an odious leg of boiled pork, accompanied by a mixture resembling nothing but a dab of yellow plaster for a wall, which they call pease-pudding.

To-day was mutton day, which I was fully aware of long before dinner-time. My predecessor at Ashmead could not endure the smell of the dishes he was destined afterwards to taste, and accordingly consulted an eminent architect upon the construction of his kitchen. The kitchen was built at the extremity of a long passage divided by double doors, and ventilated by a sort of open turret, which was to render the whole affair unsmellable. The result is that the servants, who are continually passing and repassing along this passage, invariably fasten, or as they call it "trig," both doors back, in order to save themselves the trouble of shutting or opening them; the cook, who dreads the rheumatism, shuts up the flappers of the turret; and the consequence is that the north-easterly wind, which gets into the kitchen on the other side, blows the whole flavour of the feast, right through this kind of funnel, into the hall and house generally, but more particularly into the

dinner-room itself, from which the door to the offices opens directly into the passage.

Cuthbert, who looks like parchment, and smells like a Japan cabinet, is perfectly indifferent to every inconvenience that does not compel himself to move. If he get his curry done to his liking,—the light yellow Moorman's curry, with pickles; and his promiscuous kabobs, in which he revels at breakfast, or his occasional pillau, he is content; although on the days when the flavour of mutton does not supersede every other scent, the whole place is redolent of oriental condiments.

Kissing Kitty is a venial offence as far as her father-in-law is concerned, but it makes me sick to see him feeding her with his own spoon at table, picking her out little nice bits of sweetmeats, and then making her "sweeten his glass," before he drinks his wine. Well, a fortnight more and the holidays will be over, and then something like order will be restored here.

I had concluded the round of feeders, and helped myself, and was beginning to make preparations for eating, when, just as I had got a morsel on my fork, and while it hung Mahomet-like midway between my plate and my mouth, its progress was suddenly stayed by Cuthbert.

"Gilbert," said he, "here is a young lady who will trouble you for a bit more,—that which you sent her before is hardly done enough; just turn the haunch over, and cut her a little slice—under—there—I cannot point out the place exactly—where it's brown: Kitty is like her pappy, she likes her meat well done; don't you, dear?"

"I like whatever you like, Pa," said the young lady.

"Hyæna," said I to myself, as I essayed for the third time to turn the unwieldy joint, a trial of my skill and patience, which ended in its slipping from my hold, and toppling down into the midst of its gravy, of which it made a sudden dispersion, producing an effect similar to that of one of Shrapnell's shells upon a small scale; and I confess I was rather pleased than vexed when I saw a considerable portion of the lava-like liquid fly from the dish into the face of the odious Tom Falwasser, who received the aspersion with the worst imaginable grace, and the worst possible philosophy.

"Bush," cried the savage; "ain't I cotched it now? I say, Pa, my heye is hout."

"Poor boy!" said Cuthbert. "Ah, that's it; misfortunes never come alone,—my fault—dear me. Oh, Gilbert, don't trouble yourself," and so on, until he had persuaded the yahoo that he was wretchedly persecuted, and induced Miss Falwasser to give me a look, such as she would have bestowed upon my butler, if he had, by any accident, spoiled a sky-blue silk dress, by spilling half a plate of soup on it, in handing it over her shoulder.

I was in a bad humour, and yet those who know me, have always fancied it would take a great deal to drive me into one. As George Colman says in the song of Caleb Quotem, in his admirable farce of the "Review,"—

"Many small articles make up a sum."

And the truth of the line was most painfully evident to me, inasmuch as it was a combination of little irritations by which I was affected. Harriet seemed unaccountably lively; and she and Fanny had some joke between them and that odious red-fisted Lieutenant Merman. I begin to hate *him*. What is it—what has soured my temper?

I was asking myself this question seriously, for the third or fourth time, just as the second course had been removed—if second course, a brace of pheasants at one end of the table, some sea kale at the other, and some patties and jellies on the sides, could be so called: and I felt a certain degree of relief from the cessation of a duty with which, I admit, mingled very little pleasure—when I heard the sound of carriage wheels approaching the house door: the sound suddenly ceased, and a peal at the bell set the house itself ringing.

Everybody looked amazed. We expected nobody. The Nubleys were not coming. Wells could not have left the Earl's so early; we all were astounded, save and except my brother Cuthbert, and that minx Kitty, who, when we were all staring at each other, in "amazement lost," said to her "Pa," loud enough for me to hear, "I shouldn't wonder if it was "——

What these ominous words portended, I could not venture to surmise; but my astonishment and dismay were not exceedingly small, when I saw my brother's man Hutton enter the room, and, proceeding to Miss Kitty, whisper something in her ear, and beheld her, after giving Cuthbert a pat on the arm, jump up from her chair, and run out of the room, followed by Jane, to whom she made a signal, into the hall, where, in a few moments, the noise of the laughing and giggling of girls and women, and the barking of dogs resounded.

In the midst of my amazement—in Ireland it would have been alarm—at the invasion of my house at so unusual an hour, in bounced Miss Kitty, who, running to Cuthbert, exclaimed with a look of triumphant sauciness, "It is *her*."

"Where is she?" said Cuthbert.

"Gone up with Jane into our room to take off her things," said Kitty; and, turning to my wife, who looked petrified at the performance in progress, added, "it's only Mrs. Brandyball, dear."

Dear! to *my* wife!—only Mrs. Brandyball!

"Why," said I, "she cannot have got our letter."

"No," said Cuthbert, "but I can explain that. Kitty had said she was sure you would be glad to see her on her way back—and so—I hadn't time to mention—this—before, but——"

"It makes no difference," said I. "Harriet, dear, hadn't you better just see——"

"Oh no!" said Miss Falwasser, interrupting; "don't hurry, because dear governess has got something to tell *me* all to myself, and I'll go up and keep her company till you go into the drawing-room." Saying which, and seeming perfectly satisfied that her proposal for the arrangement was in fact a *fiat*, she proceeded unchecked by anybody to fulfil her intentions.

"This is quite a surprise," said Harriet, looking, as I thought, a little ruffled by the event—"did *you* know Mrs. Brandyball was coming to-day, cousin?"

"Why," said Cuthbert, "I don't exactly recollect what dear Kate said about it—I know she told me that when she heard from Mrs. Brandyball, she seemed to wish to know whether her coming here would be agreeable to you—and then, as far as I can recollect, Kate told me that she wished you to send her an invitation, as if it originated with yourself—so that she might not feel a difficulty in accepting the one she had given her; however, as she is come, all the trouble of writing to her to

ask her might have been saved. Tommy, dear, pick up my toothpick—eh—ah ."

"I did not know," said I; for I confess the tact of Miss Falwasser in her manœuvrings was anything but soothing—"I did not know that Kitty had heard from the lady."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "one day last week, I think."

"I didn't see the letter amongst ours," said I.

"No," said Cuthbert, "Kate's maid always goes down to the servants' hall when the letters come, to see if there are any for *her*; it saves us the trouble of sending them up to her after we get up—ah!"

All this sounded odd—there appeared a kind of precocity in her measures which did not tend in the slightest degree to exalt the opinion of the young lady's character or disposition which I had previously formed, and Cuthbert evidently saw what was passing in my mind.

"You know," added he, "the children are up long before we are—so that there is no reason why Kate should wait to get any letter which comes for her till we go to breakfast."

"None in the least," said I: "only I was not prepared to hear that so young a lady maintained an independent correspondence."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "her poor dear mother was always an advocate of freedom from restraint; and, besides, if the poor child were obliged to write those difficult pattern answers she would be tired to death—indeed, she can't bear anything of the sort, but when she writes of herself, if she does not spell every word exactly right, still she speaks her own sentiments and opinions. I am a great friend to leaving the mind all free."

"Well, Fanny," said Harriet, rousing her sister from a whispering *tête-à-tête* with her odious lieutenant, "when you are at leisure, perhaps Mamma would like to go to the drawing-room."

"Law, Harry!" said Fanny, blushing, "I am sure *I*'m ready to go whenever she pleases."

And up they got, and away they went. I took Harriet's vacated seat and arranged the bottles.

"Sad accident has happened," said Merman, "to a brother officer of mine, Jukes, of ours. He was riding in the Park the day before yesterday, his horse ran away with him, and threw him, and he has broken his leg and two or three of his ribs. It would be deuced hard if he were to die, for he only purchased his company a fortnight since."

"That's sad work," said Cuthbert; "just give me a little claret, Gilbert—there—thanks. I don't know if I ever told you of a most formidable-looking accident that happened to me a vast many years ago, when my poor father and I were travelling in a postchaise down Shooter's Hill, just where the place built like Sevendroog is———"

"Bush, Pappy," said Tom, who had watched him with considerable anxiety thus far, "you ave told hus that story hevery day this olidays. You should ear sister Kate tell it, just like you———"

"Does she, my boy?" said Cuthbert; "how odd that is. Her poor dear mother had a strong turn for imitation. I didn't remember I had told Lieutenant Merman that story,—but wasn't it a miraculous escape?—we must have been dashed to pieces, if the horses had not stopped of themselves."

Lieutenant Merman, who evinced by a look at me his perfect intimacy with the catastrophe, then occupied at least three-quarters of an

hour in relating a case of great hardship, in which Captain Dobbington had lodged his money for the majority of his regiment, and that Captain Winnowmore had been appointed—and that Lieutenant-colonel Somebody had died—and that the commander of the forces had done him a great injustice, and so had the adjutant-general, and the quartermaster-general—and so had the secretary at war, and the paymaster of the forces, and the judge-advocate-general, and the general commanding the regiment, and, as far as I recollect, the Archbishop of Canterbury. However, Mr. Grub and Mr. Snob, two staunch redressors-general of all human wrongs, were to bring the case before the House of Commons the very first week of the next session, it being one of such importance, that the eyes of the whole army were directed to it, and the feelings of the whole nation in a state of ebullition.

I listened; and at the conclusion of the details said I had not heard anything of it through the public papers; and when I turned to Cuthbert, I found he was fast asleep, with his snuffbox still in his hand, but reversed, as the heralds would say, and the snuff "absent without leave" on the carpet. Not liking to rouse my poor brother from the soft slumber in which he was, like another Chrononhotonthologos, "unfatiguing himself," I pushed the wine again to Merman, who thinking, I suppose, that my doing so was an encouraging hint to resume his lamentations, continued to enlarge upon the infamous job which had been done, until the slumberer awoke.

In my mind there does not exist in the world a more anomalous character than a Radical officer of the army or the navy.—Pledged as they are to defend the king and country against all foes, foreign and domestic, and always eager to redeem that pledge

"E'en in the cannon's mouth,"

nothing can seem more extraordinary—I should say, perhaps, more disgusting—than to hear them giving utterance to sentiments, the expression of which by any man not belonging to either service, would at once stamp him for a disloyal and disaffected subject. It is always to me a convincing proof of great weakness or great wickedness. If they believe that the radical reform, of which they speak so enthusiastically, means anything short of eventual revolution, the former is their misfortune. If with their eyes open to the ulterior results, they advocate the course which leads to them, and laud the men who uphold it, the latter is their crime; and in either case respect for themselves and society should keep them silent; for, as they are bound to fight for the existing order of things, and in the case of any outbreak, they would in doing their duty be compelled to oppose and overthrow it, their own previous proclamations, that what they did was contrary to their opinions and principles, would add but little to their reputation for sincerity, or their character for independence.

Merman's long tale having been quite unfolded, and Cuthbert been awakened to the loss of his snuff, I suggested a removal to the drawing-room, anxious, I admit, to see the Minerva under whose fostering auspices two such promising girls as my pseudo-nieces were fast coming to maturity.

Cuthbert did not appear to evince any particular desire to greet the lady, which quite satisfied me that his anxiety to show her civility had originated in his devotion to his daughter-in-law. However, having

got Lieutenant Merman to ring the bell for Hutton to come and fetch his snuffbox to be refilled, and then to wheel him across the hall to the edge of his couch in the drawing-room, we proceeded to an inspection of the all-accomplished Mrs. Brandyball.

I found her seated on one of the sofas between her young pupils. She was a plumpish dressy woman, of about fifty-four or five, with a florid countenance, and coal-black hair, which, upon the established principle of *meum* and *tuum*, was unquestionably her own, above which she wore a capacious white bonnet, decorated with flowers, which would have made Lee and Kennedy jealous and have driven Colville mad; chains and rings adorned her neck and fingers, and although *en deshabille* for travelling, she was quite as fine as need be.

Upon Cuthbert's arrival, the two girls leaped from their *musnud*, and while Mrs. Brandyball tired him to death with the most affectionate inquiries after his health, Kate stood kissing his forehead and Jane holding one of his hands. After this ceremony had been gone through, Cuthbert looking anxiously after me, pointed to the lady, and said, in a subdued tone of voice, "Gilbert, allow me to introduce Mrs. Brandyball."

I made the *aimable* with the best grace I could, and expressed myself extremely glad to see her at Ashmead,—hoped she had had some refreshment, and suggested that we should have some supper early, since she had missed our dinner-hour by her late arrival.

"Thank you, Mr. Gurney," said my fair friend, in a tone of voice suitable to a girl of sixteen performing on the stage, "for your delicate attention; but I would not for worlds disarrange the economy of your establishment, nor is it in any degree necessary; for owing to the amiable solicitude of these dear children, I have been supplied with every necessary refreshment since my arrival in your charming mansion."

"Have you?" said I; "I am very glad to hear it."

"Yes," continued the lady, "dear Katharine, anxious to evince a regard, which is truly reciprocal, desired the domestics to arrange a little repast in her own apartment, and I found abundance of everything to gratify the appetite, all elegantly disposed for my accommodation—interesting creatures! It is most satisfactory to a solicitous preceptress to discover in acts of kindness and consideration like these, the delightful evidence of affection, resulting perhaps in the present instance from a strict adherence to the principle, that where kindness governs in the place of anger, the pupil always receives instruction with gratitude."

This euphonic oration startled me, not only by its manner but its matter. The woman appeared to me to have swallowed half a score of her own copy-books, the examples in which she was now delivering out of her lips; but this being merely ridiculous, I thought I might be amused by her absurdity. What really *did* startle me was the coolness with which the interesting Katharine had given her orders for preparing a snug dinner for her high-flying schoolmistress in *her* room, without inquiring whether she might do so or not. Nor was this all, for under Hutton's directions my butler, it seems, had furnished forth wines "of sorts" for the banquet, of which—I speak it with diffidence and reserve—it appeared to me that my fair friend had imbibed no very small quantity.

"I have been just expressing to Mrs. Gurney," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the sentiments of admiration which I entertain for the beauties of this

vicinage; it was so late when I arrived, that the shades of evening had thrown their mantle over the beauties of Nature; it was, however, impossible not to perceive by the outlines of the surrounding scenery how very beautiful it must be in a more genial season of the year."

"I think," said I, "you flatter us too much; the country about us is very pretty, but——"

"Oh," said the lady, smiling her best, "my opinion is that courtesy should ever be accompanied with candour, and although 'to err is human, and to forgive divine,' as far as I am capable of forming a judgment upon such subjects, I think the drive from the coast hitherwards is quite charming."

"I hope," said I, "that we shall improve your favourable impression during your stay."

"I have explained to Mrs. Gurney," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the cause of my somewhat premature appearance here. I really entertain so sincere a regard—I might almost denominate it a maternal affection—for these two dear creatures, that I ventured in some measure to overstep the ordinary regulations of society by accepting my dear Katharine's invitation; but, as I say, affectation is at best but a deformity, and conciliatory manners command esteem—so that when the dear girl wrote to beg me to come, I came without reflecting how much perhaps I ventured to intrude."

I bowed—though it was evident that Kitty, in the course of the second dinner in what this eloquent lady called *her* apartment, had explained to her the whole of the manœuvre which had failed, with regard to the invitation which was to have been sent to her.

"Oh, Mr. Gurney," continued the lady, "'a good education is the foundation of happiness, and ignorance is the parent of many injuries,' and this I say, because a good maxim is never out of season—now I have had these dear creatures under my care five years, nay, more—the course of Time is so rapid, and I may say so imperceptible, in fact like the varied movements of the vast universe, that one is unconscious of its flight—and I declare that I never have had the smallest reason to find fault with either of them—as I say perfect idleness is perfect weariness, and of all prodigality that of time is the worst. Defer not till to-morrow what you can do to-day; indeed I find lazy folks take the most pains—but I do assure you that my two young charges appear to me to possess a felicitous mixture of talent and genius, with a desire to improve their natural advantages by a sedulous devotion to the more abstruse studies."

Studies, thought I—of quadrupeds running about upon the ceiling, with a great many legs—or of geography, sailing into an Asiatic Mediterranean through Behring's Straits——however, I saw what my florid, black-haired lady *was*, in a moment, and felt not the slightest indisposition to amuse myself with the animal *rouge et noir*. Besides, as Cuthbert and the people he called his children were to be pleased by any attention paid to our newly-arrived guest, I resolved to put a good face on the matter, convinced that the fine language of my new friend was only plating, and that after a day or two we should scrape our way to the real material.

I was somewhat relieved from the overflow of Mrs. Brandyball's loquacity by Harriet, who, I suppose, saw that I had had enough of it, to use a phrase which the euphonic lady never would have adopted, and

who came to remind me that Cuthbert was looking wistfully for his whist—the hint was enough; and I began to make up his little party by inquiring if Mrs. Brandyball would like to cut in.

"No, my dear Sir," said the fascinating Hedgehog; "I invariably decline card-playing. Malice never wants a mark to shoot at; and, although regarding the subject with an unprejudiced eye, I see really no moral interdiction to such a relaxation, I think it better not to gratify myself by an amusement which the rigid might censure; I feel it is always right to comply with cheerfulness where necessity enjoins; so, as every condition has its troubles, I give up upon principle what might, in the estimation of the liberal portion of mankind, be considered little else than a relief from mental labour."

The effort she made to decline the whist was as palpable as that which an ill-bred child makes to say, "No, I thank you," when asked to eat or drink something which he or she particularly wishes for, but has been taught by some vulgar person to refuse as a matter of delicacy.

Mrs. Wells and I played against Cuthbert and Harriet; Merman of course "sat out" with Fanny; and Mrs. Brandyball enjoyed herself amazingly with the two girls, who sat on either side of her, soaking their hands in hers.

This was dull work for the new arrival, I presume; but, luckily for all parties, Sniggs dropped in to look at Tom's wounds, which were very parliamentarily divided between the eyes and nose. When he came half stepping half bounding into the room, the vivacious Brandyball seemed quite astounded. I heard Kitty put her to rights in a moment. "The apothecary," said Kate; and immediately Brandyball drew herself up, and looked hatchets and carving-knives at him.

"Been to see Master Tom," said Sniggs, who had visited the lout in his room, to which he had been conveyed under the orders of his sister, who had no desire to be bored with his society after the arrival of her governess. "All going on well,—slight discolouration,—gone by to-morrow—pulse good—tongue clean—everything as it should be—shocking affair, Mr. Gurney—have you heard?—Hawkins, the butter-man, has bolted—off to America—always suspicious—martyr to hepatitis—wife pretty woman—attended her in four of her confinements—fine family—troubled a little with rheumatism—sitting in the parlour with her back to the key-hole—has cheated everybody—poor Sims at the Crown is a great loser—bad for him—short neck—determination of blood to the head last Easter—twenty leeches to his temples—brought him round, but no accounting for sudden shocks."

"You have ruffed, or roughed (for I don't know how it is to be spelt) my thirteenth," said Cuthbert to Harriet, who was his partner. The word ruff, or rough, as the case may be, being, as I have discovered, synonymous with trump. As for Harriet, she hated whist, pretty much, perhaps, for the same reason that I do,—because I do not understand it;—nor would I take the trouble, if I thought I could succeed in the pursuit to its attainment, or devote my time and intellect to a game which no man ought ever to play, except for amusement, because when learned to the best of one's ability, it necessarily involves the fate and fortune, if it be played for money, of a partner.

Harriet was quite shocked at the earnestness with which Cuthbert

charged her with this high crime and misdemeanor, nor did either she or her mother feel particularly pleased when Cuthbert added, "Well, I should think, considering your father is a parson, he might have taught you better." This observation set Mrs. Brandyball into a loud fit of laughing, and put me into something very like a rage; but then it was my brother who made the remark, and he was lively, and facetious, and therefore better than usual; and so I shuffled and sorted my cards, and tried to think of the principle of the game which I was playing, but in which most assuredly I took no interest.

I had hoped when my brother had exerted himself sufficiently to scold my poor little wife about the unfortunate mistake, that there would have been an end. But no; when the hand was out, Cuthbert, with a gravity far beyond what the importance of the affair seemed to require, said—"Harriet, dear, see what that mistake of yours has done; if in the second round of clubs, you had played your nine instead of your seven, Gilbert's eight would have fallen; and then, when you saw me lead the knave of diamonds through your mother's king, your putting a trump on it was madness; besides, when you had the lead, if you had returned me the spade, which I had shown you in the very first round was my strong suit, we should have got three tricks running, and then I could have returned you the heart, which must have made two more, because you had ace, king, which, as it was, fell to their trumps."

Harriet listened to the lecture patiently, but profited little. I listened, but not patiently. Poor Cuthbert was perfectly serious, and really out of sorts; he was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and we were playing sixpenny points.

Harriet got tired,—perhaps the scolding did not do her good,—but she was rapidly approaching the period of her confinement, and I saw that she turned pale, and gave me more than one look of exhaustion and weariness; but it would have been treason to deprive Cuthbert of his prescribed three rubbers, so she played on, and Cuthbert was so keen a player for nothings that he would not allow Harriet and me to play together.

"No," said he, "never, never let man and wife play together at whist. It is too much trouble for me to point out all the things they do; but, my dear Gilbert, there are always family telegraphs, and if they fancy their looks are watched, they communicate by words. My dear fellow," continued he, looking as white as a sheet, and wholly exhausted by the exertion, "at Bungalapumbungbad, up the country, where I was carried in my palkee to get somebody to look at some indigo which I wanted to buy, I met with a Mr. Smigsmag and his wife,—nice woman, upon my word,—I did not cultivate their acquaintance much, because he lived more than half a mile from my bungalow, and I was merely a visiter,—but I dined with him once or twice, and we played whist, and his wife and *he* always played together;—oh, dear! Kitty, give me the eau de Cologne, dear,—isn't she grown, Mrs. Brandyball, eh?—and so—I found out that I never could win against Smigsmag and his wife,—he was a Burrah Saab—a resident—excellent man in his way,—and so—I mentioned this to my partner, who, being an expectant creature,—I, you know, had nothing to do with John Company, and didn't care a cowrie for all Leadenhall-street put together,—and he told me—'You

never *can* win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said he, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'what signals, by looks?' 'No,' said he; 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, "Dear, begin." Dear begins with D, so does diamond, and out comes a diamond from the lady. If *he* has to lead, and she says "S., my love, play," she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and, sure enough, down comes a spade. "Harriet, my dear," says Smigsmag, "how long you are sorting your cards." Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart: and a gentle "Come, my love," on either side, infallibly produces a club.' I can't stand these family compacts, Gilbert."

I was delighted to find Cuthbert equal to so much exertion as was required in telling this story, which produced an observation from Sniggs that whatever the Smigsmags gained by tricks they could not make much by their honours. At which Galenic effusion Mrs. Brandyball fell into a fit of laughter, and little Jane, who did not understand in the slightest degree what it meant, shook her flaxen curls like a newly washed poodle.

"I am sorry," said Harriet to Cuthbert, "that you have so bad an opinion of us; I never should have thought of such a scheme."

"But," said Sniggs, "like the ostler and the priest, now you have been told how the matter *may* be managed, perhaps you will avail yourselves of the information."

"No," said Cuthbert, "I don't suspect them. As for myself, I could not take the trouble to recollect what letter the names of the different suits begin with."

"Shall I," said Mrs. Brandyball, "relieve you from the exertion of arranging your cards? Allow me: many hands make light work. Every condition has its troubles; without a friend, the world is a wilderness!"

Saying which, the officious lady settled Cuthbert's hand, and resumed her place at his side, Katharine sitting on his left; and in this fashion we went through the prescribed rubbers, just before the conclusion of which, the servants prepared a "tray" in the ante-room, which Sniggs invariably called "an excellent trait in our character;" and round which, I must confess, our little party has frequently enjoyed more social sociable mirth than it has partaken of during the whole of the day. Sniggs eyed the arrangements with evident satisfaction; and Mrs. Brandyball turned her head, almost instinctively, to the quarter in which the rattling of glasses announced the approach of some agreeable liquid. Merman and Fanny needed neither eatables nor drinkables; they were living upon themselves, in a distant corner of the room, feeling immeasurably happy, and looking inconceivably ridiculous.

When the last rubber was ended, much to my relief, not more on my own account, than of poor dear Harriet, Cuthbert desired Jane to ring the bell for Hutton, who was wanted to wheel him into his room, in order that his hands and face might be washed with rose-water—an ablution which he seemed to consider indispensably necessary at that period of the evening.

Having broken up from our play, I found Kate and Jane still re-

maining fixtures for supper. However, as it was the night of Mrs. Brandyball's arrival—and her arrival at all was matter of compliment to their indulgent father-in-law—there was nothing in *that*, only they had not been in the habit of staying up to supper. Cuthbert, having been washed, and refreshed, was wheeled back; and we closed round the supper table, I, with our new guest on my right hand, and my mother-in-law on my left.

Sniggs sat on Harriet's right, Cuthbert on her left, with Kitty, of course, on *his* right. I had often heard Sniggs talk of the unwholesomeness of suppers; and as often seen him eat voraciously of them, as, indeed, many men who have at other times small appetites, *will*. Dr. Franklin was one of Sniggs's favourite authors in the way of reference: and as I thought that nothing could be better than bringing the printer to bear upon the 'pothecary, I went to my library for five minutes before Cuthbert's return, and "read up," for an attack upon our Galen if he should begin his customary depredations upon our eatables. There he was, sure enough, "pegging away," as we used to say in my horrid school-days, at cold fowl, salmagundi, roasted oysters, and finishing with a *piquante* bit of devilled turkey.

"Well, Doctor," said I (for a brevet degree in a country-place like Blissfold is all fair), "I see you do not exactly practise as you preach."

"None of us do," said Sniggs. "When I was in town last, I dined with three physicians of the starving school, and two surgeons sworn to the Abernethian doctrine. I never saw five men eat or drink so much in the whole course of my life; and, Mr. Gurney," added my Lampedo, "go where you will, watch the doctors, and you will find them the greatest gormandizers in the empire."

"Yes," said I, "at dinner, perhaps, but not at supper; recollect what your idol Franklin says:" and then I came out with my quotation. "'In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead a-bed in the morning.'"

"Correctly quoted by you, Sir," said Sniggs; "and aptly observed by the Doctor; but suppose, now, I was to tell you that I have had no dinner—fact.—Three hours at Mrs. Humbleman's—case of asthma—bad breathing—great distress—husband wouldn't let me leave her. He himself dyspeptic, with a slight disposition to erysipelas. Mrs. Sniggs did not wait for me—I away to Stephenson the watch-maker's little girl—second—nice child—scarlatina—fancied measles—I with her—cup of black tea, weak, and with dry toast, all I had—here to look at Master Falwasser's dear little nose. What could I do? so I only make up the former deficiency of diet."

"It must," said Mrs Brandyball, "be exceedingly excitatory to witness the various afflictions of the different domestic circles into which you are professionally invoked. Experience is the mother of science;

and prevention is better than cure. However, the longest day must have an end; and you must experience a most gratifying sensation when you return to repose, to think first, that, perhaps, under Providence, you have been the means of restoring a dear child to a fond parent—for even the crow thinks its own bird the fairest; and greatness of mind is ever compassionate."

Sniggs, who was not particularly sentimental, and thought more of his pills and his bills than of any other thing in the world, looked at our new friend with an expression of countenance which I thought rather equivocal, the character of which was changed into the broad comic when he perceived her sip somewhat largely from a tumbler, into which she had previously poured some particularly strong brandy, which, it must be admitted, took her by surprise.

Harriet looked at me, and I looked at her; and we both laughed. I am sure I have no notion why. However, as we *had* laughed, I thought it was absolutely necessary to atone for the indiscretion by an extra show of attention; and therefore begged to recommend to her particular notice a cup which the servant had just brought in and put down; and in which there was something which I thought she would prefer, since it was evident she was a judge.

The mixture which I advocated, was a peculiar sort of punch, really not strong, but rich and agreeable; and which even Cuthbert, if anybody would take the trouble to pour it out for him, would not object to imbibe.

"Thankee, Mr. Gurney," said the lady, "it is never too late to learn; and although I seldom indulge in such combinations, your kindness is such that I find it quite impossible to resist your delicate attentions. I will have one glass."

The tumbler was returned, the lady sipped; and smiled, and smiled and sipped again: her eyes approved, even before her tongue had spoken.

"I fear," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the delightful weather which we have been enjoying during the last few days is drawing to a close. The moon's envelopment in that silvery mist augurs an approaching change, and threatens an accession of cadent humidity."

"Isn't that mist," said Kitty, "what the astrologers call a hayloft?"

This was fatal. Cuthbert, who was in a nap, with Kate's arm round his neck, heard it not. Merman was leaning his head on his hand, with his nose within three inches of Fanny's mouth, and heeded it not; but the eyes of Mrs. Wells, Harriet, Sniggs and myself met. What to do was the doubt of a moment: the struggle was ineffectual, and we burst into a fit of loud laughter. Mrs. Brandyball stared, Merman and Fanny were flurried, Kate tittered, and Cuthbert awoke.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, in the outskirts of the small but fortified town of Terneuse, situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and nearly opposite to the island Walcheren, there was to be seen, in advance of a few other even more humble tenements, a small but neat cottage, built according to the prevailing taste of the time. The outside front had, some years back, been painted of a deep orange, the windows and shutters of a vivid green. To about three feet above the surface of the earth, it was faced alternately with blue and white tiles. A small garden, of about two rods of our measure of land, surrounded the edifice; and this little plot was flanked with a low hedge of privet, and encircled with a moat full of water, too wide to be leaped with ease. Over that part of the moat which was in front of the cottage door, was a small and narrow bridge, with ornamented iron handrails, for the security of the passenger. But the colours, originally so bright, with which the cottage had been decorated, had now faded, symptoms of rapid decay were evident in the window-sills, the door-jambs, and other wooden parts of the tenement, and many of the white and blue tiles had fallen down, and had not been replaced. That much care had once been bestowed upon this little tenement, was as evident as that latterly it had been equally neglected.

The inside of the cottage, both on the basement and the floor above, was divided in two larger rooms in front, and two smaller behind; the rooms in front could only be called large in comparison with the other two, as they were little more than twelve feet square, with but one window to each. The upper floor was, as usual, appropriated for the bed-rooms; on the lower, the two smaller rooms were now used only as a wash-house and a lumber room, while one of the larger was fitted up as the kitchen, and furnished with dressers, on which the metal utensils for cookery shone clean and polished as silver. The room itself was scrupulously neat; but the furniture, as well as the utensils, were scanty. The boards of the floor were of a pure white, and so clean that you might have laid anything down without fear of soiling. A strong deal table, two wooden-seated chairs, and a small easy couch, which had been removed from one of the bed-rooms upstairs, were all the moveables which this room contained. The other front room had been fitted up as a parlour; but what might be the style of furniture was now unknown, for no eye had beheld the contents of that room for nearly seventeen years, during which it had been hermetically sealed, even to the inmates of the cottage.

The kitchen, which we have described, was occupied by two personages, one, a woman, apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, but worn down by pain and suffering. She had evidently once possessed much beauty: there were still the regular outlines, the noble forehead, and the large dark eye; but there was a tenuity in her features, a wasted-away appearance, so as to render the flesh transparent; her brow, when she mused, would sink into deep premature wrinkles, and the occasional flashing of her eyes strongly impressed you with the idea of insanity. There appeared to be a deep-

seated, irremovable, hopeless cause of anguish in her bosom, never for one moment permitted to be absent from her memory. A chronic oppression, fixed and graven there, only to be removed by death. She was dressed in the widow's coif of the time; but although clean and neat, her garments were faded from long wear. She was seated upon the small couch which we have mentioned, evidently brought down as a relief to her, in her declining state.

On the deal table in the centre of the room, sat the other party, a stout, fair-haired, florid youth of nineteen or twenty years old. His features were handsome, but bold, and his frame powerful to excess; his eye denoted courage and determination, and as he carelessly swang his legs, and whistled an air in an emphatic manner, it was impossible not to form the idea that he was a daring, adventurous, and reckless character.

"Do not go to sea, Philip; oh, promise me that, my dear, dear child," said the female, clasping her hands.

"And why not go to sea, mother?" replied Philip; "what's the use of my staying here to starve—for, by Heaven! it's little better. I must do something for myself, and for you. And what else can I do? My uncle Van Brennen has offered to take me with him, and will give me good wages. Then I shall live happily on board, and my earnings will be sufficient for your support at home."

"Philip—Philip, hear me. I shall die if you leave me. Whom have I in the world but you? Oh, my child, as you love, and I know you do love me, Philip, don't leave me; but if you will, at all events, do not go to sea."

Philip gave no immediate reply, he whistled for a few seconds, while his mother wept.

"Is it," said he, at last, "because my father was drowned at sea, that you beg so hard, mother?"

"Oh, no—no," exclaimed the sobbing woman. "Would to God—"

"Would to God, what, mother?"

"Nothing—nothing. Be merciful—be merciful, Oh, God!" replied the mother, sliding from her seat on the couch, and kneeling by the side of it, in which attitude she remained for some time in fervent prayer. At last she resumed her seat, and her face wore an aspect of more composure.

Philip, who, during this, had remained silent and thoughtful, again addressed his mother.

"Look 'ye, mother. You ask me to stay on shore with you, and starve,—rather hard conditions,—now hear what I have to say. That room opposite has been shut up ever since that I can remember—why, you will never tell me; but I once heard you say, when we were without bread, and with no prospect of my uncle's return—you were then half frantic, mother, as you know you sometimes are"——

"Well, Philip, what did you hear me say?" replied his mother, with tremulous anxiety.

"You said, mother, that there was money in that room, which would save us; and then you screamed and raved, and said that you preferred death,—now, mother, what is there in that chamber, and why has it been so long shut up? Either I know that, or I go to sea."

At the commencement of this address of Philip, his mother appeared

to be transfixed, and motionless as a statue, gradually her lips separated, and her eyes glared; she seemed to have lost the power of reply; she put her hand to her right side, as if to compress it, then both her hands, as if to relieve herself from excruciating torture: at last she sunk, with her head forward, and the blood poured out of her mouth.

Philip sprung from the table to her assistance, and prevented her from falling on the floor. He laid her on the couch, watching with alarm the continued effusion.

"Oh! mother—mother, what is this?" cried he, at last, in great distress.

For some time his mother could make him no reply; she turned further on her side, that she might not be suffocated with the discharge from the ruptured vessel, and the snow-white planks of the floor were soon crimsoned with her blood.

"Speak, dearest mother, if you can," repeated Philip, in agony; "what shall I do? what shall I give you? God Almighty! what is this?"

"Death, my child, death," replied, at last, the poor woman, sinking into a state of unconsciousness.

Philip, now much alarmed, flew out of the cottage, and called the neighbours to his mother's assistance. Two or three hastened to the call; and as soon as Philip saw them occupied in restoring his mother, he ran as fast as he could to the house of a medical man, who lived about a mile off; one Mynheer Poots, a little, miserable, avaricious wretch, but known to be very skilful in his profession. Philip found Poots at home, and insisted upon his immediate attendance.

"I will come—yes; most certainly," replied Poots, who spoke the language but imperfectly; "but, Mynheer Vanderdecken, who will pay me?"

"Pay you; my uncle will, directly that he comes home."

"Your uncle de Skipper Vanbrennen; no, he owe me four guilders, and he has owed me for a long time. Besides, his ship may sink."

"He shall pay you the four guilders, and for this attendance also," replied Philip, in a rage; "come directly,—while you are disputing, my mother may be dead."

"But Mr. Philip, I cannot come, now I recollect; I have to see the child of the Burgomaster at Terneuse," replied Mynheer Poots."

"Look you, Mynheer Poots," exclaimed Philip, red with passion; "you have but to choose,—will you go quietly, or must I take you there? You'll not trifle with me."

Here Mynheer Poots was under considerable alarm, for the character of Philip Vanderdecken was well known.

"I will come by-and-by, Mynheer Philip, if I can."

"You'll come now, you miserable old miser," exclaimed Philip, seizing hold of the little man by the collar, and pulling him out of his door.

"Murder! murder!" cried Poots, as he lost his legs, and was dragged along by the impetuous young man.

Philip stopped, for he perceived that Poots was black in the face.

"Must I then choke you, to make you go quietly; for, hear me, go you shall, alive or dead."

"Well then," replied Poots, recovering himself, "I will go, but I'll have you in prison to-night; and as for your mother, I'll not——no, that I will not—Mynheer Philip, depend upon it."

"Mark me, Mynheer Poots," replied Philip, "as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not come with me, I'll choke you now; and when you arrive, if you do not your best for my poor mother, I'll murder you there. You know that I always do what I say, so now take my advice, come along quietly, and you shall certainly be paid, and well paid—if I sell my coat."

This last observation of Philip, perhaps, had more effect than even his threats. Poots was a miserable little atom, and like a child in the powerful grasp of the young man. The doctor's tenement was isolated, and he could obtain no assistance, until within a hundred yards of Vanderdecken's cottage, so Mynheer Poots decided that he would go, first, because Philip had promised to pay him, and secondly, because he could not help it.

This point being settled, Philip and Mynheer Poots made all haste to the cottage; and on their arrival, they found his mother still in the arms of two of her female neighbours, who were bathing her temples with vinegar. She was in a state of consciousness, but she could not speak. Poots ordered her to be carried up stairs, and put to bed, and pouring some acids down her throat, hastened away with Philip to procure the necessary remedies.

"You will give your mother that directly, Mynheer Philip," said Poots, putting a phial in his hand; "I will now go to the child of the Burgomaster, and will afterwards come back to your cottage."

"Don't deceive me," said Philip, with a threatening look.

"No, no, Mynheer Philip, I would not trust to your uncle Vanbrennen for payment, but you have promised, and I know that you always keep your word. In one hour I will be with your mother; but you yourself must now be quick."

Philip hastened home. After the potion had been administered, the bleeding was wholly stopped; and in half an hour, his mother could express her wishes in a whisper. When the little doctor arrived, he carefully examined his patient, and then went down stairs with her son into the kitchen.

"Mynheer Philip," said Poots, "by Allah! I have done my best, but I must tell you that I have little hopes of your mother rising from her bed again. She may live one day or two days, but not more. It is not my fault, Mynheer Philip," continued Pootts, in a deprecating tone.

"No, no; it is the will of heaven," replied Philip, mournfully.

"And you will pay me, Mynheer Vanderdecken?" continued the doctor, after a short pause.

"Yes," replied Philip in a voice of thunder, starting from a reverie. After a moment's silence the doctor recommenced.

"Shall I come to-morrow, Mynheer Philip? You know that will be a charge of another guilder: it is no use throwing away money or time either."

"Come to-morrow. Come every hour. Charge what you please: you shall certainly be paid," replied Philip, curling his lip with contempt.

"Well, it is as you please. As soon as she is dead, the cottage and

the furniture will be yours, and you will sell them of course. Yes, I will come. You will have plenty of money. Mynheer Philip, I would like the first offer of the cottage, if it is to let."

Philip raised his arm in the air as if to crush Mynheer Poots, who retreated to the corner.

"I did not mean until your mother was buried," said Poots, in a coaxing tone.

"Go, wretch, go!" said Philip, covering his face with his hands as he sunk down upon the blood-stained couch.

After a short interval Philip Vanderdecken returned to the bedside of his mother, whom he found much better, and the neighbours, having their own affairs to attend to, left them alone. Exhausted with the loss of blood, the poor woman slumbered for many hours, during which she never let go the hand of Philip, who watched her breathing in mournful meditation.

It was about one o'clock in the morning that the widow awoke. She had recovered her voice to a great degree, and she addressed her son.

"My dear, my impetuous boy, and have I detained you here a prisoner so long?"

"My own inclination detained me, mother. I leave you not to others until you are up and well again."

"That, Philip, I shall never be. I feel that death claims me; and, oh! my son, were it not for you, how should I quit this world rejoicing. I have long been dying, Philip,—and long, long have I prayed for death."

"And why so, mother?" replied Philip, bluntly; "I've done my best."

"You have, my child, you have: and may God bless you for it. Often have I seen you curb your fiery temper—restrain yourself when justified in wrath—to spare a mother's feelings. 'Tis now some days that even hunger has not persuaded you to disobey your mother. And, Philip, you must have thought me mad or foolish to insist so long, and yet to give no reason. I'll speak—again—directly."

The widow turned her head upon the pillow, and remained quiet for some minutes; then, as if revived, she resumed.

"I believe I have been mad at times. Have I not, Philip? And God knows I have had a secret in my heart enough to drive a wife to phrenzy. It has oppressed me day and night, worn my mind, impaired my reason, and now, at last, thank Heaven! it has overcome this mortal frame: the blow is struck, Philip, I'm sure it is. I wait but to tell you all,—and yet I would not,—'twill turn your brain like mine, Philip."

"Mother," replied Philip, earnestly, "I conjure you, let me hear this killing secret. Be heaven or hell mixed up with it, I fear not. Heaven will not hurt me, and Satan I defy."

"I know thy bold, proud spirit, Philip,—thy strength of mind. If any one could bear the load of such a dreadful tale, it is thee. My brain, alas! was far too weak for it; but it is clearer now; and I feel it is my duty to tell it to thee."

The widow paused as her thoughts reverted to that which she had to confide; for a few minutes the tears rained down her hollow cheeks, she then appeared to have summoned resolution and to have regained strength.

"Philip, it is of your father I would speak. It is supposed—that he was—drowned at sea."

"And was he not mother?" replied Philip, with surprise.

"Oh! no."

"But he has long been dead, mother?"

"No,—yes,—and yet—no," said the widow, covering up her eyes. Her brain wanders, thought Philip, but he spoke again.

"Then where is he, mother?"

The widow raised herself, a tremour was visibly running through her whole frame, as she replied—

"In Living Judgment!"

The poor woman then sank down again upon the pillow, and covered up her head with the bed-clothes, as if she would have hid herself from her own memory. Philip was so much perplexed and astounded that he could make no reply. A silence of some minutes ensued, when, no longer able to bear the agony of suspense, Philip faintly whispered—

"The secret, mother, the secret; quick, let me hear it."

"I can now tell all, Philip," replied his mother, in a solemn tone of voice. "Hear me, my son. Your father's disposition was but too like your own;—oh! may his cruel fate be a lesson to you, my dear, dear child. He was a bold, daring, and, they say, a first-rate seaman. He was not born here, but in Amsterdam; but he would not live there, because he still adhered to the Catholic religion. The Dutch, you know, Philip, are heretics by our creed. It is now seventeen years or more that he sailed for India in his fine ship the Amsterdammer with a valuable cargo. It was his third voyage to India, Philip, and it was to have been, if it had so pleased God, his last, for he had purchased that good ship with only part of his earnings, and one more voyage would have made his fortune. Oh! how often did we talk over what we would do upon his return, and how these plans for the future consoled me at the idea of his absence, for I loved him dearly, Philip,—he was always good and kind to me; and after he had sailed, how I longed for his return. The lot of a sailor's wife is not to be envied. Alone and solitary for so many months, watching the long wick of the candle and listening to the howling of the wind—foreboding evil and accident—wreck and widowhood. He had been gone about six months, Philip, and there was still a long, dreary year to wait before I could expect him back. One night, you, my child, were fast asleep; you were my only solace—my comfort in my loneliness. I had been watching over you in your little slumbers; you smiled and half pronounced the name of mother, and at last I had kissed your unconscious lips, and I had knelt and prayed—prayed for God's blessing on you, my child, and upon him too,—little thinking, at the time, that he was so horribly, so fearfully CURSED."

The widow paused for breath, and then resumed. Philip could not speak. His lips were sundered, and his eyes rivetted upon his mother, as he devoured her words.

"I left you and went down stairs into that room, Philip, which, since that dreadful night, has never been re-opened. I sate me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale blows a sailor's wife can seldom sleep. It was past midnight, and the rain poured down. I felt unusual fear,—I knew not why. I rose from the couch

and dipped my finger in the blessed water, and I crossed myself. A violent gust of wind roared round the house, and alarmed me still more. I had a painful, horrible foreboding: when of a sudden the windows and window-shutters were all blown in, the light extinguished, and I was left in utter darkness. I screamed with fright; but at last I recovered myself, and was proceeding towards the window that I might reclose it, when whom should I behold, slowly entering at the casement, but—your father,—Philip!—Yes, Philip,—it was your father!"

"Merciful God!" muttered Philip, in a low tone almost subdued into a whisper.

"I knew not what to think,—he was in the room; and although the darkness was intense, his form and features were as clear and as defined as if it were noon-day. Fear would have inclined me to recoil,—his loved presence to fly towards him. I remained on the spot where I was, choked with agonizing sensations,—when he had entered the room, the windows and shutters closed of themselves, and the candle was relighted—then I thought it was his apparition, and I fainted on the floor.

"When I recovered I found myself on the couch, and perceived that a cold (oh, how cold!) and dripping hand was clasped in mine. This reassured me, and I forgot the supernatural attendance on his appearance. I imagined that he had been unfortunate, and had returned home. I opened my eyes, and beheld my loved husband, and threw myself into his arms. His clothes were saturated with the rain; I felt as if I had embraced ice—but there's naught can check the warmth of woman's love, Philip. He received my caresses, but he caressed not again: he spoke not, but looked thoughtful, and unhappy. 'William—William,' cried I; 'speak, Vanderdecken, speak to your dear Catherine.'

"'I will,' replied he, solemnly, 'for my time is short.'

"'No, no, you must not go to sea again; you have lost your vessel, but you are safe. Have I not you again?'

"'Alas! no—be not alarmed, but listen, for my time is short. I have not lost my veseel, Catherine, but I have lost ALL. Make no reply, but listen; I am not dead, nor yet am I alive. I hover between this world and the world of Spirits. Mark me.'

"'For nine weeks did I try to force my passage against the elements round the stormy Cape, but without success; and I swore terribly. For nine weeks more did I carry sail against the adverse winds and currents, and yet could gain no ground; and then I blasphemed,—aye, terribly blasphemed. Yet still I persevered: the crew, worn out with long fatigue, would have had me return to the Table Bay; but I refused; nay, more, I became a murderer—unintentionally, it is true, but still a murderer, for the pilot opposed me, and persuaded the men to bind me, and in the excess of my fury, when he took me by the collar, I struck at him, he reeled; and with the sudden lurch of the vessel, he fell overboard, and sank. Even this fearful death did not restrain me; and I swore by the fragment of the Holy Cross, preserved in that relic now hanging round your neck, and which I purchased for you at so high a price, that I would gain my point in defiance of storm and seas, of lightning, of heaven, or of hell, even if I should beat about until the Day of Judgment.

"'My oath was registered in thunder, and in streams of sulphurous fire. The hurricane burst upon the ship, the canvass flew away in

ribands; mountains of seas swept over us, and in the centre of a deep, o'erhanging cloud which shrouded all in utter darkness, were written in letters of livid flame, these words—UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"'Listen to me, Catherine, my time is short. *One hope* alone remains, and for this am I permitted to come here. Take this letter.' He put a sealed paper on the table. 'Read it, Catherine, dear, and try if you can assist me. Read it, and now farewell—my time is come.'

"Again the window and window-shutters burst open—again the light was extinguished, and his form was wafted as it were from off the sofa into the dark expanse. I started up and followed it with outstretched arms and frantic screams as it sailed through the window;—my glaring eyes beheld his form borne away like lightning on the wings of the wild gale, till it was lost as a speck of light, and then it disappeared. Again the windows closed, the light burned, and I was left alone!"

"Heaven, have mercy! My brain!—my brain!—Philip!—Philip!" shrieked the poor woman; "don't leave me—don't—don't—pray don't!"

During these exclamations the frantic widow had raised herself from the bed, and, at the last, had fallen into the arms of her son. She remained there some minutes without motion. After a time Philip felt alarmed at her long quiescence; he laid her gently down upon the bed, and, in his so doing, her head fell back—her eyes were turned—the widow Vanderdecken was no more!

CHAPTER II.

Philip Vanderdecken, strong as he was in mental courage, was almost paralysed with the shock when he discovered that his mother's spirit had fled; and for some time he remained by the side of the bed with his eyes fixed upon the corpse, and his brain in a state of vacuity. Gradually he recovered himself; he rose, smoothed down the pillow, closed her eyelids, and then clasping his hands, the tears trickled down his manly cheeks. He impressed a solemn kiss upon the pale white forehead of the departed, and drew the curtains round the bed.

"Poor mother!" said he, sorrowfully, as he completed his task, "at length thou hast found rest,—but thou hast left thy son a bitter legacy."

And as Philip's thoughts reverted to what had passed, the dreadful narrative whirled in his imagination and scathed his brain. He raised his hands to his temples, compressed them with force, and tried to collect his thoughts that he might decide upon what measures he should take. He felt that he had no time to indulge his grief. His mother was in peace; but his father—where was he?

He recalled his mother's words—"One hope alone remained." Then there was hope. His father had laid a paper on the table—could it be there now? Yes, it must be; his mother had not the courage to take it up. There was hope in that paper, and it had laid unopened for more than seventeen years.

Philip Vanderdecken resolved that he would examine the fatal chamber—at once he would know the worst. Should he do it now or wait till daylight?—but the key, where was it? His eyes rested upon an old

japanned cabinet in the room; he had never seen his mother open it in his presence; it was the only likely place of concealment that he was aware of. Prompt in all his decisions, he took up the candle and proceeded to examine it. It was not locked; the doors swung open, and drawer after drawer was examined, but Philip discovered not the object of his search; again and again did he open the drawers, but they were all empty. It occurred to Philip that there might be secret drawers, and he examined for some time in vain. At last he took out all the drawers, and laid them on the floor, and lifting the cabinet off its stand he shook it. A rattling sound in one corner told him that in all probability the key was there concealed. He renewed his attempts to discover how to gain it, but in vain. Daylight now streamed through the casements, andPhilip had not desisted from his attempts; at last, wearied out, he resolved to force the back panel of the cabinet; he descended to the kitchen, and returned with a small chopping-knife and hammer, and was on his knees busily employed forcing out the panel, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Philip started; he had been so occupied with his search and his wild chasing thoughts, that he had not heard the sound of an approaching footstep. He looked up and beheld the Father Seysen, the priest of the little parish, with his eyes sternly fixed upon him. The good man had been informed of the dangerous state of the widow Vanderdecken, and had risen at daylight to visit and afford her spiritual comfort.

"How now, my son," said the priest; "fearest thou not to disturb thy mother's rest? and would thou pilfer and purloin even before she is in her grave?"

"I fear not to disturb my mother's rest, good father," replied Philip, rising on his feet, "for she now rests with the blessed. Neither do I pilfer or purloin. It is not gold I seek, although if gold there were, that gold would now be mine. I seek but a key long hidden, I believe, within this secret drawer, the opening of which is a mystery beyond my art."

"Thy mother is no more, sayest thou, my son? and dead without receiving the rights of our Most Holy Church! Why didst thou not send for me?"

"She died, good father, suddenly—most suddenly, in these arms, about two hours ago. I fear not for her soul, although I can but grieve you were not at her side."

The priest gently opened the curtains and looked upon the corpse. He sprinkled holy water on the bed, and for a short time his lips were seen to move in silent prayer. He then turned round to Philip.

"Why do I see thee thus employed? and why so anxious to obtain that key? A mother's death should call forth filial tears and prayers for her repose. Yet are thine eyes dry, and thou art employed upon an indifferent search, while yet the tenement is warm which but now held her spirit. This is not seemly, Philip. What is the key thou seekest?"

"Father, I have no time for tears—no time to spare for grief or lamentation. I have much to do, and more to think of than thought can well embrace. That I loved my mother you know well."

"But the key thou seekest, Philip?"

"Father, it is the key of a chamber which has not been unlocked for years, which I must—will open; even if——"

"If what, my son?"

"I was about to say that I should not have said. Forgive me, father; I meant that I must search that chamber."

"I have long heard of that same chamber being closed; and that thy mother would not give the reason—I know well, for I have asked her, and have been denied. Nay, when, as in duty bound, I pressed the question, I found her reason was disordered by my importunity, and therefore I abandoned the idea. Some heavy weight was on thy mother's mind, my son, yet would she ne'er confess or trust it with me. Tell me, before she died, hadst thou this secret from her?"

"I had, most holy father."

"Wouldst thou not feel comfort if thou didst confide to me, my son? I might advise, assist——"

"Father, I would indeed—I could confide it to thee, and ask for thy assistance—I know 'tis not from curious feeling thou wouldst have it, but from a better motive. But of that which has been told it is not yet manifest—whether it is as my poor mother says, or but the phantom of a heated brain. Should it indeed be true, fain would I share the burthen with you—yet little you might thank me for the heavy load. But no—at least not now—it must not, cannot be revealed. I must do my work—enter that hated room alone."

"Fearest thou not?"

"Father, I fear nothing. I have a duty to perform—a dreadful one, I grant; but, I pray thee, ask no more; for, like my poor mother, I feel as if the probing of the wound would half unseat my reason."

"I will not press thee further, Philip. The time may come when I may prove of service. Farewell, my child; but I pray thee to discontinue thy unseemly labour, for I must send in thy female neighbours to perform the duties to thy departed mother, whose soul I trust is with its God."

The priest looked at Philip: he perceived that his thoughts were elsewhere, there was a vacancy and appearance of mental stupefaction, and as he turned away the good man shook his head.

"He is right," thought Philip, when once more alone; and he took up the cabinet and placed it upon the stand. "A few more hours can make no difference; I will lie me down, for my head is giddy."

Philip went into the adjoining room, threw himself upon his bed, and in a few minutes was in a sleep as sound as that permitted to the wretch a few hours previous to his execution.

During his slumbers the neighbours had come in and had prepared everything for the widow's interment. They had been careful not to wake the son, for they held as sacred the sleep of those who must wake up to sorrow. Among others, after noon arrived Mynheer Poots; he had been informed of the death of the widow, but having a spare hour, he thought he might as well call, as it would raise his charges to another guilder. He first went into the room where the body laid, and from thence he proceeded to the chamber of Philip, and shook him by the shoulder.

Philip awoke, and, sitting up, perceived the doctor standing by him.

"Well, Mynheer Vanderdecken," commenced the unfeeling little man, "so it's all over. I knew it would be so, and recollect you owe me now another guilder, and you promised faithfully to pay me; alto-

gether, with the potion, it will be three guilders and a half, that is, provided you return my phial."

Philip's senses, which at first waking were confused, gradually recovered themselves during this address.

"You shall have your three guilders and a half and your phial to boot, Mr. Poots," replied he, as he rose from off the bed.

"Yes, yes; I know you mean to pay me, if you can. But look you, Mynheer Philip, it may be some time before you sell the cottage. You may not find a customer. Now, I never wish to be hard upon people who have no money, and I'll tell you what I'll do. There is a something on your mother's neck. It is of no value, none at all, but to a good Catholic. To help you in your strait, I will take that thing, and then we shall be quits. You will have paid me, and there will be an end of it."

Philip listened calmly; he knew to what the little miser had referred,—the relic on his mother's neck. That very relic upon which his father swore the fatal oath. He felt that millions of guilders would not have induced him to part with it.

"Leave the house," answered he, abruptly. "Leave it immediately. Your money shall be paid."

Now Mynheer Poots, in the first place, knew that the setting of the relic, which was in a square frame of pure gold, was worth much more than the sum due to him; he also knew that a large price had been paid for it, for at that time such a relic was considered very valuable, and he had no doubt but that it would again fetch a considerable sum. Tempted by the sight of it when he had entered the chamber of death, he had taken it from the neck of the corpse, and it was then actually concealed in his bosom, so he replied—

"My offer is a good one, Mynheer Philip, and you had better take it. What use is such trash?"

"I tell you, no," cried Philip, in a rage.

"Well, then, you will let me have it in my possession till I am paid, Mynheer Vanderdecken,—that is but fair. I must not lose my money. When you bring me my three guilders and a half and the phial, I will return it to you."

Philip's indignation was now without bounds. He seized Mynheer Poots by the collar and threw him out of the door. "Away immediately," cried he, "or by——"

There was no occasion for Philip to finish by imprecation. The doctor had hastened away with such alarm, that he fell down half the steps of the staircase, and was limping away across the bridge. He almost wished that the relic had not been in his possession; but his sudden retreat had prevented him, even if so inclined, from replacing it from where he had taken it.

The result of this conversation naturally turned Philip's thoughts to the relic, and he went into his mother's room to take possession of it. He opened the curtains, the corpse was laid out, he put forth his hand to untie the black riband. It was not there. "Gone!" exclaimed Philip. "They hardly would have removed it—never would have—— It must be that villain Poots—wretch; but I will have it if he has swallowed it, if I tear him limb from limb."

Philip darted down the stairs, rushed out of the house, cleared the

most at one bound, and without coat or hat flew away in the direction of the doctor's lonely residence. The neighbours saw him as he passed them like the wind; they wondered and they shook their heads. Mynheer Poots was not more than half way to his home, for he had hurt his ancle. Apprehensive of what might possibly take place if his theft was discovered, he occasionally had looked behind him, and the last time, to his horror, he beheld Philip Vanderdecken at a distance bounding in his career. Frightened almost out of his senses, the wretched pilferer hardly knew how to act; to stop and surrender up the stolen property was the first idea, but fear of Vanderdecken's violence prevented him, so he decided to take to his heels, hoping to gain his house and barricade himself in, by which means he would be in a condition to hold possession, or at all events to make better terms.

Mynheer Poots had need to run fast, and so he did; his thin legs bearing his shrivelled form rapidly over the ground. But Philip, who, when he witnessed the doctor's attempt to escape, was fully convinced that he was the culprit, redoubled his exertions, and rapidly came up with the chase. When within a hundred yards of his own door, Mynheer Poots heard the bounding step of Philip nearer and nearer to him and he sprung and leaped in his agony. Nearer and nearer still, until at last he heard the very breathing of his pursuer, and Poots shrieked in his fear, like the hare in the jaws of the greyhound. Philip was not a yard from him; his hand was outstretched when the miscreant dropped down paralyzed with terror, and the impetus of Vanderdecken was so great, that he passed over his body, tripped, and after trying in vain to recover his equilibrium for several yards, he fell and rolled over and over. This saved the little doctor—it was like the double of a hare. In a second he was again on his legs, and before Philip could rise and again exert his speed, Poots had gained his door and bolted it within. Philip was, however, determined to repossess the important treasure; and as he panted, he cast his eyes around to see if any means offered for his forcing his entrance into the house. But as the habitation of the doctor was lonely, every precaution had been taken by him to render it secure against robbery; the windows below were well barricaded and secured, and those on the upper story were too high for any one to obtain admittance.

We must here observe that, although Mynheer Poots was in good practice from his known abilities, his reputation as a heard-hearted, unfeeling miser was well established. No one was ever permitted to enter his threshold, nor, indeed, did any one feel inclined. He was as isolated from his fellow-creatures as was his tenement, and was only to be seen in the chamber of disease and death. What his establishment consisted of was not known. When he first came into the locality, an old decrepit woman occasionally answered the knocks given at the door by those who summoned or required his services; but she had been buried some time, and ever since all calls at the door had been answered by Mynheer Poots in person, if he were at home, and if not, there was no reply to the most reiterated and importunate summons. It was then surmised that the old man lived entirely by himself, being too niggardly to pay for any assistance. This Philip also imagined; and as soon as he had recovered his breath, he began to devise some

scheme by which he would be enabled not only to recover the stolen property, but also to wreak a dire revenge.

The door was strong, and not to be forced by any means which presented themselves to the eye of Vanderdecken. For a few minutes he paused to consider, and as he reflected so did his anger cool down, and he decided that it would be sufficient to recover his relic without having recourse to violence. So he called out in a loud voice—

"Mynheer Poots, I know that you can hear me. Give me back what you have taken and I will do you no hurt; but if you will not, you must take the consequence, for your life shall pay the forfeit before I leave this spot."

This speech was indeed very plainly heard by Mynheer Poots, but the little miser had recovered from his fright, and thinking himself secure, could not make up his mind to surrender up the relic without a struggle; so the doctor answered not, hoping that the patience of Philip would be exhausted, and that by some arrangement, such as the sacrifice of a few guilders, to one so needy as Philip, he would be able to secure what he was satisfied would sell at a high price.

Vanderdecken finding that no answer was returned, indulged in strong invective, and then decided upon measures certainly in themselves by no means undecided.

There was part of a small stack of dry fodder standing not far from the house, and under the wall a pile of wood for firing. With these Vanderdecken resolved upon setting fire to the house, and thus, if he did not gain his relic, he would at least obtain ample revenge. He brought several armsful of fodder and laid them at the door of the house, and upon that he piled the faggots and logs of wood, until the door was quite concealed by them. He then struck a light with his amadou and flint, which every Dutchman carries in his pocket, and very soon he had fanned the pile into a flame; the smoke ascended in columns up to the rafters of the roof, while the fire raged below. The door was ignited and was adding to the fury of the flames, and Philip shouted with joy at the success of his attempt.

"Now miserable despoiler of the dead—now wretched thief, now you shall feel my vengeance," cried Philip, with a loud voice. "If you remain within, you perish in the flames; if you attempt to come out, you shall die by my hands. Do you hear, Mynheer Poots—do you hear?"

Hardly had Philip concluded this address, when the window of the upper floor furthest from the burning door was thrown open.

"Ay—you come now to beg and to entreat; but no—no," cried Philip—but here he stopped as he beheld at the window what he considered to be an apparition, for instead of the form of the wretched little miser, he beheld one of the loveliest of the other sex whon Nature ever deigned to mould. An angelic creature of about sixteen or seventeen, who appeared calm and resolute in all the danger with which she was threatened. Her long black hair was braided and twined round her beautifully-formed head; her eyes were large, intensely dark, yet soft. A lovelier oval face, from the dimpled chin to the thin-lipped, arched, and ruby mouth, the straight yet small nose to the high white forehead, could not well be imagined. It reminded you of what the best of painters have sometimes, in their more fortunate moments, succeeded

in embodying, when they would represent a beauteous saint. And as the flames wreathed and the smoke burst out in columns and swept past the window, so might she have reminded you in her calmness of demeanour of some martyr at the stake.

"What wouldst thou, violent young man? Why are the inmates of this house to suffer death by your means?" said the maiden, with composure.

For a few seconds Philip gazed and could make no reply; then the thought seized him that, in his vengeance, he was about to sacrifice so much loveliness. He forgot everything but her danger, and seizing a large pole out of those which he had brought to feed the flame, he threw off and scattered in every direction the burning masses, until there was nothing left but the ignited door itself which could hurt the building, and this which as yet—for it was of thick oak plank—had not suffered very material injury, he soon reduced, by beating it with clods of earth, to a smoking and harmless state. During these active measures on the part of Philip, the young female watched him in silence.

"All is safe now, young lady," said Philip. "God forgive me that I should have risked a life so precious. I thought but to wreak my vengeance upon Mynheer Poots."

"And what cause can Mynheer Poots have given for such dreadful vengeance?" replied the maiden, calmly.

"What cause, young lady? He came to my house—despoiled the dead—took from my mother's corpse a relic beyond price."

"Despoiled the dead—he surely cannot—you must wrong him, young Sir."

"No, no. It is the fact, lady,—and that relic—forgive me—but that relic I must have. You know not what depends upon it."

"Wait, young Sir," replied the maiden, "I will soon return."

Philip waited several minutes, lost in thought and admiration—so fair a creature in the house of Mynheer Poots. Who could she be? While thus ruminating, he was accosted by the silver voice of the object of his reveries, who, leaning out of the window, held in her hand the black riband to which was attached the article so dearly coveted.

"Here is your wish, young Sir," said the young female; "I regret much that my father should have done a deed which well might justify your anger: but here it is," continued she, dropping it down on the ground by Philip—"and now you may depart."

"Your father, maiden—can he be *your* father?" said Philip, forgetting to take up the relic which laid at his feet.

The young person would have retired from the window without reply, but Philip spoke again.

"Stop, lady, stop one moment, until I beg your forgiveness for my wild, foolish act. I swear by this sacred relic," continued he, taking it from the ground and raising it to his lips, "that had I known that any other unoffending person had been in the house, I would not have done the deed, and much do I rejoice that no harm hath happened. But there is still danger, lady; the door must be unbarred, and the jambs, which still are glowing, be extinguished, or the house may yet be burnt. Fear not for your father, maiden; for had he done me a thousand times more wrong, you will protect each hair upon his head.

He knows me well enough to know I keep my word. Allow me then to repair the injury I have occasioned, and then I will depart."

"No, no; don't trust him," said the voice of Mynheer Poots from within the chamber.

"Yes, he may be trusted," replied the daughter; "and his services are much needed, for what could a weak girl like me, and a still weaker father, do in this strait? Open the door and let the house be made secure." The maiden then addressed Philip—"He shall open the door, Sir, and I will thank you for your kind service. I trust entirely to your promise."

"I never yet was known to break my word, maiden," replied Philip; "but let him be quick, for the flames are bursting out again."

The door was opened by the trembling hands of Mynheer Poots, who then made a hasty retreat up-stairs. The truth of what Philip had said was then apparent. Many were the buckets of water which he was obliged to fetch before the fire was quite subdued; but during his exertions neither the daughter nor the father made their appearance.

When all was safe, Philip closed the door, and again looked up at the window. The fair girl made her appearance, and Philip, with a low obeisance, assured her that there was then no danger.

"I thank you, Sir," replied she—"I thank you much. Your conduct, although hasty at the first, has yet been most considerate."

"Assure your father, maiden, that all animosity on my part hath ceased, and that in a few days I will call and satisfy the demand he hath against me."

The window closed, and Philip, more excited but with different feelings than when he had set out, looked at it for a minute, and then bent his steps to his own cottage.

BALLAD.

How shall I woo thee, beautiful Spring?
  What shall my offering be?
Shall I search the abode of the ocean king;
  And a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?
Oh, no! for there shines in thy clustering curls,
The dew-drops of morning brighter than pearls.

Shall I seek the sweet south, where the balmy breeze
  Kisses lightly the cheek of her flowers?
Shall I bring them to thee with their perfumed leaves,
  And plant them within thy bowers?
Oh, no! for the violet that blooms at thy feet
Has a lovelier glow, and a breath more sweet.

How shall I woo thee, beautiful Spring?
  From whence shall my offering come?
Shall I echo the birds as they joyously sing
  In the groves of thy flowering home?
Oh, yes! for sweet music alone has the spell
To fathom the depths of thy leafy dell.

ANNE C. TURNBULL.

SCENES IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

No. II.—Old Times and Modern Times.

In an old-fashioned house near Askrigg, in the north riding of Yorkshire, Sir George and Lady Oldstyle were seated at breakfast on a fine morning in last September. Their only daughter, Fanny, was officiating at the smoking tea-urn; and a side table loaded with cold meat, game pies, &c., and a fire at each end of the large room (a very necessary addition in those latitudes even at this season) completed the comfortable picture. The view from the windows commanded in the distance abrupt hills which rose almost into the dignity of mountains, hanging woods, and bounding streams; and, in the more immediate neighbourhood of the house, a somewhat formal garden, which was, however, rendered gay by all the old-fashioned flowers which bloomed there in endless variety.

Suddenly the old woman who, in these remote parts, filled the character of post-woman, was seen crossing the garden, and endless were the speculations in the family party as to the letter of which she was the bearer.

"I declare, my dear," said the old Baronet, "here is Nanny with a letter for us: it is not newspaper day. I wonder whom it can be from?"

His *wonderings* were soon set at rest as the letter was put into his hands.

"Franked, I declare, though I can hardly read the signature: people do write such hands now-a-days. I think though the name is Morland."

"There is a Captain Morland, a member of parliament, papa," said Fanny; "son to your old friend, Lord Morland."

"Well, well, we will soon see:" and he read aloud.

"Ambleside, Sept. 2nd, 1836.

"Dear Sir,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you at my father's, Lord Morland's, when I was yet a boy, you were good enough to say that you hoped I should not forget your house if I came in that direction. I have just been making the tour of our beautiful English lakes, and as I have heard a great deal of the scenery of Wensleydale, I purpose returning that way; and, if your house should not happen to be full, should be delighted to pay you and Lady Oldstyle a visit *en passant*. I should propose the 9th, and hope you will use no more ceremony in saying if it should be inconvenient to you, than I have had in reminding you of your invitation.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours truly,

"William Morland."

"House full!" said Sir George, as he folded up the letter, "no great chance of that! I am sure I shall be very glad to see a son of Lord Morland's, even though it seems we owe his visit entirely to the beauty of our dales here. I think he might have said something of the pleasure of improving his acquaintance with so old a friend of his father's."

"Oh, papa," said Fanny, "it is not the fashion now to make fine speeches. He tells you the real reason of his coming this way, that you may not be surprised at his proposing himself."

"Well, well; I suppose you must know what is the fashion as you have been once to London; but I do not see that there would have been any harm in saying what was civil, and what he *ought* to feel: I am sure I should not have been a bit surprised."

"I suppose, my dear," said Lady Oldstyle, "we must write to accept his proposal?"

"To be sure, to be sure," said Sir George. "Fanny shall write for me; and do not forget to add, my dear, that I look forward with great pleasure to making acquaintance with the son of his father; you may say this, though it is not the fashion." So saying, he marched off to take a stroll through his favourite haunts.

Well, indeed, did Carperby Hall deserve all the affection with which the good Baronet, after a thirty years' almost uninterrupted sojourn there, regarded it. For those who find a pleasure in the *picturesque*, in "high wild hills and rough uneven ways," in "pathless woods," and leaping waterfalls, the neighbourhood of Aysgarth and Redmire could not fail to have charms; and it was only the fact of Wensleydale being so little frequented as not even to have a stage-coach through its various market towns, that made it rather a *triste séjour* for Fanny. As for Sir George and his lady, they were well satisfied to go on with their old occupations in their old ways, and as long as they had their merry little Fanny to play to them, read to them, and talk to them in the evenings, they were the happiest couple in Yorkshire, and felt that a strange guest was rather to be welcomed than desired.

On the afternoon of the 9th, the family party was all assembled in the library, having taken their exercise early and in the neighbourhood of the house, in order to ensure being ready to receive their visitor. Sir George did not give in to the opinion that the most hospitable way of treating a guest, who arrives for the first time, is to allow him to find his way into some deserted morning room, under the guidance of a servant, there to amuse himself with the newspapers till he feels inclined to retire to his room, where he may while away his time till dinner, and then descend to a room full of strangers. No, no; he thought the earlier he took an opportunity of assuring his guests that they were welcome, and of showing it to them by his manner, the better. He had, therefore, been some time seated with his family, and was paying the sure penalty for his old-fashioned notions, and for the rarity of such an event as the arrival of a stranger, by putting himself into rather a fuss. For the seventh time he had exclaimed, "There he is!" and for the seventh time had discovered that it was only the roller which the gardener had chosen this particular afternoon to bring into play, effecting at certain intervals, as he ran it down a slope in the gravel walk, a most successful imitation of a carriage.

For the fifth time this afternoon the worthy baronet began wondering "what sort of a chap the new guest would be;" adding, however, for the first time, "but, by-the-by, Fanny, you very likely heard something about him when you were in London this summer. Did you see him, my dear?"

Fanny avoided the first question, and replied—

"Yes, I did see him once, at that great fancy ball for the Academy of Music."

"Well, but what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Oh! he's good looking, certainly."

"Pooh! I didn't mean that. What *sort* of person?"

"Oh! I don't know him, Papa."

"Well, but what do people say of him?"

"Oh! they say he's rather *fine!*"

"*Fine!* what's that?"

"Why, I hardly know what to say; I should not think it was a compliment, and yet I don't believe people are much affronted when they are accused of it."

"Well, but I suppose it means something. What do *you* understand by it? Come, come, Fanny, you must let us profit by your London experience. None of your unknown tongues here. What do they mean now-a-days when they say that a man is *fine?*"

"Why, Papa, some would tell you it is when a person feels and displays contempt for every person or thing out of his own sphere of excellence. I believe, however, it is when he does not *take* equally to every one he meets, and seems not to mind (or cannot help) showing it. At all events, it appears to imply superiority either real or imaginary, and that is the reason, I suppose, why people do not dislike being taxed with it."

"Upon my word, my little Fanny," said Sir George, "you quite outdo Dr. Johnson in definitions, and certainly you do not seem to think the Captain the worse for being *fine*. But if it means, as I suspect, that a man gives himself *airs* when chance throws him out of his usual set, I shall very soon give my young friend a hint that it will be much easier for him to change his quarters than alter my ways. No, no, I am too old for that. Fine, indeed! Well, I almost wish—But no matter."

The half-hour bell now rang, and Sir George having again inquired whether they had mentioned the dinner hour in the letter to Captain Morland, told the ladies to go up-stairs to dress, and that he would stay to welcome his guest. Left to himself, he opened all the doors between the library and the hall, and walked up and down, with his hands behind him, stopping for a few minutes each time, he reached the hall-door to listen for the sound of wheels. At last, within ten minutes of the dinner hour, the door-bell sounded, and Sir George shook most warmly by the hand, a good-looking young man, who, having already heard from the servants that the dressing-bell had rung, began to make his apologies.

"Very sorry to be so late, my dear Sir, but I know that in a country-house the nominal dinner hour is never the real one, so I——"

"I always dine at the hour I say," interrupted the Baronet.

"Oh, very well then," glancing at the clock and lighting his candle, "better lose no more time apologizing; the fact is though," (as they walked up stairs) "that I could not resist stopping to sketch the effect of sunset in one of your beautiful valleys close by here."

This was unluckily not striking a kindred chord in the bosom of Sir George, as he was not particularly strong in his love for the picturesque; he however replied—

"I sent the ladies to dress—I thought you would excuse their being here to receive you."

"My dear Sir George! I only wish you had also gone yourself."

"No, no, young gentleman, we are rather rough people in this out-

of-the-way place, but not quite so rough as that. No, no; perhaps you may not get much here, but at least you will get a hospitable welcome; and now let me again assure you how glad I am to see you, and leave you to wash your hands."

"Wash my hands!" said Captain Morland, as the door closed on the old Baronet; "no, no, I must dress a little more than that, even if there were no one in the house but the fair Fanny, whose acquaintance I have yet to make. By-the-by, Wilson," (to his servant) "have you made out yet who are staying in the house?"

"There's nobody, Sir, except the family; Sir George, Lady, and Miss Oldstyle."

At this moment the sound of wheels was heard, and another ring at the door-bell.

"There now, Wilson, I do not want anything more just at present; go down and find out the name of the new arrival, and bring me word, as usual, when they begin to put the dishes on the table."

In a few minutes Wilson returned with his information.

"If you please, Sir, I've been down, and I find the new arrival is only Dr. Dawkins, the Vicar, come to dinner, and the dishes have been some time on the table, and they are all only waiting for you."

Captain Morland, who had every wish to do everything that was civil, provided he did it in his own way, hurried on everything almost any way, and ran down stairs. He found the family party standing at the drawing-room door, like race-horses ready for a start that have only been delayed by the absence of one that has been late in saddling. The Doctor had already the young lady on his arm, and the introduction of the Captain to Lady Oldstyle was hardly effected before he found himself heading the "*dual*" procession across the hall to dinner. On their arrival in the dining-room he was just going to seat himself, when the Baronet interposed.

"I think, Captain, after waiting so long, we may just allow the Doctor here to say grace; it is an old fashion I've got, but I like to have grace said when I can get hold of a parson to do it."

When they sat down Morland expressed his regrets that they had waited for him.

"Why, my dear Captain," said the good Sir George, "the only way to prevent our waiting for you would have been to come down in time. I like to introduce my guests to my dining-room myself. I know what it is to arrive in a room and find everybody seated at dinner. I don't know anything that makes a man look more foolish."

"You had no accident on your journey, I hope," said Lady Oldstyle, willing to change the subject.

"Not one to boast of, I am afraid."

"No!" said the baronet; "the ladies will, I think, be rather surprised when they hear what delayed you. The fact was, there was such a beautiful sunset, that the Captain could not resist sitting down at the roadside, like a sign-painter, to draw it."

Morland laughed very heartily and very good-humouredly at the old gentleman's description; and by that means made considerable progress in his favour. Miss Oldstyle now remarked that she was glad to hear that Captain Morland was an artist, and that she hoped he would make some sketches during his stay there.

"Oh, my dear Fanny," cried the Baronet, "I hope we shall find our young friend something better to do than that; I have kept three of the best beats untouched till he came, and we'll give the partridges a regular *rattling*."

"Talking of your dales," said Morland, "the people who inhabit them seem to be quite a primitive race,—a nice quiet set."

"Why, as to their being quiet," said Sir George, with a look of importance, "I can tell you that they sometimes give me a great deal of trouble as a magistrate."

"Oh, aye; all that justice business must be a great *bore*."

"Justice business a *bore!*" said the Baronet, with a look of horror, for to him it formed the excitement of a monotonous life.

"Justice business a *bore!*" said Lady Oldstyle, who considered it to be the point in which lay her husband's greatest dignity.

Fanny only smiled, and, unluckily, it was to Fanny that the Captain was looking, he, therefore, proceeded without being aware of the scrape into which he had got: "Oh, no; I don't mean that it's a bore when you have some good interesting murder to inquire into." This he said with a tone of mock seriousness which was quite thrown away on the matter-of-fact Baronet, who merely looked puzzled. "I only meant," continued the Captain, "when I said that justice business was a bore, to allude to the necessity of being arbiter in all the disputes between the old women of the parish."

The Baronet, who piqued himself on his skill in such matters, cut the discussion short by saying, "I rather think, my young friend, you are talking on a subject about which you have not had much experience."

The conversation now turned on other topics; and the new guest, who had "*un art infini pour tirer de chaque question tout le parti possible*," exerted himself most successfully. He had tact enough to talk on matters which would, without *boring* the ladies, be interesting to the Baronet and the good Vicar; he became very popular with all parties, and Lady Oldstyle honoured the gentlemen with a longer stay than usual.

When they were at last left to themselves, Sir George watched with some impatience and uneasiness the progress of his young friend through a very melting pear; and the moment he had finished, said, "And now, Captain Morland, if you please, I will ring, and have all this rubbish (glancing contemptuously at the dessert) removed, get a table by the fire, and have in a fresh bottle of claret, unless you like anything better."

"Oh, no, not for me, thank you, Sir George, I have done."

"Done! Why, you have not yet begun. I am sure you must want some good wine after all that cold pear," he added, with a very expressive look of horror.

"Well, thank you, then I think I will just take a glass of sherry."

"Sherry! will you? Why, I am almost afraid there is no sherry in the room; there is, indeed, some excellent old madeira that has been in bottle these thirty years; and has gone twice to the Indies: I thought everybody liked that best. I *have* indeed some sherry in the room at dinner, for those who like to take wine with their water, or their pudding. However, we will soon have it up again."

"Oh, no, not for the world, on my account; I should be quite sorry not to taste your old madeira."

"Well—well, please yourself; and it's no great hardship, after all, but mind you do which you like best, this is Liberty Hall."

Having said this with the slightest possible asperity of tone, the old gentleman directed his conversation for some little time, entirely to the vicar, leaving the captain to sip his madeira in silence. As, however, ill-humour never lasted very long with him, and his guest had already made a favourable impression on him in other ways, he very soon said, "Well, doctor, which beat shall I take the captain to-morrow; there's Hovendon, Pudsybrow, and Taffrillgap?"

"All swarming with partridges," said the silent Vicar.

"And not a gun fired at one of them this year," said the Baronet, with a look of triumph, to his guest.

"You had better begin with the furthest, if it is a fine day," said the Vicar.

"What say you, my young friend?" cried the kind-hearted old man; "are you up to a ride of six or eight miles by eight to-morrow morning? All over my own estate; see 'em all feeding as we go along?"

Now, the fact was, Captain Morland, though a keen sportsman, and a good shot, had not exactly taken his tour in this particular direction for the sake of popping at partridges, but had been led, partly by the wish of seeing the beautiful scenery of Wensleydale, the falls of Carparby, Askrigg, &c., and partly to pass a few days in the house with the pretty Miss Oldstyle, by whose beauty he had been much struck in London. The present proposal of the excellent old baronet did not seem to further either of his projects, he therefore simply replied, as was indeed the fact, "Why, I am sorry to say that my gun will not yet have arrived from Cumberland."

"My dear fellow, you shall have as good a killer as old Nock ever made. I used to call it my *Nock*, but now it always goes by the name of my *Nock-down*, so you may imagine what a slaughterer it is."

"I am afraid my shooting things are with my gun."

"Well—well, we'll set you up there too. I believe I've got every shooting-jacket that has ever been made for me, so it's hard if we can't find a jacket to fit you, and a pair of gaiters that you can button on your young legs;" and the Baronet looked down with complacency on his own calves, set off as they were by the white silk stockings and nankeens which decked them.

Morland now saw that there was no refuge but in a decided answer, he therefore replied, "The fact is, my dear Sir George, that I have got so fond of my sketch book, I shall not be easy till I have transferred to it the views in the immediate neighbourhood. After I have done *that*, I shall be delighted, on a future day, to accompany you in your shooting to some more remote parts, where I shall, no doubt, find other subjects."

The Baronet's countenance fell at this speech, and he answered, very dryly, "Oh, well, if you really mean, that you had rather go about the country drawing, than have the first of the shooting at Pudsybrow, of

course you will do so. I only *did* think, though, it seems, I was wrong, that you *might* like to secure the partridges while you could get *at* them. Your cascades won't run away. The birds will very soon get wild; and all these hills and mountains won't get a bit wilder than they are —as Heaven knows there's no occasion they should—that was all I meant."

"I am sure you are very good, and I am much obliged to you," said Morland, who was not one of those weak persons who, after incurring all the odium of having a different opinion on any point, suffer themselves to be talked out of it. He did not feel inclined to give up his point after having had his fight for it.

Sir George was silent for a few moments, and at last turned to the Vicar, with the short tone of a man who had by no means recovered his good humour, saying, "Perhaps *you*, Doctor, would like to accompany me to-morrow?"

"I should be delighted; nothing I should like better," said the Vicar.

"Well then, as Captain Morland will not help himself to more wine, perhaps we may as well go in to coffee." And so they did; the clouds on his brow not being sufficiently dispersed to prevent the kind-hearted Fanny, who looked up for that very purpose on their entrance, from perceiving that something had gone a little wrong.

As soon as coffee was over, Dr. Dawkins approached Fanny with his usual petition at that period of the evening, couched in the same terms night after night—

"Will my fair pupil give her master another beating at chess this evening?"

Fanny would have given anything to have refused for only this once; she naturally wished to have a little more of the rare enjoyment at the Hall of the society of a clever, well-informed, and agreeable guest. She was not, however, used to consider merely her own feelings and wishes, and she thought it would be a sort of treachery to her old friend to disappoint him on this the first occasion of her wishing to be otherwise employed. She therefore immediately began placing the men. Poor Morland, who was not under nearly such good self-discipline, looked almost angry (without having any right to be so) at this arrangement; and as Sir George was not disposed to be very talkative, and as Lady Oldstyle, though an "excellent creature," really had it not in her to lead a conversation herself, the evening was not very lively. Sir George, who had been defrauded of a full quarter of an hour usually devoted to quiet repose in the dining-room, was leaning back in his arm-chair. His eyes fell from time to time on his guest's dress, and as his French-polished boots glistening in the fire-light, and his long black neckcloth, and delicately-wrought gold chain, severally attracted his notice, they drew from the meditating Baronet sundry low, but expressive *grunts* of disapprobation. The latter part of the evening was principally passed by the Captain in uneasy strides from the clock to the chess-table. Each peep at the latter, however, only served to convince him that the game was one of those that might last almost any time. He was just thinking whether he could, without affronting them, do as he might very well in a larger party have done, viz., go up to his

own room for the night, when the Baronet, across whose mind no such thoughts had been passing, but who saw his guest in an unsettled state, cried out to him from his seat by the fire—

"Now, Captain, do just what you like, you know."

Morland was just opposite the bed-candles, and this seemed an answer to all his doubts.

"Well then," said he, "as I have been travelling so far to-day, and have several letters to write to-night, I will wish you all good night."

"To bed! are you going to bed?" said the Baronet; "well, good night, but shall you know your room again?"

"Why perhaps I had better ring for a servant, if you will allow me?"

"Indeed, I shall allow no such thing while I have legs to accompany you. I shall be down in a minute, Doctor, after I have conducted our sleepy friend here."

Whether it was that there was something in the tone of the last speech which convinced the good-natured, kind, little Fanny that her father was not quite satisfied with his guest, or that the excitement of such an event as the arrival of a stranger in their usually quiet family, had made her thoughts wander from the game, I know not; but certain it is that the doors were hardly closed upon the gentlemen when she made a blunder in her game, of which her adversary was not slow to take advantage; and, by the time Sir George came down, the successful Vicar was employed in sliding the lid of the box on the conquering and conquered men, and in pouring forth the usual compliments to Fanny on "the capital struggle she had made." His gig was now announced, and he left the family party at full liberty to talk over the new guest.

"Well, my dear Fanny," began the Baronet, "you certainly were right in saying that this Captain Morland is not a little *fine*."

"My dear Papa, *I* didn't say he was fine; I only said he had the reputation of being fine."

"No, of course you couldn't say so, as you didn't know him."

"No; but he does not come within my idea of a person who is fine."

"Well, well, then I suppose he is not fine; but I am afraid he is too fine for us; I do not know how we shall get on with him, if he could not even bear us through *one* evening."

"Oh but, Papa, the first evening is just the one which is most difficult, particularly when people have very different habits."

"Yes, *indeed*, very different habits," said Sir George. "What do you think, my dear, of his having refused *plump* to go out shooting to-morrow at Pudsybrow, and merely because he says he is fond of sketching?"

"It was very odd taste, certainly," said Fanny, smiling, but by no means contemptuously; "but you know you always say you like to see people enjoy themselves."

"Yes, so I do; but I like it to be in the way *I* suggest," because then I am sure they *do* enjoy themselves."

"Are they not still more likely to amuse themselves," said Fanny, looking at him archly, "if they do it their *own* way?"

"Well, I'll not argue the point with you, my little Fanny," said he, kissing her; "you know I always like *you* to do what *you* like best; and, with all that, I can't succeed in spoiling you. And yet," he continued, in a tone in which the remains of ill-humour struggled with his returning good temper, "one cannot quite like a young fellow who keeps one waiting a quarter of an hour for dinner, and then comes down in his shining boots and long black neckcloth, as if he had not dressed at all; who calls justice business a *bore*, and who has no idea of drinking his wine like a man!"

"Come, come, my *dear*, dear Papa, that is not like you," said the peacemaking Fanny; "you generally try to find out what you *can* like in a new acquaintance, and *now* you are choosing out, and making matters of accusation against him all the mere differences which belong to the altered customs and manners of the day. If he employs himself about us the same way this evening, what a cold unfriendly meeting we should have at breakfast to-morrow! No, no; if we judge him fairly, I have no doubt we shall find out as many good qualities in our new guest as he will, I am *quite* sure, discover in his host."

Whether these kind anticipations, which were expressed as they walked up stairs for the night, were doomed to be realized, still remains to be seen.

E.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

TO AN ACTOR.

I venture this advice to U.,
On entering O.P., mind your Q.;
Strive to X. L.; or men of spirit
Will quickly W. in merit.
If these my hints are rightly prized,
You'll on your shoulders keep A. Y. Z.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

" Malgré l'opiniâtreté des hommes, à louer l'antique aux depens du moderne, il faut avouer qu'en tout genre, les premiers essais sont toujours grossiers."

Le monde comme il va.

" Oh ! Time, oh ! age, oh ! isle,
Where flatterers, fools, and fiddlers are rewarded,
While virtue starves unpitied, unregarded."

Drummond of Hawthornden.

It is a great question that has been started, to distract mankind and to set them together by the ears, between the *laudatores temporis acti*,—the eulogizers of the wisdom of our ancestors, and the movement party, with its train of optimists, millenniumites, and other indescribable shades and varieties of perfectibility-men, moral, religious, social, and political. Great is the company of the preachers on both sides, and loud their clamour. Marvellous, too, are the fortunes that have been made, and that are still making, by a judicious advocacy of either opinion. Some, by embracing one faction, and sticking to it, " through good report and through evil report," (for such is the fashionable formula in that case made and provided,) contrive, in the end, to work their way to the front ranks of society. Others, more adroit, discover the shorter cut to success, through an opportune change of sides; adopting an opinion, not from any peculiar respect or affection, but as a marketable commodity; and, less for present use, than with an eye to future barter. For, when a man has neither personal merit, nor endowment to make him worth a minister's purchase, treason to a party, and to self-respect, will seldom fail to egg on the bidder. The thing is of everyday occurrence, and nothing is more common than to witness a Serjeant Eithersides of a lawyer, ratting himself into the ermine, or running himself into the harbour of office by a sudden and judicious *tack* in a hard squall. Sometimes, indeed (to change the metaphor), an unlucky ground and lofty tumbler, less perfect in his art, will trip in attempting, *mal-à-propos*, the *saut perilleux*, and come to the earth with a crash, like the poor rope-dancer at Covent Garden. But then, how often, through some unforeseen accident, does the political Antæus arise again from his prostration, a giant refreshed with wine. For it is observable that in the market of parties, the last comer is always the most welcome; and the highest prices are ever reserved for the commodities least to be depended upon.

It is, it must be, a great question, that is the making of so many; but infinitely greater is it, in its relations to the misfortunes of mankind, of which it hath been the prolific occasion. How many kings has it toppled from their thrones, and " sent to the son-in-law of Ceres by a bloody death !" How many goodly establishments has it levelled with the dust! What armies has it brought into the field, and left there! What towns has it sacked; what countries ravaged; what populations has it parcelled and re-parcelled; what estates confiscated; what nations has it rendered insolvent; what royal merchants bankrupted and overthrown! We say nothing of the pamphlets to which it has given birth, the speeches it has prompted, or the leading articles it has thrown off, to the great wear and tear of eyes, and the seething of the brains of his Majesty's

lieges. Wonderful, too, are the phenomena of which this question is the cause, and expansive the sphere of its miraculous energies. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* What but this vast war of opinions has broken up the East India monopoly, and cheapened the washerwoman's "shouchong?" What but this raised the interest of exchequer bills? Has it not, also, in one place, brought negroes to a discount, and, in another, raised freeholders to a ruinous premium? Has it not cheapened port wine, and given fresh value to Indian rubber; made iron "look upwards," and Spanish bonds "the other way, the other way?" Now, we behold it stirring up the Arabs with a long pole, stiffening their weak intellects with cast-iron ships, and, outstripping the miracle of Ulysses, by bottling up every wind in the heavens in a steam-boiler. Now, we see it in full march to Mexico, to snip the isthmus of Darien in two, like a tailor's waxed thread; now, again, it disturbs the mighty monarch of the celestial empire with visions of missionaries and of opium-smugglers; or it frightens the kangaroos in Australia from their propriety, by an invasion of ragged Patlanders, and of riflemen from Spitalfields. Meanwhile, it is busy overrunning Ireland with paper; and is equally industrious in shipping the gold to New York and to Philadelphia. Again, we find it equipping the Turks with hats and breeches; while, by way of a *per contra*, it converts the Knights (*chevaliers*) of France into Deys of Algiers.

But were we to attempt enumerating all the "gestes and feates" of the several parties engaged in this conflict, paper and patience would alike fail us. Neither will we enter upon its debatable ground. We have our own opinion on the subject, like others (or rather, perhaps, unlike others); and in proper time and place have no objection to perorating "anent the same;" but at present, as the Frenchman said, "we are frying oder littel fishes." We shall not, therefore, either excite our readers' organs of veneration, nor tickle their organs of destructiveness. All that at present concerns us in the squabble is to reprehend the levity and thoughtlessness with which the disputants on both sides alike, abuse the times we live in; and in their zeal either for the past or for the future, belabour the unfortunate present with unmeasured vituperation.

> "Misera etade, secolo infelice,
> Ove cosa non é che buona sia."—*Ariosto.*

On one hand stand the retrogrades, with their heads turned, and "chewing their pigtail;" on the other, push forward the movement men, with their noses in the air looking for Prince Posterity; but both club "their most sweet voices" to ballyrag the "ignorant present," and to load it with every indignity. "In these jacobinical and atheistical times," exclaims one party; "in these times of monopoly and exclusion," re-echoes the other; while even the most moderate and indifferent cannot withhold their sneer; but revile the passing hour as being (like themselves) neither fish nor flesh, and speak of it as belonging to "these times of transition."

We, who are professionally and professedly great lovers of justice, cannot look on these doings with indifference. Our affection is for the weak and the injured, and our sympathies for those who cannot help themselves. But above all, and beyond all, we are sturdy sticklers for the truth, whenever we are fortunate enough to stumble upon it; and

on all these accounts, we are impelled to undertake the advocacy of the times we live in; of which it is but the simple truth to declare that we have had infinitely more fun and enjoyment in them than in all other times put together. The universal disrepute into which they have fallen is but a part and parcel of the general ingratitude of mankind, and of their habitual disregard of the blessings which are accessible and easy of attainment. Familiarity, says the wisdom of nations, breeds contempt, while *omne ignotum pro magnifico est.* No wonder, then, that the great and little vulgar should deem more highly of the past (of which they know so little), or of the future (of which they know nothing), than of the present, which they smell, taste, see, touch, and hear; and to which they owe all the enjoyments they can snatch, and all the consideration they can extort. This is the less to be admired, when we reflect on the frequency with which some of the greatest and the best of the species have heretofore fallen into a similar error; and sought consolation in the suffrages of posterity, from the neglect of contemporaries. Not among the least improvements of these our times is the growing preference of our choice spirits for present pudding, rather than prospective praise—a preference not unaccompanied by a well-founded doubt, whether, in adopting an opposite course, the addresses to posterity would ever reach their destination.

To prove to demonstration the unreasonableness, not to say malignancy of these frequent disparagements of the present, let any one of the disgracious cavillers just imagine himself suddenly removed out of our "shocking bad" times, and flung back upon society, as it existed some two or three hundred years ago, or more. Let him ask himself, if he be a Guardsman, how he could move under his Milan plate-armour, or wield his two-handed sword?—if a traveller, whether he would not be embarrassed for want of his steam-boat, and his Macadamized turnpike-road? —if an exquisite, he must certainly lose some considerable time before he could learn to eat his dinner without a silver fork; and then, what execrable razors he would find to shave withal; and what an *hiatus deplorabilis* in the contents of his *necessaire, chose très superflue!* The playgoer, too, what a way would he be in, when forced to listen to Shakspeare, without the assistance of Stanfield's scenery, or of Mr. Ducrow's horses! The *Fanatico*, also, would miss his Opera; and, as the French cook refused three hundred a-year in Dublin, rather than forego that recreation, so would he insist on not remaining with his ancestors, and call out lustily for a return to Grisi, Tamburini, and 1837. Nay, it may be questioned whether the most brazen-faced Cockney would find himself quite at home, in the Cheapside *temp. Henrici 8vi.*, or retain a remnant of his customary modest assurance, in wandering amidst its overtopping houses, and projecting signs, on an unpaved highway, and lighted only by the occasional lantern of a saint or a Virgin. How he would stare at London Bridge covered with habitations!—how he would yearn for the dome of St. Paul's!—and how he would lose his way, for want of the monument as a guide-post! Let us figure to ourselves, also, the position of an alderman, thus miraculously antedated, when he called for his turtle, or his lady when looking in vain for her tea. Honey they would think a poor substitute for sugar; and there would be neither coffee nor newspaper to relish a breakfast. Then, he would have a heavy miss of his peptic persuaders, and she would sigh to no purpose for her Macassar oil, and her powder, "warranted to dye the hair of any required colour."

But the matter would be little minded when they turned from the *materiel* to the *spirituel*, and came in contact with the opinions, instead of the physical accommodations, of their ancestors. Fancy your ultra-radical "coming" the march of intellect over the sacred Majesty of James the First, or the Lords being "not content" with bluff old Harry. The eternal fitness of things would be wofully dislocated in such a contingency. The astronomer-royal, thus misplaced, would be sent to Bedlam, for asserting that the world turns round; and Sir Astley Cooper would be expelled the College, for maintaining the circulation of the blood. Methinks, too, we see the blush mantling on the cheek of the virgin Queen of ruffs and beefsteak breakfasts, if some of our modern lords and ladies, who must be nameless, ventured to *sauter la coupe*, by presenting themselves in her presence!

How it would fare with our grumblers, if this their removal from their own times were made in a forward, instead of a backward direction, we cannot take upon ourselves so expressly to declare. There are, however, several ingenious publications glancing at society in the year two thousand and something, which the " curious in fish-sauce " and futurity may consult, if they wish to elucidate the proposition. According to the best of these authorities, steam-engines will have superseded all human labour, their own fabrication inclusive. Now though we must admit that some of our actually existing gentlemen are dead hands at doing nothing, yet if a coal-heaver of 1837 were superseded by a machine, he would be sadly puzzled how to dispose of his leisure hours; and even an ordinary pains-taking attorney would risk " dying the death of the bored," if shoved forward a couple of centuries, into the age when Chancery bills shall be engrossed by a forty-horse power, and bills of cost be summed up by a Babbage. On the score of learning, the time is not far distant, we are told, when reading and writing will have become an universal habit, so inveterate in the system, that children will be born with their A B C about them, as the kittens of the dock-tail cat come into the world with the family failing of a *minus* proportion of caudal vertebræ. What then would become of a Hawtrey or a Drury of this our ignorant age, if he fell into conversation with a fourth-form boy of the wiser generation? How the lad would astonish him with quotations from classics not yet discovered, and with new readings from MSS. that are still buried in some unexplored Pompeii!

It is clear then, that the present times are made for us, and we for them; and if the calumniators of them will act wisely, they will follow our advice, and stay where they are, remembering always that "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" We protest that we are utterly at a loss to discover what such persons would have. We cannot see in what the present times are so deficient. We have searched the Patent Office, and cannot detect a single object of utility or pleasure, from a detonating duelling-pistol, to a Congreve rocket, which is not produced on the most unerring principles. We have tunnels to go under rivers, and suspension bridges to go over them; and instead of climbing up hills, we pass most unceremoniously through them. Let folks say what they like of the possible illumination of ages yet unborn, we defy them to transcend the lustre of our Lucifer matches; not to speak of our gas lights, our Drummond lights, our composition wax-lights, and the thousand-and-one sectarian new lights; and then, again—as if by way of compensation, and lest our eyes should be too much dazzled, we have

the discoveries in transcendental philosophy, our Champollion antiquities, our Bank-parlour mysteries, and our railroad speculations; in all which, Lynceus himself could not see an inch before him. How vast have been our more recent improvements in the art of life, is proved by the calculations of insuring offices; a fact the more lucky, because people must require to live long, when they have so much more to do with their time. How would our fashionables be enabled to look into the immense number of assemblies, balls, and music parties that they contrive "to do," with so much punctuality, if life were not considerably longer with them, than it was with the Lady Betty's, and Sir Harry's of George the First's time. Need we state, also, how near perfection we have arrived in morals major and minor. So, too, in that scarcely less essential morality which relates to behaviour, the jealous irritability, and impatience of contradiction of the old times, which formerly kept the world in hot water, have entirely disappeared. You may call your honourable friend what names you please, or even impeach his veracity, without his showing any very marked resentment. Whether this arises out of an improvement in social arrangements, which renders a lie perfectly innocent, or that it is an occurrence too ordinary to notice,—or, lastly, that mankind have risen above the prejudices of the *qu'en dira-t-on?* it were difficult to determine; but so it is: provided you disclaim all intention of personal disrespect, you may make an opponent out to be the greatest scoundrel on earth (politically) without offence to good breeding.

Our ancestors, it must be admitted, were not ignorant of some fine distinctions in morals. The power of good living has long been esteemed the test of moral goodness; and wealth was, in the earliest times (*Saturno rege*), a necessary adjunct to respectability. Ages have rolled away since the poet told us, that

> "Chi può stipar più il ventre e le mascelle
> Di pubbliche rapine, è più degno
> D'abitar su, nel ciel, fra l'altre stelle."

The last generation also clearly perceived the difference of obligation, which should be attached to a tailor's bill, or a demand for money lost on the turf; but then, a gentleman in his ignorance, would, in those days, have thought himself disgraced by appearing in an insolvent court; and he would have abstained from forgery, from dread of the gallows. How amazingly are we improved in all these particulars! It is clear from such premises, that the philosophers of the present times, if not able altogether to dispense with money, have liberated themselves, to a great extent, from the necessities connected with its use. Now, if there is an evil in the world, or "a root of evil," greater than all others, it is money, and the love of money. What may take place, in this respect, when the millennium shall come, it is not for us to say; but if we could only get the present generation to be as indifferent to other people's purses, as they are of their own, society would have nothing more to desire on that head.

Here we must stop for the present, though only at the threshold of our subject; contenting ourselves with reasserting, that we never saw such times, that there never were such times; and that we are determined to stick by them the end of our days,—in spite of the influenza.

LADY IMOGEN RAVELGOLD'S ROMANCE.

BY N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

"What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smother'd quick
With cassia; or be shot to death with pearls?"

Duchess of Malfy.

"I 've been i' the Indies twice, and seen strange things;
But two honest women! *one*, I read of once!"

Rule a Wife.

It was what is called by people on the Continent a "London day." A thin grey mist drizzled down through the smoke which darkened the long cavern of Fleet-street; the side-walks were slippery and clammy; the drays slid from side to side on the greasy pavement, creating a perpetual clamour among the lighter carriages with which they came in contact; the porters wondered that "gemmen" would carry their umbrellas up when there was no rain, and the gentlemen wondered that porters should be permitted upon the side-walk; there were passengers in box-coats though it was the first of May, and beggars with bare breasts though it was chilly as November; the boys were looking wistfully into the hosiers' windows, who were generally at the pastry-cooks'; and there were persons who wished to know the time, trying in vain to see the dial of St. Paul's through the gamboge-atmosphere.

It was twelve o'clock, and a plain chariot with a simple crest on the pannels slowly picked its way through the choked and disputed thoroughfare, east of Temple-bar. The smart glazed hat of the coachman, the well-fitted drab great-coat and gaiters of the footman, and the sort of half submissive, half-contemptuous look on both their faces (implying that they were bound to drive to the devil if it were Miladi's orders, but that the rabble of Fleet-street was a *leetle* too vulgar for their contact), expressed very plainly that the lady within was a denizen of a more privileged quarter, but had chosen a rainy day for some compulsory visit to "the city."

At the rate of perhaps a mile an hour, the well-groomed night-horses (a pair of smart, hardy, twelve-mile cobs, all bottom but little style, kept for night-work and forced journeys,) had threaded the tortuous entrails of London, and arrived at the arch of a dark court in Throgmorton-street. The coachman put his wheels snug against the edge of the side-walk to avoid being crushed by the passing drays, and settled his many-caped benjamin about him, while the footman spread his umbrella, and making a balustrade of his arm for his mistress's assistance, a closely-veiled lady descended and disappeared up the wet and ill-paved avenue.

The green-baize door of Firkins and Co. opened on its silent hinges and admitted the mysterious visiter, who, inquiring of the nearest clerk if the junior partner was in, was shown to a small inner room, containing a desk, two chairs, a coal-fire, and a young gentleman. The last article of furniture rose on the lady's entrance, and as she threw off her

veil, he made her a low bow with the air of a gentleman who is neither surprised nor embarrassed, and pushing aside the door-check they were left alone.

There was that forced complaisance in the lady's manner on her first entrance, which produced the slightest possible elevation in a very scornful lip owned by the junior partner; but the lady was only forty-five, high-born, and very handsome; and, as she looked at the fine specimen of Nature's nobility, who met her with a look as proud and yet as gentle as her own, the smoke of Fleet-street passed away from her memory, and she became natural and even gracious. The effect upon the junior partner was simply that of removing from his breast the shade of her first impression.

"I have brought you," said his visiter, drawing a card from her reticule, "an invitation to the Duchess of Hautaigle's ball. She sent me half-a-dozen to fill up for what she calls 'ornamentals,' and I am sure I shall scarce find another who comes so decidedly under her Grace's category."

The fair speaker had delivered this pretty speech in the sweetest and best-bred tone of St. James's, looking the while at the toe of the small *brodequin* which she held up to the fire, *perhaps* thinking only of drying it. As she concluded her sentence she turned to her companion for an answer, and was surprised at the impassive politeness of his bow of acknowledgment.

"I regret that I shall not be able to avail myself of your Ladyship's kindness," said the junior partner, in the same well-enunciated tone of courtesy.

"Then," replied the lady, with a smile, "Lord Augustus, who looks at himself all dinner-time in a spoon, will be the Apollo of the hour. What a pity such a handsome creature should be so vain! By the way, Mr. Firkins, you live without a looking-glass, I see."

"Your Ladyship reminds me that this is merely a place of business. May I ask at once what errand has procured me the honour of a visit on so unpleasant a day?"

A slight flush brightened the cheek and forehead of the beautiful woman, as she compressed her lips and forced herself to say, with affected ease, "the want of five hundred pounds."

The junior partner paused an instant, while the lady tapped with her boot upon the fender, in ill-dissembled anxiety, and then turning to his desk, he filled up the check without remark, presented it, and took his hat to wait on her to her carriage. A gleam of relief and pleasure shot over her countenance as she closed her small jewelled hand over it, followed immediately by a look of embarrassed inquiry into the face of the unquestioning banker.

"I am in your debt already ——"

"Thirty thousand pounds, Madam."

"And for this you think the securities on the estate of Rochland ——"

"Are worth nothing, Madam. But it rains. I regret that your Ladyship's carriage cannot come to the door. In the old-fashioned days of sedan chairs, the dark courts of Lothbury must have been more attractive than now. By the way, talking of Lothbury, there is Lady Roseberry's *fête champêtre* next week. If you should chance to have a spare card ——"

"Twenty, if you like. I am too happy—really, Mr. Firkins ——"

"It's on the 15th. I shall have the honour of seeing your Ladyship there. Good morning!" "Home!" cried the servant to the coachman.

"Does this man love me?" was Lady Ravelgold's first thought as she sank back in her returning chariot. "Yet, no! He was even rude in his haste to be rid of me. And I would willingly have stayed, too—for there is something about him of a mark I like: ay, and he must have seen it—or lighter encouragement has been interpreted more readily. Five hundred pounds! Really five hundred pounds! And thirty thousand at the back of it! What does he mean? Heavens, if he should be deeper than I thought! If he should wish to involve me first——"

And spite of the horror with which the thought was met in the mind of Lady Ravelgold, the blush over her forehead died away into a half smile and a brighter tint on her lips; and as the carriage wound slowly on through the confused press of Fleet-street and the Strand, the image of the handsome and haughty young banker shut her eyes from all sounds without; and she was at her own door in Grosvenor-square before she had changed position, or wandered for half a moment from the subject of those busy dreams.

II.

The morning of the 15th of May seemed to have been appointed by all the flowers as a jubilee of perfume and bloom. The birds had been invited, and warbled in the summer with a welcome as full-throated as a prima donna singing down the tenor in a duet; the most laggard buds turned out their hearts to the sunshine, and promised leaves on the morrow; and that portion of London which had been invited to Lady Roseberry's *fête* thought it a very fine day. That portion which was not, wondered how people would go sweltering about in such a glare for a cold dinner!

At about half-past two, a very elegant dark-green cab, without a crest, and with a servant, in whose slight figure and plain blue livery there was not a fault, whirled out at the gate of the Regent's Park, and took its way up the well-watered road leading to Hampstead. The gentlemen whom it met, or passed, turned to admire the performance of the dark-gray horse, and the ladies looked after the cab, as if they could see the handsome occupant once more through its leather back. Whether by conspiracy among the coachmakers, or by an aristocracy of taste, the degree of elegance in a turn-out attained by the cab just described, is usually confined to the acquaintances of Lady ——; that list being understood to enumerate all the "nice young men" about Town, besides Guards-men. (The *ton* of the latter, in all matters that affect the style of the regiment, is looked after by the club and the colonel.) The junior Firkins seemed an exception to this exclusive rule. No "nice men" could come from Lothbury, and he did not visit Lady ——; but his horse was faultless, and when he turned into the gate of Rose-Eden, the policeman at the porter's lodge, though he did not know him, thought it unnecessary to ask for his name. Away he spattered up the hilly avenue, and giving the reins to his groom at the end of a green arbour leading to the reception-lawn, he walked in, and made his bow to Lady Roseberry, who remarked, "How very handsome! Who can he be?" And the junior partner walked on, and disappeared down an avenue of laburnums.

Ah! but Rose-Eden looked a paradise that day! Hundreds had

passed across the close-shaven lawn with a bow to the lady-mistress of this fair abode; yet the grounds were still private enough for Milton's pair—so lost were they in the green labyrinths of hill and dale. Some had descended through heavily-shaded paths to a fancy dairy, built over a fountain in the bottom of a cool dell; and here, amid her milk-pans of old and costly china, the prettiest maid in the country round, pattered about upon a floor of Dutch tiles, and served her visiters with creams and ices,—Arcady, as it were, adapted to fashionable comprehension. Some had strayed to the ornamental cottages in the skirts of the flower-garden—poetical abodes built from a picturesque drawing, with imitation roughness, thatch, lattice-window, and low paling, all complete—and inhabited by superannuated dependants of Lord Roseberry, whose only duties were to look like patriarchs, and give tea and new cream-cheese to visiters on *fête* days. Some had gone to see the silver and gold pheasants in the wire-houses—stately aristocrats of the game-tribe, who carry their finely-pencilled feathers like "marmalet madams" strutting in hoop and farthingale. Some had gone to the kennels, to see setters and pointers, hounds, and terriers, lodged like gentlemen, each breed in its own apartment—the puppies, as elsewhere, treated with most attention. Some were in the flower-garden, some in the green-houses, some in the graperies, aviaries, and grottoes; and at the side of a bright sparkling fountain in the recesses of a fir-grove, with her foot upon its marble lip, and one hand on the shoulder of a small Cupid, who archly made a drinking-cup of his wing, and caught the bright water as it fell, stood Lady Imogen Ravelgold, the loveliest girl of nineteen that prayed night and morning within the circle of May-fair, listening to very passionate language from the young banker of Lothbury.

A bugle on the lawn rang a recall. From every alley, and by every path poured in the gay multitude, and the smooth sward looked like a plateau of animated flowers waked by magic from a broidery on green velvet. Ah! the beautiful *demi-toilettes!* so difficult to attain, yet, when attained, the dress most modest, most captivating, most worthy of the divine grace of woman. Those airy hats, sheltering from the sun, yet not enviously concealing a feature, or a ringlet that a painter would draw for his exhibition-picture! Those summary and shapely robes, covering the person more to show its outline better, and provoke more the worship, which, like all worship, is made more adoring by mystery! Those complexions which but betray their transparency in the sun; lips in which the blood is translucent when between you and the light; cheeks-finer grained than alabaster, yet as cool in their virgin purity as a tint in the dark corner of a Ruysdael: the human race was less perfect in Athens in the days of Lais—in Egypt in the days of Cleopatra, than that day on the lawn of Rose-Eden.

Cart-loads of ribbons of every gay colour had been laced through the trees in all directions; and amidst every variety of foliage, and every shade of green, the tulip-tints shone vivid and brilliant, like an American forest after the first frost. From the left edge of the lawn, the ground suddenly sank into a dell, shaped like an amphitheatre, with a level platform at its bottom, and all around, above and below, thickened a shady wood. The music of a delicious band stole up from the recesses of a grove, dressed as an orchestra and green-room on the lower side; and while the audience disposed themselves in the shade of the

upper grove, a company of players and dancing girls commenced their theatricals upon the green-sward stage below, and the Lady Imogen Ravelgold, who was separated, by a pine-tree only, from the junior partner, could scarce tell you when it finished, what was the plot of the play.

The recall bugle sounded again, and the band wound away from the lawn, playing a gay march. Followed Lady Roseberry and her suite of gentlemen, followed dames and their daughters, followed all who wished to see the flight of my lord's falcons. By a narrow path and a wicket-gate, the long music-guided train stole out upon an open hill-side, looking down on a verdant and spreading meadow. The band played at a short distance behind the gay groups of spectators, and it was a pretty picture to look down upon the splendidly dressed falconer and his men, holding their fierce birds upon their wrists in their hoods and jesses,—a foreground of old chivalry and romance—while far beyond, extended like a sea over the horizon, the smoke-clad pinnacles of busy and every-day London. There are such contrasts for the eyes of the rich!

The scarlet-hood was taken from the trustiest falcon, and a dove, confined at first with a string, was thrown up and brought back to excite his attention. As he fixed his eye upon him, the frightened victim was let loose, and the falcon flung off. Away skimmed the dove in a low flight over the meadow, and up to the very zenith, in circles of amazing swiftness and power, sped the exulting falcon, apparently forgetful of his prey, and bound for the eye of the sun with his strong wings and his liberty. The falcon's whistle and cry were heard, the dove circled round the edge of the meadow in his wavy flight, and down with the speed of lightning shot the falcon, striking his prey dead to the earth before the eye could settle on his form. As the proud bird stood upon his victim, looking around with a lifted crest and fierce eye, Lady Imogen Ravelgold heard, in a voice, of which her heart knew the music, "They who soar highest, strike surest. The dove lies in the falcon's bosom."

The afternoon had, meantime, been wearing on, and at six, the "breakfast" was announced. The tents beneath which the tables were spread, were in different parts of the grounds, and the guests had made up their own parties. Each sped to his rendezvous, and, as the last loiterers disappeared from the lawn, a gentleman in a claret coat and a brown study found himself stopping to let a lady pass, who had obeyed the summons as tardily as himself. In a white chip hat, Hairvault's last, a few lilies of the valley laid among her raven curls beneath, a simple white robe, the *chef d'œuvre* of Victorine in style and *tournure*, Lady Ravelgold would have been the belle of the fête, but for her daughter.

"Well, emerged from Lothbury!" she said, curtsying, with a slight flush over her features, but immediately taking his arm. "I have lost my party, and meeting you is opportune. Where shall we breakfast?"

There was a small tent standing invitingly open on the opposite side of the lawn, and by the fainter rattle of soup spoons from that quarter, it promised to be less crowded than the others. The junior partner would willingly have declined the proffered honour, but he saw at a glance that there was no escape, and submitted with a grace.

"You know very few people here," said his fair creditor, taking the bread from her napkin.

"Your Ladyship, and one other."

"Ah! we shall have dancing by and by, and I must introduce you to my daughter. By the way, have you no name from your mother's side? 'Firkins' sounds so very odd. Give me some prettier word to drink in this champagne."

"What do you think of Tremlet?"

"Too effeminate for your severe style of beauty; but it will do. Mr. Tremlet, your health. Will you give me a little of the *paté* before you? Pray, if it is not indiscreet, how comes that classic, and, more surprising still, that distinguished look of yours, to have found no gayer destiny than the signing of 'Firkins and Co.' to notes of hand. Though I thought you became your den in Lothbury, upon my honour you look more at home here."

And Lady Ravelgold fixed her superb eyes upon the beautiful features of her companion, wondering partly why he did not speak, and partly why she had not observed before that he was incomparably the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

"I can regret no vocation," he answered, after a moment, "which procures me an acquaintance with your Ladyship's family."

"There is *arrière pensée* in that formal speech, Mr. Tremlet. You are insincere. I am the only one of my family whom you know, and what pleasure have you taken in my acquaintance? And now I think of it, there is a mystery about you, which, but for the noble truth written so legibly on your features, I should be afraid to fathom. Why have you suffered me to over-draw my credit so enormously, and without a shadow of a protest?"

When Lady Ravelgold had disburthened her heart of this direct question, she turned half round, and looked her companion in the face, with an intense interest, which produced upon her own features an expression of earnestness very uncommon upon their pale and impassive lines. She was one of those persons of little thought who care nothing for causes or consequences, so the present difficulty is removed, or the present hour provided with its wings; but the repeated relief she had received from the young banker, when total ruin would have been the consequence of his refusal, and his marked coldness in his manner to her, had stimulated the utmost curiosity of which she was capable. Her vanity, founded upon her high rank and great renown as a beauty, would have agreed that he might be willing to get her into his power at that price, had he been less agreeable in his own person, or more eager in his manner. But she had wanted money sufficiently to know that thirty thousand pounds are not a bagatelle, and her brain was busy till she discovered the equivalent he sought for it. Meantime her fear that he would turn out to be a lover grew rapidly into a fear that he would not.

Lady Ravelgold had been the wife of a dissolute earl who had died, leaving his estates inextricably involved. With no male heir to the title or property, and no very near relations, the beautiful widow had shut her eyes to the difficulties by which she was surrounded, and at the first decent moment after the death of her lord, she had re-entered the gay society of which she had been the bright and particular star, and never dreamed either of diminishing her establishment, or of calculating her possible income. The first heavy draft she made upon the house of Firkins and Co., her husband's bankers, had been returned with a

statement of the Ravelgold debt and credit on their books, by which it appeared that Lord Ravelgold had overdrawn four or five thousand pounds before his death, and that, from some legal difficulties, nothing could be realised from the securities given on his estates. This bad news arrived on the morning of a *fête* to be given by the Russian ambassador, at which her only child, Lady Imogen, was to make her *débût* in society. With the facility of disposition which was peculiar to her, Lady Ravelgold thrust the papers into her drawer, and determining to visit her banker on the following morning, threw the matter entirely from her mind, and made preparations for the ball.

With the Russian government, the house of Firkins and Co. had long carried on very extensive fiscal transactions, and, in obedience to instructions from the Emperor, regular invitations for the embassy *fêtes* were sent to their bankers—accepted occasionally by the junior partner only, who was generally supposed to be a natural son of old Firkins. Out of the banking-house he was known as Mr. Tremlet, and it was by this name, which was presumed to be his mother's, that he was casually introduced to Lady Imogen on the night of the *fête*, while she was separated from her mother in the dancing-room. The consequence was a sudden, deep, ineffaceable, passion in the bosom of the young banker, checked and silenced, but never lessened or chilled, by the recollection of the obstacle of his birth. The impression of his subdued manner, his worshipping yet most respectful tones, and the bright soul that breathed through his handsome features with his unusual excitement, was, to say the least, favourable upon Lady Imogen, and they parted on the night of the *fête* mutually aware of each other's preference.

On the following morning, Lady Ravelgold made her proposed visit to the city, and, inquiring for Mr. Firkins, was shown in as usual to the junior partner, to whom the colloquial business of the concern had long been intrusted. To her surprise, she found no difficulty in obtaining the sum of money which had been refused her on the preceding day—a result which she attributed to her powers of persuasion, or to some new turn in the affairs of the estate; and for two years these visits had been repeated at intervals of three or four months, with the same success, though not with the same delusion as to the cause. She had discovered that the estate was worse than nothing, and that the junior partner cared little to prolong his *têtes-à-têtes* with her, and, up to the visit with which this tale opened, she had looked to every succeeding one with increased fear and doubt.

During these two years Tremlet had seen Lady Imogen occasionally at balls and public places, and every look they exchanged wove more strongly between them the subtle threads of love. Once or twice she had endeavoured to interest her mother in conversation on the subject, with the intention of making a confidence of her feelings, but Lady Ravelgold, when not anxious was giddy with her own success, and the unfamiliar name never rested a moment on her ear. With this explanation to render the tale intelligible, "let us," as the French say, "return to our muttons."

Of the conversation between Tremlet and her mother, Lady Imogen was an unobserved and astonished witness. The tent which they had entered was large, with a *buffet* in the centre, and a circular table, waited on by servants, within the ring; and, just concealed by the

drapery around the pole, sat Lady Imogen, with a party of her friends, discussing very seriously the threatened fashion of tight sleeves. She had half risen, when her mother entered, to offer her a seat by her side, but the sight of Tremlet, who immediately followed, had checked the words upon her lip, and, to her surprise, they seated themselves on the side that was wholly unoccupied, and conversed in a tone inaudible to all but themselves. Not aware that her lover knew Lady Ravelgold, she supposed that they might have been casually introduced, till the earnestness of her mother's manner, and a certain ease between them in the little courtesies of the table, assured her that this could not be their first interview. Tremlet's face was turned from her, and she could not judge whether he was equally interested, but she had been so accustomed to consider her mother as irresistible when she chose to please, that she supposed it of course; and very soon the heightened colour of Lady Ravelgold, and the unwavering look of mingled admiration and curiosity which she bent upon the handsome face of her companion, left no doubt in her mind that her reserved and exclusive lover was in the dangerous toils of a rival whose power she knew. From the mortal pangs of a first jealousy, Heaven send thee deliverance, fair Lady Imogen!

"We shall find our account in the advances on your Ladyship's credit," said Tremlet, in reply to the direct question that was put to him. "Meantime, permit me to admire the courage with which you look so disagreeable a subject in the face."

"For 'disagreeable subject,' read 'Mr. Tremlet.' I know my temerity more in that. *Apropos* of faces, yours would become the new fashion of cravat. The men at Crockford's slip the ends through a ring of their lady love's,—if they chance to have one,—thus!" And untying the loose knot of his black satin cravat, Lady Ravelgold slipped over the ends a diamond of small value conspicuously set in pearls.

"The men at Crockford's," said Tremlet, hesitating to commit the rudeness of removing the ring, "are not of my school of manners. If I had been so fortunate as to inspire a lady with a preference for me, I should not advertise it on my cravat."

"But suppose the lady were proud of her preference, as dames were of the devotion of their knights in the days of chivalry, would you not wear her favour as conspicuously as they?"

A flush of mingled embarrassment and surprise shot over the forehead of Tremlet, and he was turning the ring with his fingers, when Lady Imogen, attempting to pass out of the tent, was stopped by her mother.

"Imogen, my daughter! this is Mr. Tremlet. Lady Imogen Ravelgold, Mr. Tremlet."

The cold and scarce perceptible bow which the wounded girl gave to her lover betrayed no previous acquaintance to the careless Lady Ravelgold. Without giving a second thought to her daughter, she held her glass for some champagne to a passing servant, and, as Lady Imogen and her friends crossed the lawn to the dancing tent, she resumed the conversation which they had interrupted; while Tremlet, with his heart brooding on the altered look he had received, listened and replied almost unconsciously, yet, from this very circumstance, in a manner which was interpreted by his companion as the embarrassment of a timid and long-repressed passion for herself.

While Lady Ravelgold and the junior partner were thus playing at cross purposes over their champagne and *bons bons*, Grisi and Lablache were singing a duet from *I Puritani* to a full audience in the saloon; the drinking young men sat over their wine at the nearly deserted tables; Lady Imogen and her friends waltzed to Collinet's band; and the artisans were busy below the lawn erecting the machinery for the fire-works. Meantime every alley and avenue, grot and labyrinth, had been dimly illuminated with coloured lamps, showing like vari-coloured glow-worms amid the foliage and shells, and if the bright scenery of Rose-Eden had been lovely by day, it was fay-land and witchery by night. Fatal impulse of our nature, that these approaches to Paradise in the "delight of the eye," stir only in our bosoms the passions upon which low and holy writ have put ban and bridle!

"Shall we stroll down this alley of crimson lamps?" said Lady Ravelgold, crossing the lawn from the tent where their coffee had been brought to them, and putting her slender arm far into that of her now pale and silent companion.

A lady in a white dress stood at the entrance of that crimson avenue as Tremlet and his passionate admirer disappeared beneath the closing lines of the long perspective, and, remaining a moment gazing through the unbroken twinkle of the confusing lamps, she pressed her hand hard upon her forehead, drew up her form as if struggling with some irrepressible feeling, and in another moment was whirling in the waltz with Lord William M'Antilope, whose mother wrote a complimentary paragraph about their performance for the next Saturday's "Court Journal."

The bugle sounded, and the band played a march upon the lawn. From the breakfast-tents, from the coffee-rooms, from the dance, from the card-tables, poured all who wished to witness the marvels that lie in saltpetre. Gentlemen who stood in a tender attitude in the darkness, held themselves ready to lean the other way when the rockets blazed up, and mammas who were encouraging flirtations with eligibles, whispered a caution on the same subject to their less experienced daughters.

Up sped the missiles, round spun the wheels, fair burned the pagodas, swift flew the fire-doves off and back again on their wires, and softly floated down through the dewy atmosphere of that May night, the lambent and many-coloured stars flung burning from the exploded rockets. Device followed device, and Lady Imogen almost forgot in her child's delight at the spectacle, that she had taken into her bosom a green serpent whose folds were closing like suffocation about her heart.

The *finale* was to consist of a new light invented by the pyrotechnist, promised to Lady Roseberry to be several degrees brighter than the sun, comparatively with the quantity of matter. Before this last flourish came a pause; and while all the world were murmuring love and applause around her, Lady Imogen, with her eyes fixed on an indefinite point in the darkness, took advantage of the cessation of light to feed her serpent with thoughts of passionate and uncontrollable pain. A French *attaché*, Philippiste to the very tips of his moustache, addressed to her ear, meantime, the compliments he had found most effective in the *Chaussée D'Antin*.

The light burst suddenly from a hundred blazing points, clear, dazzling, intense—illuminating, as by the instantaneous burst of day, the farthest

corner of Rose-Eden. And Monsieur Mangepoire, with a French contempt for English fire-works, took advantage of the first ray to look into Lady Imogen's eyes.

"*Mais Miladi!*" was his immediate exclamation after following their direction with a glance, "*ce n'est q'un tableau vivant cela!* Help, gentlemen! *elle s'évanôuit.* Some salts! *Misericorde! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" And Lady Imogen Ravelgold was carried fainting to Lady Roseberry's chamber.

In a small opening at the end of a long avenue of lilacs, extending from the lawn, in the direction of Lady Imogen's fixed and unconscious gaze, was presented, by the unexpected illumination, the *tableau vivant*, seen by her Ladyship and Monsieur Mangepoire at the same instant—a gentleman drawn up to his fullest height with his arms folded, and a lady kneeling on the ground at his feet, with her arms stretched up to his bosom.

III.

A little after two o'clock on the following Wednesday, Tremlet's cabriolet stopped near the *perron* of Willis's rooms, in King-street, and while he sent up his card to the Lady Patronesses for his ticket to that night's Almack's, busied himself in looking into the crowd of carriages about him, and reading in the faces of their fair occupants the hope and anxiety to which they were a prey, till the servant brought them tickets or despair. Drawn up on the opposite side of the street stood a family carriage of the old style, covered with half the arms of the Herald's College, and containing a fat dowager and three very over-dressed daughters. Watching them, to see the effect of their application, stood, upon the trottoir, three or four young men from a neighbouring club-house; and at the moment Tremlet was observing these circumstances, a foreign britscka, containing a beautiful woman, of a reputation better understood than expressed in the conclave above-stairs, flew round the corner of St. James's-street, and very nearly drove into the open mouth of the junior partner's cabriolet.

"I will bet you an Ukraine colt against this fine bay of yours," said the Russian Secretary of Legation, advancing from the group of dandies to Tremlet, "that Miladi yonder, with all the best blood of England in her own and her daughters' red faces, gets no ticket this morning."

"I'll take a bet upon the lady who has nearly extinguished me, if you like," answered Tremlet, gazing with admiration at the calm, delicate, child-like looking creature who sat before him in the britscka.

"No," said the Secretary; "for Almack's is a republic of beauty, and she'll be voted in without either blood or virtue. *Par exemple*, Lady Ravelgold's voucher is good here, though she does study *tableaux* in Lothbury. Eh, Tremlet?"

Totally unaware of the unlucky discovery by the fireworks at Lady Roseberry's *fête*, Tremlet coloured, and was inclined to take the insinuation as an affront; but a laugh from the dandies drew off his companion's attention, and he observed the dowager's footman standing at her coach window, with his empty hands held up in most expressive negation; while the three young ladies within sat aghast, in all the agonies of disappointed hopes. The lumbering carriage got into motion—its ineffective blazonry paled by the mortified blush of its occupants; and, as the junior partner drove away, philosophizing on the arbitrary opi-

nions and unprovoked insults of polite society, the britscka shot by, showing him, as he leaned forward, a lovely woman, who bent on him the most dangerous eyes in London, having, moreover, an Almack's ticket lying on the unoccupied cushion beside her.

IV.

The white *relievo* upon the pale blue wall of Almack's showed every crack in its stucco flowers, and the faded chaperons, who had defects of a similar description to conceal, took warning from the walls, and retreated to the friendlier dimness of the tea-room. Collinet was beginning the second set of quadrilles; and among the fairest of the surpassingly beautiful women who were moving to his heavenly music, was Lady Imogen Ravelgold, the lovelier to-night for the first heavy sadness that had ever dimmed the roses in her cheek. Her lady-mother divided her thoughts between what this could mean, and whether Mr. Tremlet would come to the ball; and when, presently after, in the *dos-a-dos*, she forgot to look at her daughter, on seeing that gentleman enter, she lost a very good opportunity for a guess at the cause of Lady Imogen's paleness.

To the pure and true eye that appreciates the divinity of the form after which woman is made, it would have been a glorious feast to have seen the perfection of shape, colour, and countenance shown that night on the bright floor of Almack's. For the young and beautiful girls whose envied destiny it is, to commence their woman's history in this exclusive hall, there exist aids to beauty known to no other class or nation. Perpetual vigilance over every limb from the cradle up,—physical education of a perfection, discipline, and judgment, pursued only at great expense, and under great responsibility,—moral education of the highest kind,—habitual consciousness of rank,—exclusive contact with elegance and luxury,—and a freedom of intellectual culture, which breathes a soul through the face before passion has touched it with a line or a shade,—these are some of the circumstances which make Almack's the cynosure of the world for adorable and radiant beauty.

There were three ladies who had come to Almack's with a definite object that night, each of whom was destined to be surprised and foiled, —Lady Ravelgold, who feared she had been abrupt with the inexperienced banker, but trusted to find him softened by a day or two's reflection; Mrs. St. Leger, the lady of the britscka, who had ordered supper for two on her arrival at home from her morning's drive, and intended to have the company of the handsome creature she had nearly run over in King-street; and Lady Imogen Ravelgold, as will appear in the sequel.

Tremlet stood in the entrance from the tea-room a moment, gathering courage to walk alone into such a dazzling scene; and then, having caught a glimpse of the glossy lines of Lady Imogen's head at the farther end of the room, he was advancing towards her, when he was addressed by a lady who leaned against one of the slender columns of the orchestra. After a sweetly-phrased apology for having nearly knocked out his brains that morning with her horses' fore-feet, Mrs. St. Leger took his arm, and walking him deliberately two or three times up and down the room, took possession, at last, of a *banquette* on the highest range, so far from any other person, that it would have been a marked rudeness to have left her alone. Tremlet took his seat by her with this

instinctive feeling, trusting that some one of her acquaintances would soon approach, and give him a fair excuse to leave her; but he soon became amused with her piquant style of conversation, and, not aware of being observed, fell into the attitude of a pleased and earnest listener.

Lady Ravelgold's feelings during this *petit entretien* were of a very positive description. She had an instinctive knowledge, and consequently a jealous dislike of Mrs. St. Leger's character, and, still under the delusion that the young banker's liberality was prompted by a secret passion for herself, she saw her credit in the city and her hold upon the affections of Tremlet (for whom she had really conceived a violent affection) melting away in every smile of the dangerous woman who engrossed him. As she looked around for a friend to whose ear she might communicate some of the suffocating poison in her own heart, Lady Imogen returned to her from a galopade, and like a second dagger into the heart of the pure-minded girl went this second proof of her lover's corrupt principle and conduct. Unwilling to believe even her own eyes on the night of Lady Roseberry's *fête*, she had summoned resolution on the road home to ask an explanation of her mother. Embarrassed by the abrupt question, Lady Ravelgold felt obliged to make a partial confidence of the state of her pecuniary affairs; and to clear herself she represented Tremlet as having taken advantage of her obligations to him to push a dishonourable suit. The scene disclosed by the sudden blaze of the fire-works being thus simply explained, Lady Imogen at once determined to give up Tremlet's acquaintance altogether —a resolution which his open flirtation with a woman of Mrs. St. Leger's character served to confirm. She had, however, one errand with him, prompted by her filial feelings and favoured by an accidental circumstance which will appear.

"Do you believe in animal magnetism?" asked Mrs. St. Leger; "for, by the fixedness of Lady Ravelgold's eyes in this quarter, something is going to happen to one of us."

The next moment the Russian Secretary approached and took his seat by Mrs. St. Leger, and with diplomatic address contrived to convey to Tremlet's ear that Lady Ravelgold wished to speak with him. The banker rose; but the quick wit of his companion comprehended the manœuvre.

"Ah! I see how it is," she said; "but stay—you'll sup with me to-night? Promise me, *parole d'honneur!*"

"*Parole!*" answered Tremlet, making his way out between the seats, half pleased and half embarrassed.

"As for you, *Monsieur le Secretaire*," said Mrs. St. Leger, "you have forfeited my favour, and may sup elsewhere. How dared you conspire against me?"

While the Russian was making his peace, Tremlet crossed over to Lady Ravelgold; but, astonished at the change in Lady Imogen, he soon broke in abruptly upon her mother's conversation to ask her to dance. She accepted his hand for a quadrille, but as they walked down the room in search of a *vis-à-vis*, she complained of heat, and asked timidly if he would take her to the tea-room.

"Mr. Tremlet!" she said, fixing her eyes upon the cup of tea which he had given her, and which she found some difficulty in holding, "I have come here to-night to communicate to you some important in-

formation, to ask a favour, and to break off an acquaintance which has lasted too long."

Lady Imogen stopped, for the blood had fled from her lips; and she was compelled to ask his arm for a support. She drew herself up to her fullest height the next moment, looked at Tremlet, who stood in speechless astonishment, and with a strong effort, commenced again in a low, firm tone—

"I have been acquainted with you some time, Sir, and have never inquired nor knew more than your name up to this day. I suffered myself to be pleased too blindly——"

"Dear Lady Imogen!"

"Stay a moment, Sir! I will proceed directly to my business. I received this morning a letter from the senior partner of a mercantile house in the city, with which you are connected. It is written on the supposition that I have some interest in you, and informs me that you are not, as you yourself suppose, the son of the gentleman who writes the letter."

"Madam!"

"That gentleman, Sir, as you know, never was married. He informs me that in the course of many financial visits to St. Petersburgh, he formed a friendship with Count Manteuffel, the minister of finance to the emperor, whose tragical end, in consequence of his extensive defalcations, is well known. In brief, Sir, you were his child, and were taken by this English banker, and carefully educated as his own, in happy ignorance, as he imagined, of your father's misfortunes and mournful death."

Tremlet leaned against the wall, unable to reply to this astounding intelligence, and Lady Imogen went on.

"Your title and estates have been restored to you, at the request of your kind benefactor, and you are now the heir to a princely fortune and a count of the Russian empire. Here is the letter, Sir, which is of no value to me now. Mr. Tremlet, one word more, Sir!"

Lady Imogen gasped for breath.

"In return, Sir, for much interest given you heretofore—in return, Sir, for this information——"

"Speak, dear Lady Imogen!"

"Spare my mother!"

"Mrs. St. Leger's carriage stops the way!" shouted a servant at that moment at the top of the stairs; and as if there were a spell in the sound to nerve her resolution anew, Lady Imogen Ravelgold shook the tears from her eyes, bowed coldly to Tremlet, and passed out into the dressing-room.

"If you please, Sir," said a servant, approaching the amazed banker, "Mrs. St. Leger waits for you in her carriage."

"Will you come home and sup with us?" said Lady Ravelgold at the same instant, joining him in the tea-room.

"I shall be only too happy, Lady Ravelgold."

The bold coachman of Mrs. St. Leger continued to "stop the way," spite of policemen and infuriated footmen, for some fifteen minutes. At the end of that time Mr. Tremlet appeared, handing down Lady Ravelgold and her daughter, who walked to their chariot, which was a few steps behind, and very much to Mrs. St. Leger's astonishment, the handsome banker sprang past her horses' heads a minute after, jumped

into his cabriolet which stood on the opposite side of the street, and drove after the vanishing chariot, as if his life depended on overtaking it. Still Mrs. St. Leger's carriage "stopped the way." But, in a few minutes after, the same footman who had summoned Tremlet in vain returned with the Russian Secretary, doomed in blessed unconsciousness to play the *pis-aller* at her *tête-à-tête* supper in Spring Gardens.

If Lady Ravelgold showed beautiful by the uncompromising light and in the unornamented hall of Almack's, she was radiant as she came through the mirror door of her own love-contrived and beauty-breathing boudoir. Tremlet had been shown into this recess of luxury and elegance on his arrival, and Lady Ravelgold and her daughter, who preceded him by a minute or two, had gone to their chambers, the first to make some slight changes in her toilette, and the latter (entirely ignorant of her lover's presence in the house), to be alone with a heart never before in such painful need of self-abandonment and solitude.

Tremlet looked about him in the enchanted room in which he found himself alone, and, spite of the prepossessed agitation of his feelings, the voluptuous beauty of every object had the effect to divert and tranquillize him. The light was profuse, but it came softened through the thinnest alabaster; and while every object in the room was distinctly and minutely visible, the effect of moonlight was not more soft and dreamy. The general form of the boudoir was an oval, but within the pilasters of folded silk with their cornices of gold, lay crypts containing copies, exquisitely done in marble, of the most graceful statues of antiquity. Opposite these, another niche contained a few books, whose retreating shelves swung on a secret door; and as it stood half open, the nodding head of a Magnolia leaned through, as if pouring from the lips of its broad chalice the mingled odours of the unseen conservatory it betrayed. The first sketch in crayons of a portrait of Lady Ravelgold, by young Lawrence, stood against the wall with the frame half buried in a satin ottoman; and as Tremlet stood before it, admiring the clear, classic outline of the head and bust, and wondering in what chamber of his brain the gifted artist had found the beautiful drapery in which he had drawn her, the dim light glanced faintly on the left, and the broad mirror by which he had entered swung again on its silver hinges and admitted the very presentment of what he gazed on. Lady Ravelgold had removed the jewels from her hair, and the robe of wrought lace which she had previously worn that night. In the place of this, she had thrown upon her shoulders a flowing wrapper of purple velvet. Her complexion was dazzling and faultless in the flattering light of her own rooms, and there are those who will read this, who know how the circumstances which surround a woman—luxury, elegance, taste, or the opposites of these—enhance or dim, beyond help or calculation, even the highest order of woman's beauty.

Lady Ravelgold held a bracelet in her hand as she came in.

"In my own house," she said, holding the glittering jewel to Tremlet, "I have a fancy for the style antique. Tasseline, my maid, is out of the way, and you must do the devoir of a knight or an Abigail, and loop up this Tyrian sleeve. So! Now take me for a Grecian nymph the rest of the evening."

"Lady Ravelgold!"

"Hermione or Agläe, if you please! But let us ring for supper."

As the bell sounded a superb South American trulian darted in from the conservatory, and spreading his gorgeous black and gold wings a moment over the alabaster shoulder of Lady Ravelgold, turned his large liquid eye fiercely on Tremlet.

"Thus it is," said Lady Ravelgold, "we forget our old favourites in our new. See how jealous he is!"

"Supper is served, Miladi!" said a servant, entering.

"A hand to each, then, for the present," she said, putting one into Tremlet's, and holding up the trulian with the other. "He who behaves best shall drink first with me."

"I beg your Ladyship's pardon," said Tremlet, drawing back, and looking at the servant who immediately left the room. "Let us understand each other! Does Lady Imogen sup with us to-night?"

"Lady Imogen has retired," said her mother, in some surprise.

"Then, Madam, will you be seated one moment, and listen to me."

Lady Ravelgold sat down on the nearest ottoman with the air of a person too high bred to be taken by surprise, but the colour deepened to crimson in the centre of her cheek, and the bird on her hand betrayed by one of his gurgling notes that he was held more tightly than pleased him. With a calm and decisive tone, Tremlet went through the explanation given in the previous parts of this narrative. He declared his love for Lady Imogen, his hopes (while he had doubts of his birth) that Lady Ravelgold's increasing obligations and embarrassments and his own wealth might weigh against his disadvantages, and now, his honourable descent being established, and his rank entitling him to propose for her hand, he called upon Lady Ravelgold to redeem her obligations to him by an immediate explanation to her daughter of his conduct toward herself, and by lending her whole influence to the success of his suit.

Five minutes are brief time to change a lover into a son-in-law, and Lady Ravelgold, as we have seen in the course of this story, was no philosopher. She buried her face in her hands, and sat silent for awhile after Tremlet had concluded; but the case was a very clear one. Ruin and mortification were in one scale, mortification and prosperity in the other. She rose, pale, but decided; and requesting Monsieur le Comte Manteuffel to await her a few minutes, ascended to her daughter's chamber.

"If you please, Sir," said a servant entering in about half an hour, "Miladi and Lady Imogen beg that you will join them in the supper-room."

The "Morning Post" ends all romances, and in the following brief paragraph ended Lady Imogen Ravelgold's:—

Marriage in High Life.—Married, on Monday last, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Mr. Shacklewell, Count Albert Manteuffel, &c. &c. &c., to Lady Imogen Ravelgold, daughter of the late lamented Earl. The romantic circumstances attending this union are well known in the fashionable circles.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

Section XVI.

Radical Gratitude.

"You know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
"We know 't, we know 't. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?
"No more talking on 't, let it be done.

"He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead.
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland."

Shakspeare, *Coriolanus.*

The philosophic Longbrain was perfectly sensible of the force of the argument in the last section. Nevertheless he would not oppose the scheme of the more violent, if not more energetic Crabtree, to sound the trumpet of civil war, at first indeed at a distance, and with no very hoarse note, in order not to spread too early an alarm.

But as straws are thrown into the air to ascertain the wind, so a few gentle treasons just hinted to the imagination of proper disciples might sound the depths of patriotism, and show the progress, if any, that the unintermitting preaching of Radicalism had made. To their dismay they found they had made but few proselytes during the session. The *agents* for the city (for such was their deference for their sovereign of the common state, that they were too modest to call themselves representatives) by cheering and attention, gave, at first, a semblance of support to the general propositions which Crabtree most valiantly laid down in the House, upon the right of resistance; in which the claim to carry arms for defence, sanctioned by the Bill of Rights, was passionately insisted upon. When, however, the orator took the pen in hand, and in a pamphlet proceeded, by cases, to prove that hence it followed that any man who felt himself aggrieved by a tax, might resist the gathering of it by the sword, if petitions against it were resisted; these doughty patriots had the timidity to tell him the remedy was worse than the disease.

"They are too rich," said Longbrain, "and love their pelf more than their country; leave them, and try another quarter." Accordingly, the hero of democracy vouched a noble and very wise earl, of great wealth and high birth, as one disinterested authority at least, in support of his doctrine. "I envy," said he (glowing with his subject), "this great man's generous attachment to the people. He has told them openly not to pay the taxes till their rights are granted, and as their mere assent to the advice is nothing unless supported by practice, and that cannot be successful except supported by arms, it is clear the noble earl had his eye upon this right of self-defence, conferred by nature, and made the law of the land at the Revolution, when he gave this advice." As the advice was really given by the sapient authority thus vouched, and even published in a letter addressed to the people of England, signed "One of You," the greatest hopes were conceived of his general support of insurrectionary principles; and the government having allowed his address, though avowed by him, as it were in defiance, to pass even without notice, much less punishment, though meaner recusants were prosecuted to extremity, the greatest hopes were conceived that his manliness would not allow him to stop here, but that he would actively aid the great crisis that seemed approaching. To the mortification more than the surprise of Longbrain, and the indignation of both our regenerators, the noble earl took no notice of the doctrines attributed, or the address made to him in the pamphlet, though he afterwards made, what was thought sufficient amends for the slight in a manner we shall hereafter detail.

Our apostle of liberty was now so conspicuous, that he was more and more courted by all whom inequality of lot, failure in views, natural profligacy, or mortified pride, had rendered discontented, and these were not a few. His assistance was invoked by them as counsellor, writer, and orator, whenever those characters had become necessary in the trade of patriotism. Thus there was scarcely a hustings or a political dinner which he was not retained to attend, on the Radical side. I say *retained*, because he was far too prudent to throw away his talents; and at length a distinct though secret understanding took place between him and those of his brother patriots who had money as well as zeal, by which his services were to be (not bought, for that he scorned, but) rewarded as patriotism ought to be, by something more substantial than empty honour. He was, however, at least modest in his charges, declaring that to help the pure cause was his chief inducement; only as he was not rich, nor likely to be so, from Aristocratic injustice, he condescended to accept his expenses, and some compensation for loss of time and labour.

It was said, indeed, that he had thus honoured one spendthrift county candidate, by permitting the small douçeur of one thousand pounds to be paid into his banker's (not Mr. Stockwell); but he despised the report, which, he said, was one of the Tory slanders; and this was believed by many Whigs and all the Radicals. He still continued his experiments on the people, by sounding the trumpet of rebellion, and succeeded so far at a patriot dinner, as to induce one devoted champion of invaded rights to exclaim, "To your tents, O Israel!" And as this was the cry that preluded the great 1641, and led ultimately to the happiest days of England, when kings were beheaded, and servitors reigned, the effect was hailed with enthusiasm by a numerous body of citizens, whom wine and virtue together had converted into nothing less than Romans.

To be sure an unfortunate proposal was made by one individual not so highly gifted with public spirit as the rest, to inquire first, and then declare by a resolution, what were the rights that had been invaded, and what laws broken by the king, or the lords; but he was immediately cried down by the appellation of "spy," and "black sheep," and only saved himself from condign punishment by escaping from the room.

The most glowing declaration against the tyrant Aristocracy followed; all salaried persons were denounced, and the health of the great soldier of England having been proposed, it was refused with indignation, and the meeting agreed that his services had not only been overrated and paid for, which released them from all gratitude; but that they might even be questioned and deplored, as they had only tended to rivet the chains of liberty at home and abroad.

Flushed with the applause which followed this burst, our Radical affirmed that their enemies ought to be made to feel what it was to brave an insulted people; and another, rather more drunk, proposed a visit to the palace, the house of peers, or that of the great captain *himself*. This was hailed with acclamation, and the hero who had sounded the cry of "To your tents," seizing a tricolour banner that hung over the president's chair, the whole posse descended to the street; and, as the king was not in town, and the lords not sitting, made the best of their way to Piccadilly.

Here began a scene more honourable, we imagine, to the virtue that belongs to pure Radicalism, than tallying with what once formed something like weakness in the British character in the gratitude it was wont to show to public benefactors. It would be time thrown away to descant upon the services done to Britain, and through her, to Europe and to the world, by the extraordinary energies and successes of the great person whose house it was now resolved to assail. From nearly a desponding nation, struggling for existence, he had raised us by almost his own sole exertion, and his own single character, when all other nations had succumbed, and many of ourselves were ready to despair and die—to security, independence, and inter-

minable fame. The glories of all our ancestors seemed to be concentrated in him, and, like another Gustavus Adolphus, the iron tyranny of despotism had sunk under his arm.

It is, however, the high and unbending character of Republicanism, that, the greater the merit and services of a citizen, the more severe and jealous, *after his services are over*, should be his treatment and fortune. This is the very perfection of public virtue, and accordingly it shone out peculiarly in the Athenian and Roman Republics, when they banished Aristides, Camillus, and Coriolanus, and put Phocion to death. And as *they* forgot individual gratitude and partial justice in their interest for the PEOPLE, so here, the stoical love of country which animated the virtuous persons we have described, lifted them far above so poor a weakness as gratitude to a preserver, so as to avoid the pause of a moment in the noble sacrifice which they meditated. The domestic residence of this illustrious individual was therefore attacked with a violence which some timid persons represented as brutal, but which was afterwards reported in all Radical societies as nothing short of heroic. The stones flew thick; the windows were broken in; the doors assailed; the yells of hostility worthy true Britons; and the lives of the inhabitants might have been perilled, to the great advantage of the great cause, had not the police, who unfortunately were anything but "patriots," succeeded in effecting a rescue.

It amply confirmed the remark of Segur upon the picture exhibited by England, of "*la license des elections; la fréquence des émeutes; les injures prodiguées, et les pierres jettées aux hommes puissans.*" To these he adds, in order to finish this description of our philosophic character, "*le sentiment profond de l'égalité civile.*" Such a lesson could not fail of being read and remembered by all men who dared to suppose that service to one's country can entitle any one to its gratitude, or even to its justice, according to ordinary rules, when the real and true interpreters of those qualities, the people, choose to think differently of their meaning from the usual notion entertained of them.

That the interpretation of these, and many other things once held to be of importance, belongs, in our now improved state, to the description of men we have mentioned (the people), soon appeared beyond all doubt or cavil, from the dictum of one of the ministers. It may be supposed this little indication of public opinion made some impression upon the unenlightened.

The great person whose house and property had suffered, finding little security against a recurrence of the evil (if evil could spring from an act of the people), fortified his house, which, blocked up in all its accessible points, remained an impressive monument to natives and foreigners, of the "*sentiment profond de l'égalité civile,*" mentioned by Segur; and still more, of the generosity, consistency, justice, and most gratifying disposition to reward eminent services, which so distinguishes the present time. The spectacle of the fortified house of the man, once the crowned idol of the public for services in the field, and who had done almost equal service at home, by being the person to remove all religious disabilities there, created something like shame and grief among many ridiculous persons who, when *l'égalité civile* was in question, had the folly to profess to be the friends of order, and to be shocked at national ingratitude; and this so far operated upon the above-mentioned patriotic minister, that he actually disapproved the occurrence we have described. "Nevertheless," said he, "who can blame or oppose the opinions of the people, when so unequivocally pronounced?" A sentiment which thoroughly elucidated and confirmed the reputation this minister had acquired for clearness of intellect, the most perfect acquaintance with the first principles of justice, and the best mode of discovering truth. Another, and still greater minister, had also acquired immortal honour, and the gratitude of the whole people, for declaring that those were fools who did not legislate in the *spirit of the age*, that spirit being, as we have seen, the destruction of the houses of unworthy citizens; and in some

instances, too trifling to mention, the destruction of nearly a whole city of the first consequence in the empire. An attempt upon the life of its leading magistrate; and the actual loss of many other lives, might indeed have appalled less firm nerves than those of this minister of the people; but this being only a more unequivocal proof of the spirit of the age, it only more unequivocally proved the fitness of this patriot minister for his responsible situation, and the profoundness of the maxim by which he proposed to govern. That nothing, too, might be wanting to the complete understanding of his policy, he added a warning to the bishops, to *put their houses in order*, which the alarmed prelates considered as an unpleasant threat, as it was shown from their bibles, that if they did not, the alternative was that they "should surely die." Everybody praised, as he ought, this virtuous and persuasive policy of the minister to force these obstinate ecclesiastics to vote for him, nor could Radicalism itself have desired a more obsequious servant to stoop to its footstool. Yet, strange to say, the high views of our Radical were not satisfied. There was an original sin in both the ministers we have mentioned, which, spite of their plunge into the wine-press of democracy, and though they had stained their naked legs with new wine*, by no means satisfied his "*sentiment profond de l'égalité civile.*" Say what they would, do what they would, put on the bonnet rouge if they would, they were men of birth, and were, and would always be, untameable Aristocrats. A funeral in the family of one of them had been attended by twenty coaches-and-four; and a tailor had complained that the other had received him with "lofty civility." Was this to be borne? No; their coronets and coaches, and their civility itself, only made them more hateful to the pure homeliness of the honest person who walked on foot,

"Wrapt in his virtue and a good surtout."

"No matter," said Longbrain, "we have used them to destroy our more redoubtable enemies; their own turn will come next."

Section XVII.

Of a Conspiracy to ruin the Radical, and of the ability by which he defeated it himself.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course."
Shakspeare, *Henry VI.*, Part III.

Those who are given to the investigation of human nature have discovered that a very ardent disposition does not always confine itself to one passion, and that if several passions exist at the same time, they are all pursued with equal vehemence. It has been sometimes supposed that there is not room in the same heart for ambition and love at the same time. This is a mistake, proved by many well-known examples, of which we find Mr. Caleb Crabtree, Printer, Radical, and M.P. to have been one. To be sure, his enemies (for even patriotism has enemies) have supposed his love to have been not over pure, and his conduct under it not over honest; but great men are too often slandered, and, as he denied the whole history, and ought to know his own case best, we must suppose that the imputation was what he said it was, a lie—got up by the Tories to deprive him of his fair fame, as they could not otherwise put him down. So said Cobbett, when he was accused of having encouraged a comrade in the ranks to bring his officer to a court-martial on his testimony, and then ran away the morning of the trial. Every body that knew Cobbett must have believed him; and so we hope they will Mr. Crabtree, when he imputed a misfortune he fell into about this time to a conspiracy formed against him by his political opponents—a mode of proceeding we by no means approve. We are bound, however, as impartial bio-

* "Nudataque musto
Tinge novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis."

graphers, to relate the facts of a case, which, for a time, occasioned this sufferer in the cause of the public some annoyance and no inconsiderable loss.

Before his great accession to fame, and ere his finances had become comparatively easy, our patriot had found it convenient to board in a very plain but honest family in the town where he conducted his paper. The master of it, a respectable tradesman of the name of Burford, was a widower, left with an only child, a daughter, who was his consolation and delight. And well she might be, for it would be difficult to have found a more pleasing combination of beauty, youth, innocence, and simplicity, in the same person. She was sixteen, cheerful, confiding, and her heart always in her eyes, or on her tongue. A blessing to her father, and joyful to be so, nothing could be more happy or more blameless than her life. Can we wonder that the heart even of our servitor, raging and rugged as it was with ambition and love of country, found room in it also for the love of a woman?

The intimacy produced by a daily intercourse at meals completed a fascination which youth and beauty had begun; and our hero burned as much with desire as ambition. He could not marry, and even if his circumstances permitted it, and were the little Hebe favourable, he was much too sincere in his attachment to liberty to think of it. What he did think of is the question. Honest Burford, who had risen by industry from small means to comfort, was not a man of more than the commonest education, but had therefore the greater wish that his daughter's should not be neglected. Perhaps he went beyond the mark, for he wished to give her accomplishments not so well suited to her condition; and she herself wished to learn French. Unluckily there was no master in the town, and the Radical, who had picked up a good deal of the language, like Cobbett, thought he could supply the place. He obtained two objects by it. He got his board cheaper, and he gratified his wish to be more and more intimate with this daughter of nature, as he called her. He had a rival, indeed, in the town, a young man of her own rank, and rising in prospects—but *he* could not teach French. Louisa thought her name sounded more prettily in French, and she liked, she did not know why, to be called *La petite Louise.* Her master did not fail to gratify her, and the epithets, *bonne, aimable,* and *chère,* added a pleasure to it, whenever pronounced, which unaccountably added to its agreeableness. The tutor by degrees did not seem so coarse and plain as at first; and he certainly was a great deal cleaner, a great deal softer, nay almost polite. She was alive, too, to the gifts of literary talent, and everybody said how superior his were. We have said she was confiding. Her innocence was such that she knew not how to be otherwise, and as her father knew nothing of books (particularly French books), the choice of them was left to the amorous tutor. At the end of a twelvemonth, during which he became more and more inflamed, and more and more assiduous, she could read tolerably well, and, under his direction, and with his assistance, they read together the novels of Crebillon, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," and "La Nouvelle Eloise," in which it was not difficult for the English St. Prêux to trace his own likeness to an English Julie. The rival, who was favoured by her father, and had been so by herself (they had been playmates and children together), now came forward, but, to his consternation, was dismissed. What share the tutor had in this is differently spoken of by Radical and Tory. Poor Louisa's account, however, distinctly asserts that she consulted him as a friend, that he then professed the warmest love for her, and intimated that if fortune smiled upon him, he would lay himself at her feet, if she refused the proposal now before her. The old lover took his leave, and the new lover took his place; the readings went on, the St. Preux of Jean Jaques became more and more the prototype of the St. Preux of the Radicals, until the likeness was more than perfected, by the open proof of the shame and ruin of the once lovely flower, whose freshness was now for ever faded, withered, and lost.

The father, with a heart broken in twain, demanded justice of his spoiler—

the poor victim, of her lover: the neighbours reproached; even Radicals said he was to blame. The firm character of the Republican, however, stood unblemished. Immoveable as a rock, he denied that he was guilty; he defied inquiry; there was at least no evidence as to *him;* he hinted suspicions of another, thus destroying, or attempting to destroy, the fame of his victim for veracity as well as virtue. The demand of reparation by marriage was disdained, and the rather because it admitted guilt. The father was Conservative in his principles, and the whole was attributed to an infamous conspiracy against our Liberal on account of his zeal for Reform.

This account, however, not passing quite so current in a place where the injured father was much respected, and the once innocent girl remembered with favour, it became the subject of serious discussion, and poor Louisa's story gained daily upon belief. Some very voluptuous prints, also, appendages to the Nouvelle Heloise, had been seen by servants in Mr. Crabtree's chamber, and afterwards on the table of his inexperienced pupil; and altogether the case made so disadvantageous an impression against the lover of liberty, that numbers of the neighbouring gentry advised and encouraged poor Burford to prosecute the spoiler at law. As there was no witness to the promise of marriage which had, no doubt, produced the fall of the confiding but ruined girl, no hope of success could be entertained of an action for a breach of it. But one for seduction of a daughter, by the father, admitting of her testimony, it was resolved to resort to; and, while pending, a letter was received by Louisa in a feigned hand, but purporting to come from the defendant, assuring her that if she would suppress her testimony, the marriage should take place in six months. This letter was produced, but rejected on the trial. The Radical complained of it bitterly, as a part of the conspiracy; and as to the latter, opinions were divided. The interest, however, created by the victim herself; the clearness of her testimony, though by no means a willing one; the innocence of her former life, and the ingenuousness and distress of her present appearance, wrought so powerfully in her favour, that she was throughout believed; and, as her seducer could not disprove, except by denial, that the prints from the Heloise had belonged to him, the verdict was for the father, with 1500*l.* damages.

This was a blow as severe as unexpected. It cut from under him all the advantages he had hitherto gained in point of finance, whether by industry, ability, or means perhaps not quite so honourable. In effect it deprived him of the last farthing he possessed. What was worse, he feared it might, by weakening his character, weaken his means of recruiting his injured fortune. In this he was agreeably disappointed. A man of an ordinary class, or commonplace description, a grovelling Tory who stood upon his moral reputation, might feel these rubs and gibes of fortune, perhaps have been frightened from the field by a ridiculous sense of shame. Not so, what Paine calls the HIGH DEMOCRATICAL MIND; it soared above such littleness. Achilles never was made to fly; Hector might. The total senselessness of this great person to the feeling of disgrace, except as attended with loss of power, or loss of money, made him indifferent to anything but the problem how to repair those losses; and luckily the spirit of the age, set up as his golden calf of worship by his friend the Minister lately mentioned, gave him the fairest hopes of complete restoration. In this he was much aided by his friend Longbrain, whom he felt forced to consult on the conduct to pursue.

"Are you guilty?" said Longbrain. "If you advise with a physician, you will not attempt to conceal your case."

It was a hard, an ensnaring, an unfair question, and the Radical so treated it.

"I am, and I am not," answered he, "and must decline answering."

Longbrain thrust his tongue into his cheek, and looked so that his friend's pride took the alarm, and he could willingly have knocked him down.

"Appearances at least are against you," said the sage.

"They are so."

"Well, turn them into appearances for you."

"How?"

"As our enemies would—by braving the matter out. You are quite dreaded enough by the Tories to make them swear black is white to get rid of you; and quite valued enough by ourselves to do the same to preserve you!"

"The inference?"

"That to have suborned this prosecution by that infernal club, and paid for it out of their purses, would only be a probable assertion," said Longbrain.

"Good," returned Crabtree, "not only probable, but I really believe true."

"This to *me!*" observed Longbrain; and his tongue plied his cheek with double force, and the sneer of his mouth assumed horrid obliquity.

"I really do believe it!" cried Crabtree.

"You are a d—d fool," answered Longbrain.

This had very near separated the virtuous pair. Longbrain said he could have forgiven a little falling-off from correctness with a silly girl, and even a refusal by one pauper to marry another, merely because he had damaged her; but to presume to impose upon him by professing innocence, and still more the belief that he could himself swallow the fact that the Tories would suborn perjury to get rid of him, was an absolute affront. We have seen, indeed, all the way through, that Mr. Longbrain was an infinitely honester, as well as abler, certainly a less visionary, rascal, than our adventurer. Mutual necessity, however, kept the friends together,

"I think you a blockhead," said Longbrain, "for thinking to impose upon me; you might as well think you could impose upon yourself. Nevertheless, for the convenience of the thing, I will suppose you innocent; the rather because I allow, such is the spirit of the age in which wisdom tells us we are to legislate, that if you had seduced ten wives, instead of a single puling maiden; or committed forgery, instead of teaching caution as you did to old Stockwell; your zeal for Reform would acquit you with all Reformers, and any villany you could invent against the Tories, were it high treason itself, would be believed."

Crabtree was scarcely relieved by this speech. He relished not the words fool and blockhead, and *almost* as little that his profession of innocence was not believed. However, he recovered from his moodiness by degrees, and it was settled that the tone to be given to the trial should be that the Radical was an injured man, punished for his imprudent good nature in becoming a tutor in a Conservative family; that the jury were perjured, and the whole proceeding a conspiracy of aristocrats against a defender of the people.

Of course the matter became a public question; all papers, clubs, coffee-houses, and pot-houses, teemed with it; and if the injured Radical's friends were not the most numerous, they were at least the most zealous of those that sat in judgment upon him. Longbrain's advice to him was admirable, and it must be owned he admirably profited by it. "You have nothing left for it," said his friend, "but a bold front. Do not avoid the subject—court it, and disarm your judges by defying them." He did so, and, though fifty times foiled, he fifty times renewed his complaints, so that at last some began to doubt, and all agreed that he was either the most injured or the most impudent of men. The affair did not end here, for such was the zeal of Radicalism, and such the desire to screen so great a martyr to the cause, that a meeting of Reformers was called to try the case over again, with only the difference that no evidence was examined but his own statement; the judge who had presided at the trial was found guilty of being an aristocrat, and therefore unfit; the jury denounced as being influenced by the judge; and the Radical was declared, by a solemn resolution, not to have ceased to deserve well of his country.

The best is to come. Radical virtue having fallen a victim to the ty-

ranny of power (such was the language used), it was only meet that it should be protected by Radical generosity; and, as the damages were held to be beyond his means, a subscription was opened to assist him. Strange to say, this was not only voted, but carried in a degree into effect. Longbrain, who was in the chair, headed it with 100*l*., though it afterwards turned out, through a quarrel between the two patriots, that it never was paid, a reproach which Longbrain answered by asserting that it had been so agreed between them; and the unjust Tories had the insolence to characterize this as a decoy. The noble earl, however, whom we have before mentioned as having advised the people to resist the laws, came forward munificently in this cause of injured innocence, for he not only subscribed, but paid the sum which, in Longbrain, was only a make-believe.

It is really scarcely credible that so many fools should have been found among us as came forward upon this occasion. There was a talk even of a settlement of an annuity for life upon the martyr, and the trade of patriotism was evidently at a premium. One piece of ridicule of it, however, deserves to be recorded. The secretary to the committee having written circulars to the most eminent Radicals, requesting to know what they would contribute, and one of these to the banker, Stockwell, that gentleman transmitted to him what he facetiously called the whole 1500*l*., being an acquittance in form, he said, for the sum which he had lent him for the purchase of Pounce's printing-office.

Section XVIII.

Of the jade's trick that Fortune played the Radical, and the consequences of it.

"Heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels."
Shakspeare, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

We are sorry to think that the agreeable part of our biography is drawing towards a close, and, notwithstanding the triumphs recorded in the last section, that the glory of our Radical is about to fade. Whether he trusted too much to the fidelity of fortune, although, when speaking of her favours to the Aristocracy, he always called her a strumpet; whether the mob were jealous that their character for fickleness might be lost if they continued true to him; or whether the devil thought that he had sufficiently stood his friend, certain it is that things began to assume a louring aspect, which they had not worn since he sallied from Oxford to reform the world.—The subscription that had been made for him by no means enabled him to discharge the amount of the verdict; and he found, particularly in the House, that his imputation of a conspiracy against him by the Tories, was ridiculed. Some weak persons who had families, had even ventured to (what is called) fight shy of him; and Mrs. Longbrain herself, a quiet correct woman, who had a growing daughter, remonstrated with her husband against the closeness of his intimacy with him. This, probably, he would not have minded, but his lucky star failed him in a matter of much more serious importance. To avoid an execution in discharge of the verdict, he had in vain endeavoured to borrow sufficient of his brother Radicals; and even Longbrain had declined, from certain fears as to his chance of repayment, which his knowledge of his Radical zeal by no means set at rest. It was hence the quarrel alluded to arose between them. From having exhausted, too, all the topics of private scandal, and nearly all of public grievance, and even his rich treasury of slang and blackguardism, his paper began to be thought less poignant than it had been, and the sale fell off. In a word, the lictors and fasces that had waited upon him in his dreams, began to give way to the fears of beings called sheriff's officers; and though his person

was safe, it would have been inconvenient to have had his printing-press seized. In this dilemma, he fostered a golden dream, by embarking to a large amount in a great public loan, the differences upon which he assured himself would realize to him many thousand pounds. Unhappily, they turned the other way, and though he had written up the loan with all his powers in his paper, and made, a warm speech in Parliament in its favour he was left with an adverse balance of very many hundreds. What was he to do? His character of patriot was not benefited by that of gambler; blame him not, therefore, if, considering (as he afterwards affirmed in his defence), that the cause of Radicalism was at stake in his person, he had recourse to an expedient, not altogether correct indeed, but which he never *meant* should do injury to any one.

Among some red-hot bewailers of their country over whom he had acquired influence, was an elderly person of small fortune, which he was desirous of settling upon his children. He did it by will; and such was his admiration of Mr. Crabtree's virtue, that he made him their guardian and sole trustee. The money (a few thousands) was in the funds; and on his death, which happened soon after, the regular transfer of it was made to Crabtree's name. In the strait to which the iniquity of the Aristocracy had reduced him, can we wonder if the temptation of using a part (it was only a small part, he said,) of these funds could not be resisted? Besides, he meant to restore it *as soon as he could.* Nothing could be more fairly intended; and the hubbub that was raised about it by the Tories when it was discovered, as it unluckily was, was cruel, mean, and revengeful. It seems that the banker with whom the children's dividends were lodged during the first year of the trust, was, what our Radical called him when the matter came to light, a meddling old fox; and, the last dividend not having been paid in as usual, he was impertinent enough to foster something like suspicion, having in truth been most provokingly put upon his guard by his brother banker, Mr. Stockwell. He, in consequence, actually inquired at the bank (how embarrassing it is to keep accounts so correctly!) into the state of the trust money; and found, more perhaps to his regret than surprise, that several hundred pounds had been abstracted by the trustee. This created an immediate explosion, the effects of which our Radical in vain endeavoured to allay, though even here, many of his brother Radicals, and even some Whigs, protested against the persecution which they said his politics alone had induced, and gave him the fullest credit for his *intention* to restore the money *when* he could. His struggle however was hard; he found himself going down both in pocket and in character; and, as misfortunes seldom come alone, from dissensions and changes among the ministers, the Parliament was dissolved.

This was a stroke fatal to all hope of recovery, for the immaculate borough of Brawlerstown, which had subscribed for the return of so great a patriot, had got a little tired of subscriptions. To do them justice, however, two or three of the most determined roundheads among them applied to him to know his intentions, but, finding that he stood upon his public character, which they thought a little tarnished, and that he utterly refused (that is, was unable,) to expend a single farthing for his return, they discovered that the borough could not consent to be represented by a gambler, a breaker of his trust, and a seducer of women. They therefore returned home, leaving him to shift for himself. The consequence was, that, with utter ruin staring him in the face, his ambition blasted, and his only prospect a prison, he gave the people to the devil as unworthy his cares, and fled with as much property as he could turn into money, to the nearest sea-port, whence he embarked for that land of promise, liberty, and happiness, America.

Well; Cobbett had twice done the same, to avoid certain inconveniences which *will* now and then befal public men, especially if they be printers and patriots. Yet Cobbett had twice returned, white-washed, and restored, if

not enriched. To be sure, he had sought alliance and protection from a dead man's bones, whom he called Tom Paine, and was the better received for them in this land of cullibility. And why should not our Radical also have his dead man's bones, and call them Dr. Franklin's? Cobbett went on printing and enlightening in America, and reared himself above the mountains of unmerited abuse that were heaped upon him solely because of his patriotism; nay, he died a member of the house, and a monument was voted him by some of our wise men of Gotham. And was not Mr. Caleb Crabtree, a printer and a patriot, also forced into banishment from having loved the people, and excited the abuse of their oppressors in revenge? Might not the same retribution therefore await him, when prejudice had subsided, and the light of truth was unveiled? Such were the consoling reflections which supported our illustrious exile while crossing the Atlantic, and such complete hold did these dreams take of him, that, by the time he reached New York, though, in point of finance, he was little better than when he entered Pounce's shop, a dusted, hungry, houseless wanderer, he felt like a man of consular dignity entering Rome.

As he had corresponded in the course of his business with a considerable bookseller in this fine city, his first object was to find him, which was easily done, and, relating as much of his story as he thought necessary, and no more, to account for his leaving England, he consulted him as to his plans. England, he said, was not yet in such a state of advance towards Democracy as to give proper encouragement to a real lover of equality to remain in it: that an accursed Aristocracy still ruled the people, nor were the people themselves worthy that it should be otherwise; witness the treatment he had received from his veering electors; that he had better hopes in such a soil of liberty as America; and he threw out some hints, that a man who had done so much for her as himself, might, though a stranger, have a fair hope of being enrolled a member of Congress.

To his astonishment, Mr. Shrewdly, the bookseller, gave him no encouragement, nor, in return, would our adventurer open himself to him upon the nature and extent of his resources, still less as to certain particulars respecting his conduct, which the American had gleaned from English newspapers that had reached New York. The next day the victim of oppression was favoured with the following article in one of the New York papers, which certainly did not tend to brighten his prospects :—

"We have heard that we are favoured by the arrival on our shores, after a prosperous voyage from England, of Caleb Crabtree, Esq., printer, and ex-M.P. for the borough of Brawlerstown; well known for his ardent love of liberty and equality, aud his profound knowledge of the science of government. 'Tis said that, despairing of doing any good among his slavish countrymen, he does us the honour to think he may be happier here, and perhaps be able to contribute to our improvement, by the communication of his amazing stores. We are obliged to him for coming so far to enlighten us; but as we want no instruction, either in political science or social duties *(such as being true to trusts, or respect for female virtue)*, it is a pity that he has given himself so much trouble. We as little want printers, being amply satisfied with our own; and, being Democrats from our cradles, and having a considerable stock of the commodity on hand, we see no prospect of advantage either to the ex-M.P. or ourselves, from the visit. *Verbum sat.*"

"These fools are worse than those of Oxford," exclaimed the Radical, as he quitted New York.

What afterwards became of him we never could exactly ascertain. Sometime ago we heard of a Mr. Crabtree who was *rifled* by a back settler in the Illinois, for liberties offered to his wife; and another of the same name was a serjeant-major in one of Santa Anna's Mexican regiments that mutinied, and he, being forced to fly into the Floridas, became a slave-driver there from very want. We trust that this was not the illustrious person whose memoirs, for the sake of all true lovers of liberty, we have thus thought it expedient to record.

THE WIDOW TO HER SON'S BETROTHED.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

AH, cease to plead with that sweet cheerful voice,
  Nor bid me struggle with a weight of woe,
Lest from the very tone that says "rejoice,"
  A double bitterness of grief should grow;
Those words from THEE, convey no gladdening thought,
  No sound of comfort lingers in their tone,
But by their means a haunting shade is brought
  Of love and happiness for ever gone!

My son!—alas, hast thou forgotten *him*,
  That thou art full of hopeful plans again?
His heart is cold—his joyous eyes are dim,—
  For him THE FUTURE is a word in vain!
He never more the welcome hours may share,
  Nor bid Love's sunshine cheer our lonely home,—
How hast thou conquered all the long despair
  Born of that sentence—*He is in the tomb!*

How can thy hand with cheerful fondness press
  The hands of friends who still on earth may stay—
Remembering *his* most passionate caress
  When the LONG PARTING summoned him away?
How can'st thou keep from bitter weeping, while
  Strange voices tell thee thou art brightly fair—
Remembering how *he* loved thy playful smile,
  Kiss'd thy smooth cheek, and praised thy burnished hair?

How can'st thou laugh? How can'st thou warble songs?
  How can'st thou lightly tread the meadow-fields,
Praising the freshness which to Spring belongs,
  And the sweet incense which the hedge-flower yields?
Does not the many-blossom'd spring recal
  Our pleasant walks through cowslip-spangled meads,—
The violet-scented lanes—the warm south-wall,
  Where early flow'rets reared their welcome heads?

Does not remembrance darken on thy brow
  When the wild rose a richer fragrance flings—
When the caressing breezes lift the bough,
  And the sweet thrush more passionately sings;—
Dost thou not, then, lament for him whose form
  Was ever near thee, full of earnest grace?
Does not the sudden darkness of the storm
  Seem luridly to fall on Nature's face?

It does to ME! The murmuring summer breeze,
Which thou dost turn thy glowing cheek to meet,
For *me* sweeps desolately through the trees,
And moans a dying requiem at my feet!
The glistening river which in beauty glides,
Sparkling and blue with morn's triumphant light,
All lonely flows, or in its bosom hides
A broken image lost to human sight!

I gaze upon its rippling waves, and lo!
HIS smile seems brightening on the waters clear;
Far off it gleams,—without the life-warm glow,—
In fitful rays that shine and disappear!
Or, 'mid the branches of the sheltering wood,
I listen for his voice so long unheard,
And my heart leaps, in that dim solitude,
At every sound by which the leaves are stirr'd.

I linger on the path, as though *to wait*
Might bring the loiterer to his mother's side;
I hurry onwards,—past the wicket-gate
To the lone bower where he was wont to bide.
Vague expectation fevers in my heart,—
Still *possible* those happy meetings seem,—
Till, stung by memory's sudden power, I start—
And tears and anguish chase the mocking dream!

But THOU!—Ah! turn thee not in grief away,
I do not wish *thy* soul as sadly wrung—
I know the freedom of thy spirit's play,
I know thy bounding heart is fresh and young:
I know corroding Time *will* slowly break
The links which bound most fondly and most fast,
And Hope *will* be Youth's comforter, and make
The long bright Future overweigh the Past.

Only, when full of tears I raise mine eyes
And meet *thine* ever full of smiling light,
I feel as though thy vanished sympathies
Were buried in HIS grave, where all is night;
And when beside our lonely hearth I sit,
And thy light laugh comes echoing to my ear,
I wonder how the waste of mirth and wit
Hath still the power thy widowed heart to cheer!

Bear with me yet! Mine is a harsh complaint!
And thy youth's innocent light-heartedness
Should rather soothe me when my spirits faint,
Than seem to mock my age's lone distress.
Yet oh! the tide of grief is swelling high,
And if so soon forgetfulness must be—
If, for the DEAD, thou hast no further sigh,
Weep for his Mother!—Weep, young Bride, for ME!

THE HUMORIST.

MR. PEPPERCORN "AT HOME.*"

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CHAPTER III.

IT is the belief of the benevolent that even the devil may be painted in shadow; we have, therefore, some hope of winning the charity of our readers for Sheepskin of Clement's-inn: appearances may at first be against him, but feeling that that adroit person has more than an average share of mistakes to answer for, we hasten to declare that, no matter for the number or the condition of the tenants on the Hyacinth estate, their occupancy was entirely without his consent or knowledge. At the outset of our narrative, we explained the true motives of Cupid, the dog—surely, Sheepskin of Clement's-inn, deserves no less consideration. It is true, that the attorney had suffered the houses to fall into decay,—this, we cannot deny: but again, for this, he doubtless had his own especial reasons. Possibly, in the course of our story, these may be developed. We have now to speak of the immediate neighbours and fellow-lodgers—yes, fellow-lodgers—of Isaac Peppercorn.

The bill of charges presented to our traveller, although seeming monstrous to his simplicity, must at once have struck the reader—for we like to fix the attention through the pocket—as belonging to a happier time than the times we live in. Yes; they were of the golden age, when innkeepers had consciences; every generation of men—it is the comfortable creed of many excellent moralists—improving in wickedness on its predecessor. At what point of degradation the sins of Adam are to stop, remains a curious matter of uncertainty. As a philosopher has given in his firm conviction that man originally emerged from the innocency of an oyster, possibly he is destined to proceed through innumerable changes, until all the human race shall merge into boa constrictors. Sorry are we to add, that we have known persons, who, although walking erect, and smiling, and looking like the sons of men, did, nevertheless, by certain moral sinuosities, not provided for by the statutes, very strongly fortify the theory;—men, whose *vox humana* sounded like a hiss, and who, fair and smooth without, had, it was plain, scale armour within. However, in the time of George the Second, there were no such men; or if there were, they were engaged against the Pretender, whose final defeat preceded only a short time the journey of our hero to London. In those days, there were vagabonds.

We love vagabonds—we confess it, we have a kindly yearning towards the knavish faculty—the antic cunning—the adroit wisdom that lives upon the outskirts of life,—and, having altogether shirked what legislators call the social compact,—having from the cradle protested against the impression of a tacit consent to the dull forms of sober men, "clothe the back and fill the maw" from the weakness, the credulity, or the vanity of those who think and dub themselves the grave, wise elders! Your real, quick-blooded, genial vagabond is the arabesque of life,—and much do we lament the doings of that mischievous spirit of

* Continued from p. 257.

utility that with a brush, dripping white-wash, has put it out. Now, all is uniform, and all is blank—even the faded colours of the past do not show through. *Now*, as the French king mournfully said, "we are *all* gentlemen." Seventy, sixty, years ago, there were professed vagabonds—exquisite rascals—with whom Agamemnon might have drunk purl and shared an onion. Again—the painful fact must have found its way to every reflecting man—how miserably have we fallen in the articles of footpads and highwaymen! though it is some consolation that in swindlers we have advanced a little. But only glance at the Old Bailey records of our times. Can anything be more mean, more squalid? There are now no great men on the road: to be sure, science now offers obstructions; it being more difficult to stop a passenger on a railway than on Hounslow. Still, our thieves have much degenerated; whilst, sixty years ago, men made their bow at Tyburn, whom, as Englishmen, we ought ever to be proud of. Turn where we will, we see the evil of respectability—we hate the very word, as Falstaff hated "lime." It has carried its white-wash into every corner of the land—it has made weak and insipid the "wine of life." Look at our players—are they the men they were? In these times, an actor is waited upon by, say two, or three, or four bailiffs: well, for the sake of his respectability, he quietly gets bail, the world losing a lively enjoyment of the circumstance. Now, when Weston or Shuter, we forget which, fell into the hands of the sheriff, the captive, seated in the front row of the gallery, loudly proclaimed his difficulty to the audience, at the same time requesting tender treatment of the catchpoles, they having permitted him to come to see the play. When shall we hear of Liston, or even Macready, doing as much? No; there is now nothing picturesque in life. We have caught the wild Indian, deprived him of his beads, his feathers, and his cloak of skins; we have put him into a Quaker's suit *without buttons*—and behold, the once mighty chief Great Sword is fallen into Mr. Respectable Man! We have now no character at all: it may seem a paradox—but our respectability has destroyed it.

Happily, our story does not belong to these drab-coloured times; and our preface to the present chapter, though long, will not, we trust, in the sequel appear impertinent. We must repeat, Mr. Peppercorn was "at home," and had his fellow-lodgers and his neighbours, Sheepskin being "innocent of the knowledge." To proceed with our history.

The landlord, with some difficulty, groped his way along the passage; and ascending a few stairs, a dim light through a mud-encrusted window directed him to an apartment on the first floor. He entered the room, and started at the sight of various articles of furniture, not of the most costly kind, but of the first utility. There was a truckle-bed with a blanket or two—a deal table—and the ruins of a chair. "Belonged to the Dutchman, no doubt," thought Peppercorn; and then he rubbed his hands, and showed his stumps of teeth, and crowed aloud—"Ha! ha! Here—here's evidence against Sheepskin—evidence of occupancy. Why, if there ar'n't coals in the grate! ha! ha! This," and the landlord was in a glow of delight, "this is enough to hang him." The darkness increased, when Peppercorn pulled forth his tinder-box—the lawyer was to send the bed and stool—and, taking a rushlight from his pocket, placed it in a bottle, left by lucky chance

upon the table. In a minute the taper was lighted, and Peppercorn ere he proceeded to take a view of the house, sat, his hands upon his knees, meditating upon the general iniquity of man, and upon the wickedness of Sheepskin in particular. We know not how long he might have dwelt upon the fertile theme, had not a simple monosyllable from an inhuman voice lifted him up, as though by lighted gunpowder.

"Well!" The word, it will be allowed, is not much—but it was the time, the tone in which it was uttered, and the person who uttered it, that made it terrible. The word was barked rather than spoken by a miserable wretch in rags, whose face was a striking illustration of the force of love of mothers—nothing less could have saved him from smothering. Peppercorn's under jaw dropped like a trap-door, as he stared upon the speaker; who, surveying the landlord from head to foot, continued, "I say, old three-corners, I suppose you think yourself at home?"

"Eh? Why, yes," said Peppercorn, after a great effort.

"You do, do you? Well, we shall see about "—here the speaker fixed his eye upon the bottle, made two strides to it, looked at it with the eye of a Dutch water-doctor, then threw a glance of reproach at Peppercorn, and said in a pathetic under-tone, prefacing the statement with an oath, "there was half a pint in it when the beak sent me to oakum."

"To oakum," whispered Peppercorn, for surprise had stolen his voice, surprise at the arrival of his visiter, that morning only—we will not disguise the fact—returned from a short retirement in Bridewell.

"Never mind—all's right, you know," said the ragged, dirty, uncombed philosopher; "all's right, you know," and he slapped Peppercorn violently on the shoulder to convince him, an unbeliever, of the fact—"you'll do what's onorable?"

"I!" exclaimed Peppercorn, as if quite unaccustomed to any such conduct.

"Ha! So you 've come among us, eh?" continued the stranger, with growing affability.

"I—I think it was time; I wish I 'd come a long time ago," said the landlord.

"Dare say you do; capital family, ar'n't we? How did you find us out? But I shall know. And what's your *lay?* Oh, I see; lord, that I shouldn't have known old Pattison, the letter-writer, at once? Well, you 've dodged 'em a good many years, old fellow, and I onor you. But how's all the boys?" Peppercorn was quite bewildered. "Have you seen the general here o' late?"

"And does a general live in this house?" asked Peppercorn.

"This house! Why, haven't we all the run of the row? I mean General Pompey: and tell us, how's little Nick, the pieman; and how goes on the cards of old Dogstar, the conjuror? And how's Flittermouse, the showman; and what's become of Muzzleby,—is he here still, and where's the bear?" And the inquirer, such was his anxiety for his late companions and friends, continued to lengthen the list, summing up with an emphatic—"how are they *all?*"

"All in these houses!" exclaimed Peppercorn, in a tone mistaken by his hearer, for he replied, with fervent satisfaction,—

"All's right as my leg, then, still!"

"And they—they keep a bear here?" cried Peppercorn.

"What! haven't you seen him? he used to sleep in the next room," Peppercorn jumped aside; "but I—I liked to have my private thoughts sometimes; so I got Muzzleby to put him into the drawing-room of number nine. But I say," and the speaker here became serious, "you must be off out of this."

"I must?" and Peppercorn was nearly betrayed into an avowal of his true dignity.

"To be sure you must—honour among thieves, you know. This has been my crib these three years."

"Pray, do you happen to know Mr. Sheepskin, lawyer, of Clement's-inn?" asked the landlord.

"Not the pleasure," said the tenant, and began to whistle, we presume a thanksgiving.

"He is, as I hear, agent to this estate. In all the time you have inhabited this room—charming room"—and Peppercorn spoke, as with the cholic—"charming room,—has——"

"There's bigger ones; but I like this because of the prospect; there's a steeple I don't know how many miles off; and a steeple's always something to look at," said the vagabond with an eye to the picturesque.

"Has Mr. Sheepskin ever shown himself among you?"

"An old man like you! ar'n't you ashamed of yourself to ask such a thing? A lawyer, and come among us! When do you think he'd get out agin?"

"And I have my papers in my pocket," thought Peppercorn, and he turned pale at the recollection. The stranger observed the transition; and, mistaking its cause, put his hand upon the landlord's arm, who shook at the touch, and said, "No, no, don't you be afeard of your company; we wouldn't kill him by no means; no, no, we'd find him in lodging, that's all; 'cause you see, if he or the landlord was to know how many happy families live here for nothing——"

"*I* thought how many might live here half an hour," thought Peppercorn to himself, but did not add "for nothing."

"There is no doubt at all, that they'd be hard-hearted enough to send us all packing. No, if we was to catch the lawyer here, we'd give him a cellar for life; perhaps, we'd put him along with the bear."

"Not with my bear," said a third party, entering, and the speaker was no less than Muzzleby himself, who, it appeared, was no other than the individual who had, in a preceding scene, advertised himself as dancing-master to young Hyacinth. "No lawyer with my bear," said he; "I've a love for the animal, and it wouldn't be a fair match." Having said this, the bear-leader welcomed the gentleman from Bridewell home again: as for Peppercorn, he was considered to have been introduced to the hospitalities of the estate by the late worker in oakum, and the rapid arrival of persons (by a secret back entrance) into the house prevented any particular inquiry. Peppercorn gasped, and the marrow in his bones turned cold at every new footstep.

"The general will be here," said Muzzleby, "and we shall have such a supper!"

"A supper!" and the late prisoner rubbed his hands, and glared like an ogre.

"A supper!" groaned Peppercorn, and cast his eyes towards the ceiling.

Chapter IV.

We have now—passing a few preliminaries—to introduce the reader to a party at supper. We cared not to particularize the persons as they arrived; we preferred to show them at one glance; and there they sit in one of the largest rooms of the best house of the Hyacinth estate, decorously ranged at a table bearing the wherewithal to claim attention of even the fastidious eater. Fortunately for the cook, every man had his working-day appetite about him, and no dish remained dishonoured. From sirloin to black-pudding, every claimant met with due attention. Had the feeders supped in the Ark, they would have thought nothing beneath their notice. However, we are glad that, on the present occasion, the supper was found worthy of the partakers, for how rarely, in these poor respectable days—these miserable times of melancholy and propriety—do we see such character brought together? Talk of cabinet dinners—give us vagabond suppers! Let the reader judge.

We earnestly solicit his attention to the illustrious person with an enormous, partly bald head, at the top of the table. There is one very long lock of black hair brought down the forehead, which, in its longitude, seems as if the owner wore a pig-tail the wrong way. The forehead is tolerably ample—nay, we have seen a much worse, with "statesman" written on it: the eyebrows slightly arched over large, rolling, black eyes, imparting a very distinguished stare to the possessor. The nose a prominent Roman: cheek bones high; mouth large; and complexion of saddle-leather. And the chin of this head—for there is no neck—is within two inches of the table, and about thirty from the ground. It seems as though a giant had been decapitated, and his head only put in the chair, to do the honours of the table. This head, however, has a body; albeit, as happens with much genius, unworthy of its greatness. And there is, at intervals, a frank, kind, smile breaking through the melancholy of the huge cheeks, that shows General Pompey—for it is no less a person—to be a genial fellow: moreover, there is an air in his mode of handing his snuffbox right and left, that proclaims at least the lighter graces of the gentleman. At this, however, the reader is not called upon to be surprised; General Pompey, in consequence of his extreme littleness, having, in his time, been patronized by all the courts of Europe. Unfortunately, in two or three instances when he was in the full blaze of fortune, smaller men supplanted him; and he was compelled from time to time to take "a more removed ground," until fortune deposited him in the box of a showman, whence he had emerged to preside on the present occasion. Indeed, he was the great man with the tenants of the Hyacinth estate: nothing was to be done without the General, who, to say the truth, was at once the essence of good breeding and the soul of liberality. "*Prenez vous du tabac?*" said the president, with a gracious smile, proffering an opened pewter box to a gentleman on his right, who was no other than young Hyacinth, roused from a study by the courteous solicitude. "The king of France hasn't such—at least, he *hadn't*," said the General, smiling on his guest; for it was by Pompey's special, though accidental, introduction, that Hyacinth obtained a view of the motley scene before him. The young man, on leaving Peppercorn, had passed through two streets, when he heard the shrill cries of, as he

thought, a child in danger; he followed the noise, and overtook a drunken porter, carrying on his head a basket, whence the sound proceeded. Hyacinth forced the man to set down his load, when outsprang the General, ignominiously caught up by the bacchanal, who endeavoured to excuse his cruelty, by stating that he had promised a plaything to his children. The General drew his sword, and breathed blood and murder. Hyacinth restrained the warrior in his vengeance; and his wrath a little subsided, he insisted that his preserver should accompany him to a place, where, at least, he would find a good supper, and a hearty welcome. Smiling at the adventure, Hyacinth consented, and to his astonishment, was led by the fields into the very house in which he was born. Again, what was his surprise to find at the table, the old man—Peppercorn sat, or rather wriggled, on the General's left—whom he had left so passionately! To Hyacinth, all was mystery; but he was determined to seek it out.

Peppercorn, to do him justice, eat on the present occasion as with a practised appetite. He, too, though sadly perplexed by his unprofitable tenants, was excited by a strange curiosity to see further into their habits. Here was an accident! The rich landlord the guest of vagabonds and mendicants, in his now dilapidated mansion, seated face to face with his wronged nephew, who, but for the chance which brought him to the same board, had gone supperless to bed!

Next to Peppercorn, was a hard-working, worthy person, with gray hair, and chalky lack-a-daisical face, who, that he might have ample room for his meals at home, would do nothing when abroad—to the wonder and compassion of the multitude—but vomit pebbles, pins, nails, and other small ware. And the honest people perceiving that he could swallow stones, never failed to press upon him money to buy bread.

Opposite to the stone-eater, and next to Hyacinth, was a famous posture-maker; who would disguise and degrade his anatomy in a thousand ways, for the which he rarely failed to meet with public compensation. His principal feat, however, was the snake trick; for he would cast himself upon the earth, and move along it in undulations as quickly and as lithely as the living reptile. We once knew a minister to throw him a guinea from the window of his drawing-room, in pure admiration of this peculiar motion. Whenever his other tricks failed, he began to creep, and success was certain.

A little lower down was a bankrupt schoolmaster. As he refused to birch the few pupils he got together, they were one by one withdrawn from him by anxious parents, who allowed that he was a good sort of a man, but very uninformed; in fact, quite ignorant of the proper end of scholarship. For some time, the pedagogue starved in silent magnanimity. At length, however, he took another pupil; one with no father or mother to govern master or disciple: he took a pig.—The which sagacious, and therefore much scandalized animal, he taught to draw any card desired—to tell a lady whether she were maid or wife, or when she would cease to be either—to point out the initial of a lover's name—to grunt for the King, and be silent for the Pretender—or to grunt for the Pretender, and be silent for the King, as the politics of the party might be. These, with other accomplishments on the part of the hog, brought the tutor more tangible good than it would have been wise for him to hope from biped youth.

Nearly fronting the schoolmaster was a great theoretical philanthropist, who had reduced himself to the pangs of hunger, by expending his patrimony in the printing of tracts that should disabuse the human mind of all its vices and weaknesses, saving it from its own evils, and the snares of others, and should at once and for ever destroy the empiric in every shape and colour. He fortunately saved himself from starvation by marrying the widow of a mountebank, vending her late husband's inventions on a most respectable stage, assisted by one of the best paid jack-puddings of the day.

Not far from the philanthropic mountebank was a great navigator. For many, many years he had, to his own satisfaction, convinced the world of the existence of a North-west Passage. He had, however, turned his genius for discovery to a more profitable channel; and faithfully told the whereabout of lost spoons, stolen linen, and strayed cattle.

Further down the table was a philosophic visionary, who spent all his inheritance in preaching against the outward vanities of life—the paintings and the trappings, and the false, fleeting finery of sophistication. He brought himself to rags; but in a lucky hour hit upon an expedient that in some way restored him: for it was he who originated the custom of gilding gingerbread.

The last person we shall especially notice, started as a sort of saint. He was willing to turn hermit for life; to live upon pulse and water, and never look upon the face, never hear the voice, of a female. He afterwards became the contented husband of the woman with the beard—a second Barbara Urseline—to be viewed for a penny at every fair in the country.

(There is hardly a sadder feeling than that which arises from a contrast of our early ennobling aspirations—our proud vauntings of invulnerability, and our trumpet-tongued defiance of all threats and blandishments to win us from the one great purpose of our soul,—with our final miserable realities—our low confessions of weakness—our small-voiced defence of the fear or the wile that has tempted us from the highway, which we thought would lead to all things. How few are there who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not, at thirty, seem to have suffered a "second fall!" What angel-purposes did they woo—and what hag-realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon! But, we are among vagabonds, it may be said, and this strain is a little out of place. By your leave—no. There is, to our mind, more matter for sweet and bitter melancholy in the flaunting tawdry of a zany, than in the embroidered suit of a fine gentleman—more stuff, pregnant with more curious and touching contrast, in the fantastic rags of your true vagabond, than in the sleek garments of the man of all proprieties. We have not particularized one-third of the supper-eaters, and yet, even those we have named, may they not—contrasting their original motives with their settled habits—be compared with at least fifty of our acquaintance, albeit, we admit no similitude to our immaculate selves? But we have done.)

"Gentlemen," said the General, taking a jug of ale, "never let us forget what is due to our landlord." Peppercorn unconsciously drew himself upright. "He is a most excellent person, and may he never

have worse tenants!" There was a general growl of applause—a knocking upon the table—and then a derisive cry of "our landlord!"

"Come, Sir, you don't drink," said Pompey to Hyacinth; "our landlord!"

"I pray, excuse me, I—I happen to know the gentleman," said the visiter.

"What!" cried Peppercorn, unconscious of the word.

"You *do?*" was the loud interrogative; and all looked upon Hyacinth as a spy in the camp, to be straightway delivered up to the enemy. This question was immediately followed by glances of reproach cast at the General, who declared that he would answer with his head for the honour of his guest.

"All very fine," said the stone-eater, in a low voice to Peppercorn, "take my word for it," and he slapped Isaac emphatically on the thigh, "we must all flit—the game's up."

Peppercorn, though wondering at the assurance of Hyacinth, threw a look of entreaty over to him: at this instant, however, there was a loud knocking at the street-door. Every man sprang to his feet, and stared for information in the face of his fellow.

Chapter V.

We trust the reader has not forgotten the eccentric stranger who first informed Hyacinth of the supernatural visiters haunting the estate.

"Flittermouse!" exclaimed the General, as the new comer entered, "who's that?"

"A runaway knock," said Flittermouse, for such was the name of the speaker; who, with little ceremony, seated himself at the table and lifted to his plate the thigh of a turkey. "I say, gentlemen," he observed, after the first mouthful, "are you all ready with your rents, for I can tell ye our landlord is among us?"

"Among us!" was the general shout, and Peppercorn sat frozen to his chair.

"That is, he will be; for he's sent his bedding. I say, General—ha! ha! we must strike our tents."

"What is this?" asked the General, with great dignity. "Speak, Flittermouse. What danger threatens the tranquillity of our happy fireside? What oppression menaces our bond of brotherhood? Rents! Gracious Powers! Rents!" Would our pen could show the disgust in every face, save that of Peppercorn, at the word. "Speak, Flittermouse," added the General, with the air of an emperor.

"You see, I was coming home, when I overtook Sheepskin's man—I knew him because I used to go with the show to Sheepskin's, at Christmas; only I lost his custom, because in the fight with the devil and the lawyer, I wouldn't give the lawyer the best of it. What's a show without a moral? 'The devil,' says I——'"

"Never mind the devil—forget your private interest in the general ood," said Pompey—"What about the landlord?"

"Well, Sheepskin's man told me that the bundle at his back was the bed of the landlord; that he was come to town; that he was coming here; and that his name was——" at this moment, and for the first time at table, Flittermouse saw young Hyacinth; he paused, and with dropt jaw, stared at him.

Hyacinth, however, concluded the sentence for the showman, tranquilly pronouncing the word "Peppercorn," whilst the unfortunate owner of the name shrunk from it as from a presented pistol.

"Well remembered!" said the General, turning to Hyacinth; "you said, Sir, that you knew this landlord?"

"True, Sir; I know him for a sordid, heartless miser; a wretch devoid of common sympathy; a cur, who——" Hyacinth was proceeding in his invective, when the features and changing attitudes of Peppercorn, his looks of abject entreaty, his upraised shoulders and his clasped hands, just visible above the table, struck the speaker with sudden conviction—"It is—I have him," thought Hyacinth; and a glow of fierce satisfaction possessed him as he leant his arms upon the board, and looked as he would look into the very brain of his uncle.

"Well, let him be good or bad," said the pebble-eater, "we've had many a carouse out of his marble mantel-pieces and his leaden waterspouts—and I say, old boy," and the speaker gave Peppercorn a rough bacchanal tug by the collar—"I say, but—but what's your name?"

This untimely question awakened a general curiosity, and Peppercorn had given himself up for a sacrifice, when he remembered the name bestowed upon him by the picker-of-oakum, and with a side-look of entreaty at Hyacinth, and in a voice, made hoarse by terror, he breathed from his husky throat, "Patt—Patt—i—son."

"I'll answer for him," said the late prisoner, evidently deceived by the fortunate resemblance between Peppercorn and some decayed old gentleman who lived on begging-epistles.—Happily, his wardrobe assisted the delusion.

"It *is* he," murmured Hyacinth to himself, and smiled bitterly upon the miser.

"All I say is this," resumed the stone-eater, "we've sold all the lead of his houses for liquor, and—why you don't drink!" cried the jovial vagabond to the amazed landlord. "Come, empty it;" and he forced a cup upon Peppercorn—"it's the last of the spouts. Drink!"

And Peppercorn did drink; though had the draught been molten lead itself, instead of brandy purchased by it, he had not drunk in greater torture.

"There's one good thing," cried the posture-maker, "if all the lead's gone, there's plenty of iron on the premises. And since the landlord is such a rascal, I'll not go without a supper till we've eat down to the very knockers."

"That was a capital feast we had out of all the locks!" cried the philanthropist.

"It was the banquet of honesty, when we supped off what was invented for rogues," rejoined the schoolmaster.

"But the gentleman can tell us further of our landlord," said General Pompey; "let us hear more of his character, that we may proportion our rewards to his merits. Our landlord's character!"

"Our landlord's character!" was the general shout. And Hyacinth, his eyes still glowing upon Peppercorn, proceeded to state that the houses had been the portion of the miser's sister; that her husband, after gallantly struggling with accumulated ill-fortune, sank in the strife. The property having been mortgaged to Peppercorn for a trifling sum, he seized upon it, turning his sister and her infant son upon the world.

"And what became of the poor creatures, Sir?" asked the dwarf, with moistened eyes.

"The mother died," said Hyacinth, scarcely controlling his emotion. "Yes—her blood is on her brother's hands!"

"Blood!" cried all, Peppercorn himself being surprised into the exclamation.

"The worst of blood," said Hyacinth, gazing at his uncle—"the blood of a broken heart. She died."

"And—and"—there was a power stirring in Peppercorn that, spite of himself, forced him to the question—"and, for you seem to know much of the story, the—the boy, Sir?"

"'Twas from him I had the history," said Hyacinth; "we were in the same regiment. Your nephew——"

"Nephew!" cried Peppercorn—and "Nephew!" echoed all.

"I mean, the landlord's nephew—he, poor fellow! he was shot in Flanders."

Peppercorn stifled a groan, as there rose from each of the party an expression of hate and disgust towards his unknown self. He tried to struggle against the feeling; but the sickness of death seemed to grow upon him, as he heard his name coupled with a curse.

"What a rascal!" cried one. "Well, I'm glad we stript the lead."

"A villain!" exclaimed a second. "Why, we'll have such suppers; we won't leave one brick upon another." And this the speaker uttered with the sense of one who proposes a magnanimous action.

"We'll eat off every roof, and cut the floors into matches," said a third, with considerable energy.

"If the landlord don't prevent us, gentlemen," observed the General; "and we have something more to hear of him from Flittermouse. Did Sheepskin's man say that Peppercorn was really come?"

"That he'd be here this very night—that he wouldn't pay for lodging, but would sleep here while he stayed in London. I began the old story to the man about the badness of the neighbourhood," said Flittermouse.

"And the ghosts haunting the houses?" asked the General.

"Yes," replied Flittermouse, in melancholy tone; and then drawing a long sigh, he added, "Ha! General, the world's going to bits—a ghost isn't what it used to be; people get so hardened in their wickedness there's no frightening 'em now. I know it by the falling off in my profession. For my part, I don't know where it will end. Now-a-days they'd suffer Doctor Faustus to live in peace and quietness, and let him be buried handsomely with mourners." (We may here inform the reader that when Flittermouse alludes to his profession, he speaks of his mystical employment in the conduct of a gallantee show.)

"Well, gentlemen," observed the General, "we are now called upon to defend our home against the license of an invader, who would not only chase us from our hearth-stone, but very possibly would carry his malignity still further, by demanding rent for premises we have occupied. Nay, as there is no telling where such a man would stop—you have all heard from this gentleman of what he is capable—he might, such is revenge in base natures, demand satisfaction from the law upon us for the mantel-pieces, the leaden pipes, the locks and other materials found upon the premises, and of which we have availed ourselves to

satisfy our natural wants. Gentlemen, we have arrived at a most important crisis. I therefore wish to put this question to the collective wisdom of the meeting; weigh it well, consider it deeply, but answer it quickly. The question is this—Should Mr. Peppercorn come among us, what shall we do with him?—Yes, gentlemen, such is the question. What, I ask, what shall we, as tenants careful of their own interests, do with our landlord?"

A dead pause followed the query. All were evidently struck by the importance of the subject, especially Peppercorn, who moved his head mechanically from side to side, looking in the faces of his judges, and, without speaking, working his jaws like the jaws of an ape. The pause continued; when, on the question being put a third time, the General asking—

"What shall we do with our landlord?"

"Cut his throat!" was the deep, decisive answer; the gentleman who gave this advice being Muzzleby, the master of the dancing-bear.

"Cut his throat!" cried Muzzleby.

"Ugh! ugh!" cried Peppercorn.

"What do you say?" said the stone-eater, turning to Isaac.

"The gentleman says nothing," remarked Muzzleby; "but you can see that he's of my opinion. Every feature in his face cries—"Cut his throat!"

Chapter VI.

"Gentlemen," said the gallantee-showman, and he spoke to a select few determined on seeing out the night over their cups. "I hate suspicion, but there's some folks won't let you be charitable. Now, that's one of 'em," and Flittermouse nodded his head towards Peppercorn, who, having vainly tried to escape from the house, sat aghast upon a low stool, where, overcome by the brandy forced upon him, he had fallen fast asleep. "Try as I will with myself, I can't like him," said Flittermouse, surveying his landlord.

"You don't think he's out of the trade?" asked Muzzleby.

"Humph! There is a something to be sure about him," remarked the gallantee-showman, "and yet he doesn't look a thorough vagabond."

"Perhaps not," said the schoolmaster; "but it isn't fair to judge by looks."

"I'll wake him," cried the showman, with a knowing wink; and then approaching the miser, he laid his hand upon the sleeper's shoulder, and shaking him, asked, "Won't you go to bed?"

"Bed—a shilling!" mumbled Peppercorn, recurring to his first injury.

"Bed and blankets are brought for you, Mr. Peppercorn," and Flittermouse shouted the name so loudly in the ear of its possessor, that he jumped up as though awakened by the blast of a trumpet.

"Peppercor—" stammered Isaac, looking about; and then, with sudden presence of mind, affecting a grim smile, he asked—shaking to the toes as he put the question—"Where is Mr. Peppercorn?"

"They've brought his bed," answered the showman, with a scrutinizing look. "He can go to sleep as soon as he likes, and then, you know, we can——"

"Cut his throat," interrupted Peppercorn, with a look of ghastl merriment, and he felt suddenly tongue-tied, and his knees knocked to-

gether. The truth is, the bedding promised by Sheepskin had arrived; that is, it had been thrown down at the door-step; the porter, after having loudly knocked, running away, believing, as he fled, that a whole legion of ghosts from the Hyacinth estate was pursuing him. Peppercorn, releasing himself from the showman, sidled softly towards young Hyacinth, who sat apart, and, with folded arms and his hat drawn over his brow, gloomily contemplated the scene about him. The General had quitted the house—the van in which he travelled starting early in the morning to a fair in Essex; and many of the revellers had slunk, one by one, to their several beds of feather, flock, and straw. Flittermouse, Muzzleby, the tutor of the learned pig, and the inventor of gilt gingerbread, with young Hyacinth, who felt spell-bound to the spot, and who was determined to watch his uncle, alone composed the waking conclave when Peppercorn was roused to join it. The schoolmaster and the philosopher continued to play at *put*, the showman and the dancing-master thinking and at the same time drinking deeply.

"Ha! so—you knew that poor lad?" asked Peppercorn, in a shiver, and looking fawningly upon Hyacinth, who turned upon the miser an eye of fire. "I have heard—a—a brave lad; and dead! dear me—dear me!"

"His death distresses you?" asked Hyacinth. "Doubtless, as a friend of Mr. Pepperc"—

"Hush!" and Isaac, grasping Hyacinth's hand, breathed heavily, as he turned to look upon his unprofitable tenants; "you have a good face—I can see it; a kind face: you wouldn't like to see an old man's blood."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Hyacinth, moved by the white face and palsied limbs of his uncle. "What do you fear?"

"You are a stranger like myself—I can trust you," cried Peppercorn, and he shook more violently.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Hyacinth, with a look of bitterness, that increased the terror of the old man.

"Do you want"—and Peppercorn drew himself up to his nephew's ear, and whispered, "do you want money—honest, honest money?—Tell me where you're to be found, and what's your means?" and the miser tried to assume the air of a patron.

"For the place," said Hyacinth, resolved to increase the terrors of Isaac, "Finchley; for my means, a blood-mare and quick triggers." Isaac fell, as if stabbed, from the speaker; and casting his eyes from ceiling to floor, he wrung his withered hands, and in the impotence of fear, moaned, "murdered! murdered! shut up for the knife!" then turning to Hyacinth, he cried, "Unhappy youth; but it isn't true: no—no—it can't be: you have such an honest face—I say you have," said Peppercorn, in a wheedling tone, and his features puckered with smiles. "What! a soldier, and turn highwayman? No—no—no! Help me, hush! speak low, or those thieves—help me from this house, and"—

"Lost again!" roared the philosopher at *put;* and with the face of a balked satyr, he flung the cards down upon the floor; "I claim revenge: where's the checkers?"

"With all my heart," said the swinish tutor; "here's the table," and he took a piece of board, rudely marked for draughts, from a nook

near Hyacinth, who leapt from his seat as the man turned from him, and seized the board from his hand. The panel devoted to the purposes of play bore the portrait of a beautiful woman: time and injury had obscured its excellence, but not destroyed it.

For a moment young Hyacinth stood with the picture in his hands, and then pressing it to his lips, and tears gushing from his eyes, he exclaimed, "Mother, dear mother!" and fell like a drunken man upon his chair.

"Mother!" cried Peppercorn, with a hoarse scream, and then he looked like a thief caught in the fact.

"Mother!" exclaimed the four tenants, Muzzleby appending to the word a long whistle, expressive of his astonishment.

"My nephew!" croaked Peppercorn in his throat, scarcely deigning to look for Hyacinth.

"It is true, my friends; this is the picture of her who—oh! the villain brother!" cried the young man, and Peppercorn shrunk into himself. "Where—tell me, where was this found?"

"In a cupboard, among some lumber: we wanted a board, but we spared the pictur," said the bear-leader.

"But *your* mother?" asked Flittermouse, lost in the mystery.

"I was born beneath this roof: the houses were my mother's—they"—

"What then," cried the schoolmaster, very sagaciously, "you are nephew to that old rascal, our landlord?"

"That scoundrel Peppercorn?" remarked the inventor of gilt gingerbread. "Isn't that odd, now?" said the gilder, turning to Peppercorn himself, who, by his gestures, for he was voiceless with astonishment and fear, declared his sense of the extraordinary accident.

"Well, if I'd have known as much, I'd have never talked such stuff to you about the ghosts," said Flittermouse. "Only, you see, it's our duty to spread such stories to keep tenants from the houses. But I say," and the showman struck his leg as though he had fallen upon a golden discovery,—"Peppercorn, your uncle, will come here. Now, only let us catch him, and then we'll"——

"Cut his throat," said Muzzleby, bigoted to what, in common with many Roman emperors, he considered a Catholic mode of redress.

"Or bind him hand and foot, and throw him to the bear," meekly observed the schoolmaster.

"Well," said the philosopher to Hyacinth, "there's one comfort; your uncle will go to the devil!"

"And what's worse——" rejoined Flittermouse.

"What can be worse?" cried Peppercorn, for it was impossible he could silently hear himself thus variously disposed of;—"what can be worse?"

"Why, when he gets there," said the showman, "nobody will speak to him."

Chap. VII.

The night passed, and Isaac remained a prisoner "at home." He had been invited in a manner which admitted of no refusal, to retire to the bed sent by Sheepskin for the landlord, Flittermouse, as Isaac

thought, sarcastically observing, that the pallet would do just as well for Pattison as Peppercorn. All night did Isaac lie sleepless, planning means of escape; he was but too well convinced by the tone and looks of young Hyacinth, that he was discovered; and in the meanness of his own nature, had no thought, no hope of mercy. As he lay, Providence Hall glittered like a temple of crystal before him; Biddy, the housekeeper, arose in smiling self-complacency; Cupid, the terrier, seemed to wag his tail in mockery of greeting; yea, the defunct white horse, once more bit the bare brown common; and all the old familiar things tortured him with recollections of the happy past. "They'll murder me, and lay my death upon the ghosts," said Peppercorn to himself a hundred times. And then he thought of the manifold rogueries of Sheepskin, of the rent paid by the Dutch money-lender; "for that could be no invention," concluded the miser, in his avarice; of the bartered mantel-pieces, the locks and the lead. "I know it—I know it—I shall die in the workhouse—I said I should—a pauper, yes, a pauper," he cried aloud.

"Well, if you must, can't you die without making a noise about it?" exclaimed the voice of Muzzleby, to the disconsolate miser, who crawled from the inner room into the apartment where the bear-leader sat, enjoying his tobacco. "Well, I'm sure, you're mighty particular, Mr. Pattison," and the smoker, staring at Peppercorn, blew clouds of smoke into his face. "Where are you going?" asked Muzzleby, in a voice of thunder, seeing Isaac shuffling near the door.

"I—it's a raw morning, and I—I've a coldness at the stomach, and I've forgot my ginger," said Peppercorn; "I—it's my only remedy,—I shall die without it."

"Sorry, but you must then," calmly observed the smoker; "nobody goes out to-day: don't you know we expect our landlord? Well, you *are* cold!" Isaac shook as with the ague. "I tell you what do, as you can't stir for ginger, suppose you go and warm yourself helping little Nick and Dogstar in the cellar."

"Helping!—in the cellar! What are they doing?" cried Peppercorn.

"Digging a hole." Isaac stared. "Don't I tell you our landlord's coming? well, that's the hole where they're going to bury him."

"Bury him! Horrible!" shrieked Peppercorn.

"A shame and a sin to bury him, I say,—when it costs so much to keep my bear;" and Muzzleby, shutting his eyes, leaned his head back, and, with half-closed lips, gently puffed out the smoke.

"And the wretches will really kill——"

"No abuse, Mr. Pattison; we shall do what becomes men with a troublesome landlord."

"And where—where's the young man?" asked Isaac, for the moment placing his hopes on Hyacinth.

"He's in the street to watch when Peppercorn comes;—well, then, as soon as he opens the door, and gets into the passage," and Muzzleby laid his hand upon the arm of the old man, sending a cold thrill through his bones,—"there's a couple of stout lads, who——" At this moment, Peppercorn thought he heard a sudden scuffling down stairs, and, with a howl, and scarce knowing whither he went, he rushed back nto his room, and rolled himself up in the blankets. He remained

trembling and listening for a full hour, when the dancing-master opened the door, and cried in his softest and most amiable tones—" Pattison, my old boy, it's all over."

"Dead!" groaned Peppercorn.

"And buried," answered Muzzleby, in the same note.

"Somebody in mistake for me," thought Peppercorn; "perhaps, Sheepskin;" and he smiled and clasped his hands under the blankets. "What a blessing is upon me!"

For the whole day Peppercorn remained swathed in his blankets, not daring to venture forth. At all times abstemious as a hermit, he less than ever felt the want of food, so was he worn by the horror of the past and the dread of the present. The evening approached, and the landlord resigned himself to his fate for another night, hoping, and almost praying, for release on the morrow. It was near midnight when Peppercorn awoke from a feverish sleep,—from dreams of terror: it was some moments ere he could shake off the influence of the vision, so strongly did it possess him. At length he became assured of his waking being, and of the real dangers that thronged about him. He began to try his memory for some prayer learned in his boyhood, and for a brief moment his heaps of gold seemed to the miser no more than ashes, when a speck of light, as from a star, beamed in the darkness. He held his breath, and grasped the blankets, the veins of his bony hands swelling like earth-worms. The light increased,—and his eyes grew big with horror, and his heart seemed to stop its beating, and his voice died in his throat, as he gazed upon a mortal face—the face of his wronged sister! The spectre, with its fixed eyes, approached the bed,—the lips of the old man moved, but his tongue was jellied in his mouth;—as the shade came nearer, the miser drew his frozen legs upwards, and, clutching the blanket, he tore it in his hand as he rose,—such strength did terror give his years,—as it had been woven of the finest thread. Still the spectre came nearer, when the terrified wretch, his back fairly creeping up the wall, stood upon his feet to confront it. He stood in the bed, his face white and wet as reeking chalk, and his mouth open as with the death-gasp. In a moment, all was dark; and the miser, with a thrilling shriek, fell huddled in a heap upon the bed!

Chapter VIII.

To the day of his death—which did not happen for some years after this awful vision—Isaac Peppercorn persisted in the belief that his injured sister had appeared to chide him for his past iniquities, and to warn him from future evil. Be this as it may, the delusion worked its good effect; for Isaac asked forgiveness of his nephew, supplied him with plentiful means, and at last bequeathed him the whole of his fortune. To be sure, Peppercorn owed a deep debt of gratitude to young Hyacinth, for, without his interference, the landlord had met with a most scurvy reception from his vagabond tenants, though we do not believe with the exact fate advised by Muzzleby, that eccentric personage not being in his nature quite so sanguinary as he delighted to declare himself. For the ghost, we cannot conscientiously acquit Flittermouse of all suspicion; for, it will be remembered, that he had his magic lantern in full operation: and for the portrait of the mother of Hyacinth, the

showman, with a good taste for art, had had it copied as one of the prime beauties of his exhibition, though certainly not at the festive time, when he attended the family of Mr. Sheepskin. That learned gentleman did not without considerable difficulty persuade Mr. Peppercorn that his inattentive stewardship of the Hyacinth estate proceeded from the best of motives; though there were ill-natured people who protested that the attorney suffered them to go to ruin that they might drop a bargain into his own hands. Indeed, very often when Peppercorn touched upon the subject, though Sheepskin used all his eloquence to prove the purity of his motives, the landlord would consent to be only half convinced, observing in conclusion—

"Well, it may be as you say, Sheepskin;—I say, it may be that no rents were ever paid,—and yet I don't know, I'm not quite easy in my mind about that Guilders, the Dutchman."

THE TWO DOGS;

OR, THE PET AND THE FAG.

One beautiful morning in July, when the thirsty sun was drinking up the refreshing dews that impearled the meadows, a pretty spaniel, whose long ears and tail, and sleek coat, indicated the care and attention paid to his "personal appearance," ran frisking from the door of a handsome mansion to a green knoll shadowed by an ancient elm, and there seated himself as if in contemplation of the pleasant prospect which surrounded him.

Presently, a sheep-dog came slowly trotting towards him, when the following colloquy ensued, which, for the delectation of our fair readers, we shall *do* into English from the original dog-latin.

"Good morning, Mr. Brush; hope you are well?" said the sheep-dog.

"Only so-so, my friend, I thank you," replied the elegant Brush. "The fact is, I made rather too free with partridge last night, which, *entre nous*, was rather underdone, and the gravy made rather too spicy. I thought the morning air would abate the feverish symptoms."

"What a lucky dog you are, Mr. Brush, in being so well provided."

"Don't envy me, Bluff, for, sooth to say, I have a villanous appetite, and am literally overpowered with *ennui*."

"What's that?" inquired Bluff, with rustic simplicity.

"Why—a—a sort of a kind of fatigue arising from idleness; something like a continual desire to stretch without room for one's paws!"

"Umph!" said Bluff. "Well, I can tell you, that is 'a sort of a kind of fatigue' that I never feel. I have seldom a moment to call my own."

"I suppose so," said Brush, smiling; "for, as *our* parson observes, no one knows the labour a due attention to his *flock* demands. For I be part—but, I say, Bluff, what's the matter with your leg?"

"A bruise only," replied Bluff. "Johnny, the old ram, was restive, and I collared him; and I had no sooner turned my back, than he 'pitched into me.'"

"Egad, no! Why, such a blow would have utterly annihilated me,"

said the delicate Brush. "You should have stuck your teeth into his 'parchment,' and left him with a sort of—this *indenture* wit— that old Johnny is certainly a battering ram!"

This sally was followed by Brush showing a beautiful set of white teeth, and by Bluff's exhibiting his fangs.

"Really," continued the pet, "I should, upon such a brutal assault (supposing I survived the shock) have gone to my mistress with a long tale, and had the culprit summarily punished. Nothing short of *mutton-izing* the rascal would have satisfied me."

"Oh, that is nothing to the rubs I meet with," replied Bluff, coolly; "and the shepherd would laugh outright at my running to him with a long tale."

"True, true," said Brush, smiling at his own conceit; "a sheep-dog running with a long *tail* to his master would not be recognized, for they always most impertinently cut *them* short! Excuse me, I would not for the world be rude."

"You're a wag," said Bluff, good-naturedly.

"May every pleasant wag have a tail, and every tail a pleasant wag!" exclaimed Brush. "*Pardonnez moi*, but, *en vérité*, your excellent company puts me in spirits, for I am naturally a dull dog!" and he sighed.

"Your eyes seem heavy," said Bluff.

"I had a wretched night I assure you," continued Brush; "and this morning I have a swimming in my head."

"Take a bath then."

"Thankee, Bluff, I owe you one," retorted the pet: "but bless your simplicity, it is more than my ears are worth. Do you know the consequences of a bathe in the brook?"

"No."

"Why, the consequences would be," replied Brush, "I should leave water-*creases* on every damask-covered chair I sat upon. Besides, I have a party of ladies to meet at breakfast in my mistress's dressing-room, who would be horrified at my committing such a solecism in good breeding, as to appear before them *en deshabille*. Why, my lady's-maid will probably scold me for venturing to wet my feet in this morning's ramble. You, my dear Bluff, have no idea of the delicacy and tact required in my situation."

"Nor do I envy you," said Bluff.

"Perhaps not," replied Brush; "but habit is second nature, and I could no more endure *your* fatigue than *you* could *my* idleness. At the same time, I should like to introduce you to one of our 'evenings.' I assure you there is many a *puppy* appears there with not half your honesty and brains; but your *coat* unfortunately is none of the smartest, and the coat, and not the wearer, is considered in these cases. But I hear the bell. Adieu; *au revoir!*" and so saying, away he frisked, leaving Bluff to follow his laborious but healthy avocations.

MODERN TOWN HOUSES.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

I HAVE often thought, when you consider the difference of comfort between houses built from sixty to a hundred years back, in comparison with the modern edifices, that the cry of the magician in "Aladdin," had he called out "new houses," instead of "new lamps," for old ones, would not have appeared so very absurd. It was my good fortune, Mr. Editor, to occupy an old house for the major part of my life, built, I believe, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. My father lived in it before I was in existence: I was born in it, and it was bequeathed to me. It has since been my misfortune to have lived three years in one of the modern built houses; and although I have had my share of the ills to which we all are heir, I must date my real unhappiness from the first month after I took possession. With your permission, I will enter into my history, as it may prove a warning to others, who will not remember the old proverb of "*Let well alone.*"

I am a married man, with six children; my three eldest are daughters, and have now quitted a school, near Portman-square, to which my wife insisted upon my sending them, as it was renowned for finishing young ladies. Until their return to domiciliate themselves under my roof, I never heard a complaint of my house, which was situated at Brompton. It was large, airy, and comfortable, with excellent shrubberies, and a few acres of land; and I possessed every comfort and even luxury which could be rationally required, my wife and daughters having their carriage, and in every respect my establishment being that of a gentleman.

I had not, however, taken my daughters from school more than two months, before I found that we were "living out of the world," although not a mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner; and, to my surprise, my wife joined in the cry; it was always from morn to night, "We might do this but, we cannot do this because, we are here quite out of the world." It was too far to dine out in town; too far for people to come and dine with us; too far to go to the play, or the opera; too far to drive in the park; too far even to walk in Kensington Gardens. I remonstrated, that we had managed to dine out, to receive visiters, and to enjoy all other amusements very well for a considerable number of years, and that it did not appear to me that Brompton had walked away from London, on the contrary, that London was making rapid advances towards Brompton; but it would not do,—all day the phrase rang in my ears, "out of the world," until I almost began to wish that I was out too. But it is no use having the best of an argument when opposed to women. I had my choice, either to give up my house, and take another in London, or to give up my peace. With an unwilling sigh, I at last consented to leave a place dear to me, from long association, and many reminiscences; and it was arranged that Brompton Hall was to be let, or sold, and that we were to look out immediately for a house in some of the squares in the metropolis. If my wife and daughters found that the distance from London was too far for other purposes, at all events, it was not too far for house-hunting. They were

at it incessantly week after week; and, at last, they fixed upon one in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square, which, as they repeated, possessed all the cheerfulness and fresh air of the country, with all the advantages of a town residence. The next day I was to be dragged to see it, and give my opinion; at the same time, from the commendations bestowed upon it, previous to my going, I felt assured that I was expected to give *their* opinion, and not my own.

The next day, accordingly, we repaired there, setting off immediately after breakfast, to meet the surveyor and builder, who was to be on the spot. The house in question was one of a row just building, or built, whitened outside, in imitation of stone. It was No. 2. No. 1 was finished; but the windows still stained with the drippings of the white-wash and colouring. No. 2, the one in question, was complete; and as the builder asserted, ready for immediate occupation. No. 3 was not so far advanced. As for the others, they were at present nothing but carcases, without even the front steps built to them; and you entered them by a drawbridge of planks.

The builder stood at the front door, and bowed most respectfully: "Why," observed I, looking at the piles of mortar, lime, and bricks, standing about in all directions, "we shall be smothered with dust and lime for the next two years."

"Don't be alarmed, Sir," replied the builder; "every house in the row will be finished before the winter. We really cannot attend to the applications for them."

We entered the house.

"Is not the entrance handsome?" observed my wife; "so neat and clean."

To this I had not a reply to make; it certainly did look neat and clean.

We went into the dining-room. "What a nice room," exclaimed my eldest daughter. "How many can we dine in this room?"

"Um," replied I; "about twelve, I suppose, comfortably."

"Dear me," observed the builder, "you have no notion of the size of the house; rooms are so deceiving, unfurnished. You may sit down twenty with ease; I'll appeal to the lady. Don't you think so, Ma'am?"

"Yes, I do," replied my wife.

After that, we went over the drawing-rooms, bed-rooms, and attics.

Every bed-room was apportioned by my wife and daughters; and the others were allotted to the servants; and that in the presence of the builder, who took good note of all that passed.

The kitchen was admired; so were the pantry, scullery, coal-hole, dust-hole, &c.; all so nice and clean; so compact; and as the builder observed, not a nail to drive anywhere.

"Well, my dear, what do you think now; isn't it a charming house?" said my wife, as we re-ascended into the dining-parlour.

"It's a very nice house, my dear; but still it requires a little consideration," replied I.

"Consideration, my dear," replied my wife; "what, now that you have gone over it?"

"I am afraid that I cannot give you very long, Sir," observed the builder; "there are two other parties after the house, and I am to give them an answer by two o'clock."

"Mr. Smithers told me the same yesterday," whispered my wife.

"What did you say the rent was, Mr. Smithers?"
"Only 200*l*. per annum."
"Any ground-rent?"
"Only 27*l*. 10*s*.
"And the taxes?"
"Oh, they will be a mere trifle."
"The rent appears to me to be very high."
"High, my dear Sir! consider the situation, the advantages. We can't build them fast enough at that price. But of course, Sir, you best know," replied he, carelessly walking towards the window.
"Take it, my dear," said my wife.
"You must take it, Papa."
"Pray take it, Papa."
"Mr. Whatsyourname, I beg your pardon—"
"Smithers, Sir," said the builder, turning round.
"Pray, Mr. Smithers, what term of lease do you let at?"
"Seven, fourteen, or twenty-one, at the option of either party, Sir."
"I should have no objection to take it for three years."
"Three years, my dear Sir—that would be doing yourself an injustice. You would lose half the value of your fixtures provided you left—and then the furniture. Depend upon it, Sir, if you once get into it, you will never wish to leave it."
"That may or may not be," replied I; "but I will not take it for more than three years; the town-air may not agree with me; and if, as you say, people are so anxious to take the houses, of course it can make no difference to you."
"I 'm afraid, Sir, that for so short a time——"
"I will not take it for longer," replied I, rising up, glad of an excuse to be off.
"Oh, Papa!"
"My dear Mr. B. ——"
"On that point," replied I, "I will not be overruled. I will not take a lease for more than three years, with the right of continuing, if I please."
The builder perceived that I was in earnest.
"Well, Sir," replied he, "I hardly know what to say; but rather than disappoint the ladies, I will accept you as a tenant for three years certain."
Confound the fellow, thought I; but I was pinned, and there was an end of the matter. Mr. Smithers pulled out paper and ink; two letters of agreement were written upon a small deal table, covered with blotches of various-coloured paints, and the affair was thus concluded.

We got into the carriage and drove home, my wife and daughters in ecstacies, and I obliged to appear very well satisfied, that I might not damp their spirits; yet I must say that, although the house appeared a very nice house, I had my forebodings.
"At all events," thought I, "the lease is only for three years;" and thus I consoled myself.

The next day the whole house was in commotion. I believe my wife and daughters were up at daybreak. When I went into the breakfast-room, I discovered that the pictures had been taken down, although there was no chance of their being hung up for many weeks at least,

and everything was in preparation for packing up. After breakfast my wife set off for town to order carpets and curtains, and did not come home till six o'clock, very tired with the fatigues of the day. She had also brought the measure of every grate to ascertain what fenders would suit; the measure of the bed-rooms and attics to remodel the carpets—for it was proposed that Brompton Hall should be disposed of, the new occupier taking at a valuation what furniture might be left. To this I appeared to consent, but was resolved, in my own mind, that if taken, it should only be for the same term of years as my new lease. I will pass over a month of hurry, bustle, and confusion; at the end of which I found myself in our new habitation. It was completely furnished, with the exception of the drawing-room carpet, which had not been laid down, but was still in a roll tied up with packthread in the middle of the room. The cause of this I soon understood from my wife. It was always the custom, she said, to give a house-warming upon entering a new house, and she therefore proposed giving a little dance. To this, as it would please her and my daughters, I raised no objection.

I have always observed that what is proposed as a little dance invariably ends in a great one; for from the time of proposing till the cards are about, it increases like a snow-ball; but that arises, perhaps, from the extreme difficulty of knowing when to draw the line between friends and acquaintances. I have also observed that when your wife and daughters intend such a thing, they always obtain permission for the ball first, and then tack on the supper afterwards. Commencing with a mere stand-up affair—sandwiches, cakes, and refreshments, and ending with a regular sit-down affair, with Gunter presiding over all. The music from two fiddles and a piano also swells into Collinet's band—verifying the old adage, "In for a penny, in for a pound." But to all this I gave my consent; I could afford it well, and I liked to please my wife and daughters. The ball was given, and this house-warming ended in house-breaking; for just before the supper-quadrille, as it was termed, when about twenty-four young ladies and gentlemen were going the grand ronde, a loud noise below, with exclamations and shrieks, was heard, and soon afterwards the whole staircase was smothered with dust.

"What *is* the matter?" cried my wife, who had passed to the landing-place on the stairs before me.

"Ma'am," said one of Mr. Gunter's men, shaking the lappets of his blue coat, which were covered with white dust, " the whole ceiling of the dining-room has come down."

"Ceiling come down!" screamed my wife.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied our own servant, "and the supper and supper-tables are all smashed flat with the weight on it."

Here was a catastrophe. My wife hastened down and I followed. Sure enough the weight of mortar had crushed all beneath it—all was chaos and confusion.—Jellies, blancmanger, patés, cold roasts, creams, trifles—all in one mass of ruin, mixed up with lime, horse-hair, plaster of Paris, and stucco. It wore all the appearance of a Swiss avalanche in miniature.

"Good Heavens! how dreadful," exclaimed my wife.

"How much more so if there had been people in the room," replied I.

"What could be the cause of it?" exclaimed my wife.

"These new houses, Sir, won't bear dancing in," observed Mr. Gunter's head man.

"So it appears," replied I.

This unfortunate accident was the occasion of the party breaking up; they knew that there was no chance of supper, which they had looked forward to, so they put on their shawls and departed, leaving us to clear up the wreck at our leisure. In fact, as my daughters declared, it quite spoiled the ball as well as the supper.

The next morning I sent for Mr. Smithers, who made his appearance, and showed him what had taken place.

"Dear me, I'm very sorry, but you had too many people above stairs—that's very clear."

"Very clear, indeed, Mr. Smithers. We had a ball last night."

"A ball, Sir! Oh, then, no wonder."

"No wonder! What! do you mean to say that balls are not to be given?"

"Why, really, Sir, we do not build private houses for ball-rooms—we could not, Sir; the price of timber just now is enormous, and the additional strength required would never pay us."

"What, then, do you mean to say that there are no balls to be given in London?"

"Oh no, Sir!—certainly not; but you must be aware that few people do. Even our Aristocracy hire Willis's rooms for their balls. Some of the old houses indeed, such as Devonshire House, may do for such a thing."

"But, Mr. Smithers, I expect that you will make this ceiling good."

"Much obliged to you, Sir, for giving me the preference—I will do it as reasonable as anybody," replied Mr. Smithers, bowing. "I will order my workmen directly—they are only next door."

For a fortnight, we were condemned to dine in the back dining-room; and, after that, Mr. Smithers sent in a bill which cost me more than the ball and supper.

So soon as all was right again, I determined that I would hang up my pictures, for I had been accustomed to look at them for years, and I missed them. I sent for a carpenter and gave him directions.

"I have the middle now, Sir, exactly," said the man, standing on the high steps; "but," continued he, tapping with his hammer, "I can't find wood."

"Can't find wood!"

"No, Sir," replied the man, tapping as far as he could reach from right to left; "nothing to nail to, Sir. But there never is no wood in these new-built houses."

"Confound your new houses!" exclaimed I.

"Well, it is very provoking, my dear!" exclaimed my wife.

"I suppose that their new houses are not built for pictures any more than for balls," replied I; and I sighed. "What must be done?"

"I think, Sir, if you were to order brass rods to be fixed from one corner to the other, we might find means to fasten them," observed the carpenter; "but there's no wood, that's certain."

"What the devil is the house built of then?" exclaimed I.

"All lath and plaster, Sir," replied the man, tapping right and left.

At a heavy expense I procured the rods, and at last the pictures were hung up.

The next annoyance that we had, was a very bad smell, which we found to proceed from the drains, and the bricklayers were sent for. All the drains were choked, it appeared, from their being so very narrow; and after having up the whole basement, at the expense of 40*l.*, that nuisance was abated.

We now had two months' repose, and I was in hopes that things would go on more comfortably; but one day I overheard a conversation between my wife and daughters, as I passed by the door of the room, which I must candidly acknowledge gave me satisfaction.

"It's really very awkward, Mamma—one don't know where to put anything—there's not a cupboard or stow-hole in the whole house—not even a store-room."

"Well, it is so, my dear; I wonder we did not observe it when we looked over it. What a nice set of cupboards we had at Brompton Hall."

"Oh! yes—I wish we had them here, Mamma. Couldn't we have some built?"

"I don't like to speak to your Papa about it, my dear, he has already been put to such expense, what with the ceiling and the drains."

"Then don't, Mamma; Papa is really very good-natured."

The equinoxes now came on, and we had several gales of wind, with heavy rain—the slates blew off and rattled up and down all night, while the wind howled round the corner of the square. The next morning, complaints from all the attic residents; one's bed was wetted quite through with the water dropping through the ceiling—another had been obliged to put a basin on the floor to catch the leak—all declared that the roof was like a sieve. Sent again for Mr. Smithers, and made a complaint.

"This time, Mr. Smithers," said I, with the lease in my hand, "I believe you will acknowledge these are landlord's repairs."

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," exclaimed Mr. Smithers; "I shall desire one of my men to look to it immediately; but the fact is, with such heavy gales, the slates must be expected to move a little. Duchesses and countesses are very light, and the wind gets underneath them."

"Duchesses and countesses very light!" exclaimed my wife; "what do you mean?"

"It's the term we give to slates, Madam," replied he; "we cannot put on a heavy roof with a brick and a half wall. It would not support one."

"*Brick and a half* wall!" exclaimed I; "surely, Mr. Smithers, that's not quite safe with a house so high."

"Not quite safe, my dear Sir, if it were a single house; but," added he, "in a row, one house supports another."

"Thank Heaven!" thought I, "I have but a three years' lease, and six months are gone already."

But the annoyances up to this period were internal; we now had to experience the external nuisances attending a modern-built house.

"No. 1 is taken, Papa, and they are getting the furniture in," said my eldest daughter one day; "I hope we shall have nice neighbours. And William told Mary that Mr. Smithers told him, when he met him in the street, that he was now going to fit up No. 3 as fast as he could."

The report was true, as we found from the report of the carpenters'

hammers for the next three or four weeks. We could not obtain a moment's sleep, except in the early part of the night, or a minute's repose to our ears during the day. The sound appeared as if it was *in* our house instead of next door; and it commenced at six o'clock in the morning and lasted till seven in the evening. I was hammered to death, and, unfortunately, there was a constant succession of rain which prevented me from going out to avoid it. I had nothing to do but to watch my pictures, as they jumped from the wall with the thumps of the hammers. At last No. 3 was floored, wainscotted, and glazed, and we had a week's repose.

By this time No. 1 was furnished, and the parties who had taken it came in. They were a gouty old gentleman and his wife, who, report said, had once been his cook. My daughters' hopes of pleasant neighbours were disappointed. Before they had been in a week, we found ourselves at issue: the old gentleman's bed was close to the partition-wall, and in the dead of the night we could distinctly hear his groans, and also his execrations and exclamations, when the fit came on him. My wife and daughters declared that it was quite horrible, and that they could not sleep for them.

Upon the eighth day there came a note:—

"Mrs. Whortleback's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. ———, and begs that the young people will not play on the piany, as Mr. Whortleback is very ill with the gout."

Now, my daughters were proficients on the piano, and practised a great deal. This note was anything but satisfactory; to play when the old gentleman was ill would be barbarous,—not to play was to deprive themselves of our greatest pleasure.

"Oh dear! how very disagreeable," cried my daughters.

"Yes, my dear: but if we can hear his groans, it's no wonder that he can hear the piano and harp; recollect the wall is only a brick and a half thick."

"I wonder music don't soothe him," observed the eldest.

Music is mockery to a man in agony. A man who has been broken on the wheel would not have his last hours soothed by the finest orchestra. After a week, during which we sent every day to inquire after Mr. Whortleback's health, we ventured to resume the piano and harp; upon which the old gentleman became testy, and sent for a man with a trumpet, placing him in the balcony, and desiring him to play as much out of tune as possible whenever the harp and piano sounded a note. Thus were we at open hostility with our only neighbour; and, as we were certain if my daughters touched their instruments, to have the trumpet blowing discord for an hour or two either that day or the next, at last the piano was unopened and the harp remained in its case. Before the year closed, No. 3 became tenanted, and here we had a new annoyance. It was occupied by a large family, and there were four young ladies who were learning music. We now had our annoyance: it was strum, strum, all day long; one sister up, another down; and every one knows what a bore the first lessons in music are to those who are compelled to hear them. They could just manage to play a tune, and that eternal tune was ringing in our ears from morning to night. We could not send our compliments, or blow a trumpet. We were forced to submit to it. The nursery also being against the partition wall, we

had the squalls and noise of the children on the one side, added to groans and execrations of the old gentleman on the other.

However, custom reconciled us to everything, and the first vexation gradually wore off. Yet I could not help observing that when I was supposed not to be in hearing, the chief conversation of my wife when her friends called upon her consisted of a description of all the nuisances and annoyances that we suffered; and I felt assured that she and my daughters were as anxious to return to Brompton Hall as I was. In fact, the advantages which they had anticipated by their town residence were not realized. In our situation, we were as far off from most of our friends, and still farther from some than we were before, and we had no longer the same amusements to offer them. At our former short distance from town, access was more easy to those who did not keep a carriage, that is, the young men, and those were the parties who, of course, my wife and daughters cared for most. It was very agreeable to be able to come down with their portmanteaus, enjoy the fresh air and green lanes of the country for an afternoon, dine, sleep, breakfast, and return the next morning by conveyances which passed us every quarter of an hour; but to dine with us in ——— square, when the expense of a hackney-coach there and back was no trifle, and to return at eleven o'clock at night, was not at all agreeable. We found that we had not so much society, nor were we half so much courted as at Brompton Hall. This was the bitterest blow of all, and my wife and daughters would look out of the windows and sigh; often a whole day passed without one friend or acquaintance dropping in to relieve its monotony.

We continued to reside there, nevertheless, for I had made up my mind that the three years would be well spent if they cured my wife and daughters of their town mania; and although as anxious as I am sure they were to return, I never broached the matter, for I was determined that the cure should be radical. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, were finished the next year, and, by the persuasions of Mr. Smithers, were taken by different parties in the spring. And now we had another nuisance. Nothing but eternal rings at the bell. The man servant grumbled, and was behind with his work; and when scolded, replied that there was no time for any thing, that when cleaning his knives and plate the bell was rang, and he was obliged to wash himself, throw on his jacket, and go up to answer the front door; that the bell was not rang for us, but to find out where some new comer lived, and to ascertain this they always rung at the house which appeared the longest inhabited. There was no end to the ringing for some months, and we had three servants who absolutely refused to stay in so bad a place. We had also to contend with letters and notes in the same way,—brought to us at haphazard;—"Does Mr. So-and-so live here?" "No, he does not." "Then pray where does he?" This was interminable, and not five minutes in the day passed without the door-bell being rung. For the sake of not changing my servants I was at last put to the expense of an extra boy for no other purpose but to answer the constant applications at the door. At last we had remained there for two years and nine months, and then my wife would occasionally put the question whether I intended to renew the lease; and I naturally replied that I did not like change.

Then she went upon another tack; observed that Clara did not ap-

pear well for some time, and that she thought that she required country air; but, in this, I did not appear to agree with her.

One day I came home, and, rubbing my hands as if pleased, said, "Well, at last I've an offer for Brompton Villa for a term of seven years,—a very fair offer and good tenants,—so that will now be off my hands."

My wife looked mortified, and my daughters held down their heads.

"Have you let it, Papa?" said one of my daughters, timidly.

"No, not yet; but I am to give an answer to-morrow morning."

"It requires consideration, my dear," replied my wife.

"Requires consideration?" said I. "Why, my dear, the parties have seen the house, and I have been trying to let it these three years. I recollect when I took this house I said it required consideration, but you would not allow any such thing."

"I'm sure I wish we had," said Clara.

"And so do I."

"The fact is, my dear," said my wife, coming round to the back of my chair, and putting her arms round my neck, "we all wish to go back to Brompton."

"Yes, yes, Papa," added my daughters, embracing me on each side.

"You will allow, then, that I was right in not taking a lease for more than three years?"

"Yes: how lucky you were so positive."

"Well, then, if that is the case, we will unfurnish this house, and, as soon as you please, go back to Brompton Hall."

I hardly need observe that we took possession of our old abode with delight, and that I have had no more applications for a change of residence, or have again heard the phrase that we were living "out of the world."

THIRD POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM AMOS STOKES, ESQ., OF NASHVILLE, U.S., TO WASHINGTON NOKES, ESQ., OF LIVERPOOL,

Concluding the account of a very remarkable Aërial Voyage made in

THE GRAND KENTUCKY BALLOON.

WAKING next morning, when I raised my head
 After a slumber sweet beyond compare,
I found, as if by magic fingers spread,
 A ready breakfast of substantial fare:
Fruits, milk, and honey, and a sort of bread
 Resembling ours, but far more rich and rare,
Composed the meal, of which our approbation
Was shown by its immediate mastication.

By her own pure and pious heart deceived,
 Luxora thought us a celestial crew,
Who, in their visit, ought to be received
 With all the reverence to angels due;
And stating to the King what she believed,
 His Majesty, who deem'd the story true,
Next morning sent a solemn deputation
To offer us a royal habitation.

The gravest Quaker's gravest pug would bark,
Had he but seen the pomp and the grimaces
Of these dwarf'd spindle-shanks, without a spark
Of animation in their moony faces;
Yet proud as Lucifer, if any mark,
Or badge, or bearing, gave the smallest traces
That they might elevate their pigmy bodies
One jot above their brother hoddy-doddies.

Some had a maze of horsehair, saturate
With grease and dust, entwisted round their polls,
Which dirty dignitaries walk'd in state,
As grave as judges. Bless their nasty souls!
Some strutted in fantastic robes, ornate
With filthy fur of polecats or of moles,
Seeming to think that it enhanced their rank,
The more the animals that wore them stank.

Others, deriving their distinction's germ
From baser sources still, display'd a dress
Spun from the bowels of a loathsome worm:
Others again, like earthly savages,
Wore toys and trinkets worthy of the term,
Such as sliced vegetables, to express
Their rank and honour;—these their vests were put on
Or dangled from a coat's conspicuous button.

Another class there was in trappings gay,
Fine colours—laces—feathers—ribbons-wreaths,
Who let themselves for hire, to kill and slay,
For which they carried carving-knives in sheaths;
Of shoulder-knots, and liveried array,
Prouder than any popinjay that breathes;
And what was strange, the women seem'd to love
These men-destroyers other men above.

The leader of the party, robed and starr'd,
Made a long speech in the terrestrial fashion:
Sawing the air, he thump'd his bosom hard,
With every sign of vehemence and passion,
Just to assure us of the King's regard,
And to convey the royal invitation,
That we should permanently be install'd
At Phosphan (so their capital is call'd).

As in procession we began our march
Thro' groves and fields, and avenues romantic,
Green vented his vivacity most arch
In every sort of foolery and antic,
Pulling the pig-tail of the leader starch,
Who, turning sharply round, with rage half frantic,
Cuff'd more than once his own astonish'd folk,
Whom he suspected of this shameful joke.

But Green's great aim in pulling was to turn
Suspicion on the grave decorous Guy,
Whose deprecating look of blank concern,
(Not to say horror,) language must defy.
"You had rather lose," he cried, in accents stern,
"Your friend than joke." "Why, that" (was the reply,)
"Somewhat depend," (he snigger'd as he spoke,)
"Upon the friend, but *more* upon the joke."

If for a moment, NOKES, you recollect
  The influence of the moon on people crazed,
How, at its full, it has a mark'd effect
  On lunatics, you will not be amazed
That here its power, more stringent and direct,
  Should to a more morbific height be raised.
So that the people, to their planet fitted,
Are lunatics outright, or else half-witted.

Thus their whole architecture's scope and plan
  Opposes nature, who, in building trees,
Holds out a lesson to masonic man,
  By suiting them to their localities.
Where we require a parasol or fan,
  And there's no snow to break their canopies,
Her boughs she spreads as widely as she can;
As in the cedar, cypress, and banyan.

In northern climes, where shade we can forego,
  Her verdant structures take the conic form,
As best adapted to shoot off the snow,
  And bide the pelting of the frequent storm;
While the close branches, tapering from below,
  Support, protect, and keep each other warm:
As we discover in the fir and plane,
Indigenous to every cold domain.

Winter, at Phosphan, is so long and drear,
  That they 've more need of flannel than of shades,
Yet they 've imported from their southern sphere,
  A taste for corridors and colonnades,
Flat roofs, wide balconies, (to lovers dear,)
  Projecting porticoes, and cool arcades,
Which would appear less thoroughly misplaced,
Could they import the climate with the taste.

What made their imbecility more clear,
  Was the demeanour both of great and small,
When, at the merriest season of the year,
  We made our entrance in their capital.
The place was gloomy, melancholy, drear,
  While looks of fear and sadness darken'd all,
As if their city had become the mark
Of some catastrophe most dread and dark.

It was their day of joy! nay, do not smile,
  Let me repeat, their day of joy and rest,
Intended by its founder to beguile
  The soul-afflicted, and the toil-oppress'd,
By giving them remission for a while
  From care and labour, so that every breast
Might, by enjoying earth one day in seven,
Uplift its heart in gratitude to heaven.

The founder of this law desires the throng,
  Who to his sabbath worship might advance,
To come into his presence with a song,
  To the glad sound of music and the dance;
And his first favourite, all men among,
  Whom most he loved to prosper and enhance,
If we 're to credit what their prophets write,
Would dance before the Lord with all his might.

But the poor Lunars of the modern time,
A maudlin, moody, moping, mumming crew,
Denounce all these as blasphemy and crime,
And hold that pious gratitude most true,
Where men their sabbath visages begrime
With tears of grief, all harmless mirth eschew,
And think the God of mercy's delectation
Is to behold the woe of his creation.

This puritanic rigour to ensure,
Wretches there are who prowl to catch the sound
Of joy, however innocent and pure;
Scenting their prey as staunchly as a hound,
'Tis theirs to seize, denounce, plague, fine, immure,
So that their boasted love of God is found
To bear the constant, unmistaken features
Of a keen hatred of their fellow-creatures.

The mass, forbidden harmless pleasures, fly
To secret vices, deadly, dark, and deep,
And desecrate by forced hypocrisy
The very sabbath they affect to keep;
While e'en religion's self, thus made to vie
With all the yearnings in their hearts that leap,
And all their recreations to debar,
Becomes repulsive and unpopular.

The joy of nature made this lunar gloom
A more ungrateful and unnatural sight;
The fields were laughing in their gala bloom,
The kids and lambs were dancing with delight;
The air was mingled music and perfume,
With mutual rapture heaven and earth were bright,
So that if sabbath mirth be desecration,
All nature was a scene of profanation.

But I'm anticipating information,
To prove the lunacy of lunar men,
Which I pick'd up from later observation.
Forgive this little ramble of my pen,
And let me now continue my narration,
From which I made this short digression, when
We were conducted and received with all
Due pomp and state into their capital.

During eight days we led a life serene,
Pamper'd with feasts, and garlanded with roses,
But on the ninth a change came o'er the scene,
Which ended quickly our apotheosis.
The cause of which reverse was Harry Green,
Whose frantic course of lunar life discloses
Insults most gross—iniquities most daring—
And drunken outrages beyond all bea-ing.

Learning these black enormities, the king
And council met in secret, made decree
That as our crime was such an impious thing,
In having claim'd a sham divinity,
We should, without a formal trial, swing
Early next morning on the gallows tree!
Which, I submit, was sacrificing us
For their own notions superstitious.

How she obtain'd the secret none can tell,
  But, in the night, Luxora pass'd our gate,
And by her speaking looks and signs full well
  Gave us to understand our threaten'd fate;
To shun which doom most truculent and fell,
  She urged our flight ere yet it was too late,
Offering to guide us to the spot where we
Left our balloon fast tackled to a tree.

In her right hand our fairy guide conceal'd
  A turning lamp, whose light at times was dead,
At times the glades and copses it reveal'd,
  Through which in silent fearfulness we fled.
And thus we hurried on through wood and field,
  Till to the moor'd balloon our way we sped,
When in we jump'd—cut loose—and soar'd together
Up in the whirlwind like an eagle's feather.

How we should ever re-descend to earth,
  We hadn't, one of us, the smallest notion;
But while our thoughts were struggling for a birth,
  A moon volcano, in a fierce explosion,
Threw out an aerolite, which struck the girth
  Of our silk globe, and caused a strange commotion—
Out went the gas, and down, down, down went we,
Shooting through space with dread velocity!

All thoughts of life I now resign'd, well knowing
  That if we reach'd the earth (and what if *not!*)
At the tremendous rate that we were going
  We must be dash'd to atoms on the spot.
While this sad prospect set my brains all glowing,
  Whiz! dash! smash! crash! beneath the waves we shot,
And down we sank till rising breathless, scared,
I oped my peepers and around me stared,

A brig I saw upon our starboard bow,
  The Jane of Boston, Captain Samuel Ford,
Who, when he saw us rising from below,
  Lower'd a boat and took us all on board.
Both Green and Guy at first were somewhat slow
  In coming to, but were at length restored,
And quaff'd a glass of grog to cure the rumach
Occasioned by the water in their stomach.

It seems that we had plunged in our descent
  Into the Gulf of Mexico—a cast
Which saved our bones and lives; so now we bent
  Our course for Boston, which we reach'd at last,
Thence by the diligence we homeward went,
  Much talking of our strange adventures past,
Deeming ourselves all singularly lucky
Safely to reach our dwellings in Kentucky.

H.

JOHN WIGGINS,

A PLAINTIVE BALLAD.

Abjecto instrumento artis, clausâque tabernâ.
Sutor erat." *Hor. Serm.*, lib. i. sat. 3.

JOHN WIGGINS was a cobler bold,
A blithsome youth *to boot*,
Whose works, though prized by all his friends,
Were trodden under foot.

Unknown to him connubial joys,
So hapless was his fate—
He daily mended boots and shoes,
But could not mend his state.

A wag was Wiggins, and the pride
Of all his neighbours round;
And yet most lowly in his views,
For he dwelt under ground.

His wit was piercing as his awl,
His jokes—who could resist 'em?
For he would say, like Newton, he
Could trace *the solar system.*

Let Fortune do her worst, he knew
He could not lower fall;
And though he scarce a living got,
He still could boast *a stall.*

Cupid at length our youth assailed,
(For who beyond his reach is?)
Taking a double shot, of course
He made a pair of breaches.

For Peggy Skeggs John Wiggins sighed,
But sighed, alas! in vain—
The flower she of grocers green
That bloomed in Maiden Lane.

No cabbage had so firm a heart,
No pea was half so sweet;
Her skin was cool as cucumbers,
Her cheeks as red as beet.

Single her state—so was her eye—
And yet it did betide,
He never had succeeded once
To get on her blind side.

He dwelt below, no wonder she
Had higher thoughts above;
For though he'd leave to make her shoes,
None had he to make love.

One morning as she went her rounds
Through alleys far and near,
Crying, "Cheap peas and cabbage, oh!"
He stood and cried, "Oh! dear—

"Oh! Peggy, since with thee allied
Myself I ne'er shall see,
I only hope you'll grant that still
Your *sutor* I may be.

"I have the length of both your feet,
But ah! with all my art,
I've not been able yet to take,
Right measures for your heart:

"I vainly hoped in bed and board,
With me you would go snacks;
For once you said in tender mood,
I was a lad of wax.

"But oh! you disregard my vows,
My proffered hand refuse,
And often have declined all ties,
But those which tie your shoes.

"'Tis said that, 'ultra crepidam'
No cobbler ought to go;—
Had I stuck to my *last*, I ne'er
Had felt this lasting woe.

"Your shoes were ever right and left,
And made to fit you true;
Oh! surely, then, it can't be right,
To be thus left by you.

"In pity cast an eye on me,
To ask for both were vain;
But since I've got no boots to mend,
'Tis bootless to complain.

"My customers and appetite
Are gone beyond recall,
And I, alack! to other hands
Must soon resign my *awl.*

"Nor think my awl is all my eye,
That thought would make me rave,
For if without it I shall ne'er
More *soles* be asked to save.

"Alas! alas! although you own,
I sport a decent leg,
Oh! let it not be said that I
Can't move a single peg."

He wept: the maid at length replied,
"Ah! Wig, don't take on so,
Or I shall sink beneath the weight
Of cabbage and of woe.

"Come, let us have a glass, o'er which
I'll pledge myself as thine,
Unlike those temperance fools, who cast
Their *purl* before the swine.

"Then hie thee home, and with an end
My Sunday shoes repair;
Put in the banns, and I will put
An end to all your care."

Now long live Wiggins, and Miss Skegs,
Who thus our youth bewitched,
And may I present be the day
When they 're together stitched!

* QUIZ.

JACK ABBOTT'S BREAKFAST.

"WHAT a breakfast I *shall* eat!" thought Jack Abbott, as he turned into Middle Temple Lane, towards the chambers of his old friend and tutor Goodall. "How I shall swill the tea! how cram down the rolls (especially the inside bits)! how apologize for 'one cup more!' but Goodall is an excellent old fellow—he won't mind. To be sure I'm rather late. The rolls, I'm afraid, will be cold, or double baked; but anything will be delicious—if I met a baker, I could eat his basket."

Jack Abbott was a good-hearted, careless fellow, who had walked that morning from Hendon, to breakfast with his old friend by appointment, and afterwards consult his late father's lawyer. He was the son of a clergyman more dignified by rank than by solemnity of manners, but an excellent person too, who had some remorse in leaving a family of sons with little provision, but comforted himself with reflecting that he had gifted them with good constitutions and cheerful natures, and that they would "find their legs somehow," as indeed they all did; for very good legs they were, whether to dance away care with, or make love with, or walk seven miles to breakfast with, as Jack had done that morning; and so they all got on accordingly, and clubbed up a comfortable maintenance for the prebendary's widow, who, sanguine and loving as her husband, almost wept out of a fondness of delight, whenever she thought either of their legs or their affection. As to Jack himself, he was the youngest, and at present the least successful, of the brotherhood, having just entered upon a small tutorship in no very rich family; but his spirits were the greatest in the family (which is saying much), and if he was destined never to prosper so much as any of them in the ordinary sense, he had a relish of every little pleasure that presented itself, and a genius for neutralizing the disagreeable, which at least equalized his fate with theirs.

Well, Jack Abbott has arrived at the door of his friend's rooms; he knocks, and it is opened by Goodall himself, a thin grizzled personage, in an old greatcoat instead of a gown, with lanthorn-jaws, shaggy eyebrows, and a most bland and benevolent expression of countenance. Like many who inhabit Inns of Court, he was not a lawyer. He had been a tutor all his life; and as he led only a book-existence, he retained the great blessing of it—a belief in the best things which he believed when young. The natural sweetness of his disposition had even gifted him with a politeness of manners which many a better-bred man might have envied; and though he was a scholar more literal than profound, and in truth had not much sounded the depths of anything but his tea-caddy—yet an irrepressible respect for him accompanied the smiling of his friends; and mere worldly men made no grosser mistake, than in supposing they had a right to scorn him with their uneasy satisfactions and misbelieving success. In a word, he was a sort of better-bred Dominie Sampson—a Goldsmith, with the genius taken out of him but the goodness left—an angel of the dusty heaven of bookstalls and the British Museum.

Unfortunately for the hero of our story, this angel of sixty-five, unshaved and with stockings down at heel, had a memory which could not

recollect what had been told him six hours before, much less six days; and accordingly he had finished his breakfast, and given his cat the remaining drop of milk long before his (in every sense of the word) late pupil presented himself within his threshold. Furthermore, besides being a lanthorn-jawed cherub, he was very short-sighted, and his ears were none of the quickest; so in answer to Jack's "Well—eh—how d'ye do, my dear Sir?—I 'm afraid I 'm very late," he stood holding the door open with one hand, shading his winking eyes with the other, in order to concentrate their powers of investigation, and in the blandest tones of *unawareness* saying—

"Ah, dear me—I 'm very—I beg pardon—I really—pray who is it I have the pleasure of speaking to?"

"What, don't you recollect me, my dear Sir? Jack Abbott? I met you, you know, the other day, and was to come and——"

"Oh! Mr. Abbott, is it? What—ah—Mr. James Abbott, no doubt—or Robert. My dear Mr. Abbott, to think I should not see you!"

"Yes, my dear Sir; and you don't see now that it is Jack, and not James—Jack, your last pupil, who plagued you so in the Terence."

"Not at all, Sir, not at all; no Abbott ever plagued me—far too good and kind people, Sir. Come in pray, come in and sit down, and let's hear all about the good lady your mother, and how you all get on, Mr. James."

"Jack, my dear Sir, Jack; but it doesn't signify. An Abbot is an Abbot, you know; that is, if he is but fat enough."

Goodall (very gravely, not seeing the joke) "Surely you are quite fat enough, my dear Sir, and in excellent health. And how is the good lady your mother?"

"Capitally well, Sir (*looking at the breakfast-table*). I 'm quite rejoiced to see that the breakfast-cloth is not removed; for I'm horribly late, and fear I must have put you out; but don't you take any trouble, my good Sir. The kettle, I see, is still singing on the hob. I'll cut myself a piece of bread and butter immediately, and you 'll let me scramble beside you as I used to do, and look at a book, and talk with my mouth full."

Goodall. "Ay, ay; what you have come to breakfast, have you, my kind boy? that is very good of you, very good indeed. Let me see—let me see—my laundress has never been here this morning, but you won't mind my serving you myself—I have everything at hand."

Abbott (*sighing with a smile*). "He has forgotten all about the invitation! Thank ye, my dear Sir, thank ye—I would apologize, only I know you wouldn't like it; and to say the truth, I 'm very hungry—hungry as a hunter—I 've come all the way from Hendon."

"Bless me! have you indeed? and from Wendover too! Why, that is a very long way, isn't it?"

"Hendon, Sir, not Wendover—Hendon."

"Oh, Endor—ah—dear me (smiling) I didn't know there was an Endor in England. I hope there is—he! he!—no witch there, Mr. Abbott, unless she be some very charming young lady with a fortune."

"Nay, Sir, I think you can go nowhere in England, and not meet with charming young ladies."

"Very true, Sir, very true—England—what does the poet say? something about 'manly hearts to guard the fair.'—You have no sisters, I think, Mr. Abbott?"

"No; but plenty of female cousins."

"Ah! very charming young ladies, I 've no doubt, Sir—Well, Sir, there's your cup and saucer, and here's some fresh tea, and——"

"I beg pardon," interrupted Jack, who, in a fury of hunger and thirst, was pouring out what tea he could find in the pot, and anxiously looking for the bread, "I can do very well with this—at any rate to begin with."

"Just so, Sir," balmily returned Goodall. "Well, Sir, but I'm sorry to see—eh, I really fear—certainly the cat—eh—what are we to do for milk? I'm afraid I must make you wait till I step out for some; for this laundress, when once she——"

"Don't stir, I beg you," ejaculated our hero; "don't think of it, my dear Sir. I can do very well without milk—I can indeed—I *often* do without milk."

This was said out of an intensity of a sense to the contrary; but Jack was anxious to make the old gentleman easy.

"Well," quoth Goodall, "I have met with such instances, to be sure; and very lucky it is, Mr.—a—John—James—James I should say—that you do not care for milk; though I confess, for my part, I cannot do without it. But bless me! heyday! well, if the sugar-basin, dear me, is not empty. Bless my soul, I'll go instantly—it is but as far as Fleet Street, and my hat, I think, must be under those pamphlets."

"Don't think of such a thing, pray, dear Sir," cried Jack, leaping half from his chair, and tenderly laying his hand on his arm. "You may think it odd, but sugar, I can assure you, is a thing I don't *at all* care for. Do you know, my dear Mr. Goodall, I have often had serious thoughts of leaving off sugar, owing to the slave-trade?"

"Why that, indeed——"

"Yes, Sir; and probably I should have done it, had not so many excellent men, yourself among them, thought fit to continue the practice, no doubt after the greatest reflection. However, what with these perhaps foolish doubts, and the indifference of my palate to sweets, sugar is a mere drug to me, Sir—a mere drug."

"Well, but——"

"Nay, dear Sir, you will distress me if you say another word upon the matter—you will indeed; see how I drink." (And here Jack made as if he took a hasty gulp of his milkless and sugarless water.) "The bread, my dear Sir—the bread is all I require, just that piece which you were going to take up. You remember how I used to stuff bread, and fill the book I was reading with crumbs—I dare say the old Euripides is bulging out with them now."

"Well, Sir—ah—em—aw—well indeed, you 're very good, and I 'm sure very temperate; but, dear me—well, this laundress of mine—I must certainly get rid of her thieving—rheumatism, I should say; but *butter!* I vow I do not——"

"BUTTER!" interrupted our hero, in a tone of the greatest scorn, "Why I haven't eaten *butter* I don't know when. Not a step, Sir, not a step. And now let me tell you I must make haste, for I 've got to lunch with my lawyer, and he 'll expect me to eat something; and in fact I 'm so anxious, and feel so hurried, that now I have eaten a good piece of my hunk, I must be off, my good Sir—I must indeed."

To say the truth, Jack's hunk was a good three days old, if an hour;

and so hard,* that even his hunger and fine teeth could not find it in the hearts of them to relish it with the cold slop; so he had made up his mind to seek the nearest coffee-house as fast as possible, and there have the heartiest and most luxurious breakfast that could make amends to his disappointment. After reconciling the old gentleman, however, to his departure, he sat a little longer, out of decency and respect, listening, with a benevolence equal to his appetite, to the perusal of a long passage in Cowley, which Goodall had been reading when he arrived, and the recitation of which was prolonged by the inflictor with admiring repetitions, and bland luxuriations of comment.

"What an excellent good fellow he is!" thought Jack; "and what a very unshaved face he has, and neglectful washerwoman!"

At length he found it the more easy to get away, inasmuch as Goodall said he was himself in the habit of going out about that time to a coffee-house to look at the papers, before he went the round of his pupils; but he had to shave first, and would not detain Mr. Abbott, if he *must* go.

Being once more out of doors, our hero rushes back like a tiger into Fleet Street, and plunges into the first coffee-house in sight.

"Waiter!"

"*Yessir.*"

"Breakfast immediately. Tea, black and green, and all that."

"*Yessir.* Eggs and toast, Sir?"

"By all means."

"*Yessir.* Any ham, Sir?"

"Just so, and instantly."

"*Yessir.* Cold fowl, Sir?"

"Precisely; and no delay."

"*Yessir.* Anchovy perhaps, Sir?"

"By all——eh?—no, I don't care for anchovy—but pray bring what you like, and above all, make haste, my good fellow—no delay—I'm as hungry as the devil."

"*Yessir*—coming directly, Sir. ('Good chap and great fool,' said the waiter to himself.) Like the newspaper, Sir?"

"Thankye. Now for heaven's sake——"

"*Yessir*—immediately, Sir—everything ready, Sir."

"Everything ready!" thought Jack. "Cheering sound! Beautiful place, a coffee-house. Fine *English* place—everything so snug and at hand—so comfortable—so easy—have what you like, and without fuss. What a breakfast I *shall* eat! And the paper too—hum, hum (reading)—Horrid murder—Mysterious affair—Express from Paris—Assassination—intense. Bless me! what horrible things—how very comfortable. What toast I——Waiter!"

Waiter, from a distance, "*Yessir*—coming, Sir."

In a few minutes everything is served up—the toast hot and rich—eggs plump—ham huge, &c.

* People of regular, comfortable lives, breakfasts, and conveniences, must be cautious how they take pictures like these for caricatures. The very letter of the adventure above described, with the exception of a few words, has actually happened. And so, with the same difference, has that of the sheep and hackney-coach narrated in the "Disasters of Carfington Blundell," though the hero of it was a very different sort of person.

"You've another slice of toast getting ready?" said Jack.

"*Yessir.*"

"Let the third, if you please, be thicker, and the fourth."

"*Yessir.*"

"Glorious moment!" inwardly ejaculated our hero. He had doubled the paper conveniently, so as to read the "Express from Paris" in perfect comfort; and before he poured out his tea, was in the act of putting his hand to one of the inner pieces of toast, when—awful visitation! —whom should he see passing the window, with the evident design of turning into the coffee-house, but his too-carelessly and swiftly-shaved friend Goodall. He was coming, of course, to read the papers. Yes, such was his horrible inconvenient practice, as Jack had too lately heard him say; and this, of all coffee-houses in the world, was the one he must needs go to.

What was to be done? Jack Abbott, who was not at all a man of manœuvres, much less of that sort of impudence which can risk hurting another's feelings, thought there was nothing left for him but to bolt; and accordingly, after hiding his face with the newspaper till Goodall had taken up another, he did so as if a bailiff was after him, brushing past the waiter who had brought it him, and who had just seen another person out. The waiter, to his astonishment, sees him plunge into another coffee-house over the way; then hastens back to see if anything be missing, and finding all safe, thinks he must have run over to speak to some friend, perhaps upon some business suddenly called to mind, especially as he seemed "such a hasty gentleman."

Meanwhile Jack, twice exasperated with hunger, but congratulating himself that he had neither been seen by Goodall, nor tasted a breakfast unpaid for, has ordered precisely such another breakfast, and has got the same newspaper, and seated himself as nearly as possible in the very same sort of place.

"*Now,*" thought he, "I am beyond the reach of chance. No such ridiculous hazard as this can find me here. Goodall cannot read the papers in two coffee-houses. By Jove, was there ever a man so hungry as I am! What a breakfast I *shall* eat!"

Enter breakfast served up as before—toast hot and rich—eggs plump—ham huge, &c. Homer himself, who was equally fond of a repetition and a good meal, would have liked to re-describe it. "Glorious moment!" Jack has got the middle bit of toast in his fingers, precisely as before, when happening to cast his eye at the door, he sees the waiter of the former coffee-house pop his head in, look him full in the face, and as suddenly withdraw it. Back goes the toast on the plate; up springs poor Abbott to the door, and hardly taking time to observe that his visitant is not in sight, rushes forth for the second time, and makes out as fast as he can for a third coffee-house.

"Am I *never* to breakfast?" thought he. "Nay, breakfast I will. People can't go into three coffee-houses on purpose to go out again. But suppose the dog should have seen me! Not likely, or I should have seen him again. He may have gone and told the people, but I've hardly got out of the second coffee-house before I've found a third. Bless this confounded Fleet Street.—Most convenient place for diving in and out of coffee-houses. Dr. Johnson's street—'High tide of human existence'—ready breakfasts. What a breakfast I *will* eat!"

Jack Abbott, after some delay, owing to the fulness of the room, is seated as before—the waiter has *yessir'd* to their mutual content—the toast is done—Homeric repetition—eggs plump, ham huge, &c.

"By Hercules, who was the greatest twist of antiquity, what a breakfast I *will*, shall, must, and have now certainly *got* to eat! I could not have stood it any longer! Now, *now*, NOW, is the moment of moments."

Jack Abbott has put his hand to the toast.

Unluckily, there were three pair of eyes which had been observing him all the while from over the curtain of the landlord's little parlour; to wit, the waiter's of the first tavern, the waiter's of the second, and the landlord's of the third. The two waiters had got in time to the door of tavern the second, to watch his entrance into tavern the third; and both communicating the singular fact to the landlord of the same, the latter resolved upon a certain mode of action, which was now to develop itself.

"Well," said the first waiter, "I've seen strange chaps in my time in coffee-houses, but this going about, ordering breakfasts which a man doesn't eat, beats everything! and he hasn't taken a spoon or anything as I sees. He doesn't seem to be looking about him, you see; he reads the paper as quiet as an old gentleman."

"Just for all the world as he did in our house," said the second waiter; "and he's very pleasant and easy-like in his ways."

"Pleasant and easy!" cried the landlord, whose general scepticism was sharpened by gout and a late loss of spoons. "Yes, yes; I've seen plenty of your pleasant and easy fellows—palavering rascals, who come, hail-fellow-well-met, with a bit of truth mayhap in their mouths, just to sweeten a parcel of lies and swindling. 'Twas only last Friday I lost a matter of fifty shillings' worth of plate by such a chap; and I vowed I'd nab the next. Only let him eat one mouthful, just to give a right o' search, and see how I'll pounce on him."

But Jack didn't eat one mouthful! No; though he was uninterrupted, and really had now a fair field before him, and was in the very agonies of hunger. It so happened, that he had hardly taken up the piece of toast above mentioned, when with a voluntary, as it seemed, and strange look of misgiving, *he laid it down again!*

"I'm blessed if he's touched it, after all," said waiter the first. "Well, this beats everything. See how he looks about him. He's feeling in his pockets though."

"Ah, look at that," says the landlord. "He's a precious rascal, depend on't. I shouldn't wonder if he whisk'd something out of the next box; but we'll nab him. Let us go to the door."

Mr. Abbott—Jack seems too light an appellation for one under his circumstances—looked exceedingly distressed. He gazed at the toast with a manifest sigh; then glanced cautiously around him; then again felt his pockets. At length he positively showed symptoms of quitting his seat! It was clear he did not intend to eat a bit of this breakfast, any more than of the two others.

"I'll be hanged if he 'ant going to bolt again," said the waiter.

"Nab him!" said the landlord.

The unhappy and, as he thought, secret Abbott makes a desperate movement to the door, and is received into the arms of this triple alliance.

"Search his pockets!" cried the landlord.

"Three breakfasts, and ne'er a one of 'em eaten," cried first waiter.

"Breakfasts afore he collects his spoons," cried second.

Our hero's pockets were searched almost before he was aware; and nothing found but a book in an unknown language, and a pocket-handkerchief. He encouraged the search, however, as soon as his astonishment allowed him to be sensible of it, with an air of bewildered resignation.

"He's a Frenchman," said first waiter.

"He hasn't a penny in his pockets," said second.

"What a villain!" said the landlord.

"You're under a mistake—you are, upon my soul!" cried poor Jack. "I grant it's odd; but——"

"Bother and stuff!" said the landlord; "where did you put my spoons last Friday?"

"Spoons," echoed Jack; "why, I haven't eaten even a bit of your breakfast."

By this time all the people in the coffee-room had crowded into the passage, and a plentiful mob was gathering at the door.

"Here's a chap has had three breakfasts this morning," exclaimed the landlord, "and eat ne'er a one."

"Three breakfasts!" cried a broad, yet dry-looking gentleman in spectacles, with a deposition-taking sort of face; "how could he possibly do that? and why did you serve him?"

"Three breakfasts in three different houses, I tell you," said the landlord; "he's been to *my* house; and to *this* here man's house; and to *this* here man's: and we've searched him, and he hasn't a penny in his pocket."

"That's it," exclaimed Jack, who had, in vain, tried to be heard; "that's the very reason."

"What's the very reason?" said the gentleman in spectacles.

"Why, I was shock'd to find, just now, that I had left my purse at home, in the hurry of coming out, and"——

"Oh! oh!" cried the laughing audience; "here's the policeman: he'll settle him."

"But how does that explain the two other breakfasts?" returned the double-discerning gentleman.

"Not at all," said Jack.

"Impudent rascal," said the landlord. Here the policeman is receiving a bye explanation, while Jack is raising his voice, to proceed.

"I mean," said he, "that *that* doesn't explain it; but *I* can explain it."

"Well, how, my fine fellow?" said the gentleman, hushing the angry landlord, who had, meanwhile, given our hero in charge.

"Don't lay hands on me, any of you," cried our hero; "I'll go quietly anywhere, if you let me alone; but first let me explain."

"Hear him, hear him?" cried the spectators; "and watch your pockets."

Here Jack, reasonably thinking that nothing would help him out, if the truth did not, but not aware that the truth does not always have its just effect upon a mixed assembly, especially when of an extraordinary description, gave a rapid, but reverent statement of the character of his friend in the neighbourhood, whose breakfast had been so inefficient: then an account (all which excited general laughter and derision) of his going into the first coffee-house, and seeing him come in, (which,

nevertheless, had a great effect on the first waiter, who knew the old gentleman,) and so on of his subsequent proceedings, the development of which succeeded in pacifying both the waiters, who had, in fact, lost nothing, and who, coming to an understanding with one another, slipped away, much to the anger and astonishment of the landlord. This personage, whose whole man, since he left off their active life, had become affected with "half-and-half," and a series of tit-bits, and whose irritability was aggravated by the late loss of his spoons, persisted in giving poor unbreakfasted Jack in charge, especially when he found that he would not send for a character to the friend he had been speaking of, and had no other in town but a lawyer who lived at the other end of it. And so off goes our hero to the police-office.

"You, perhaps, any more than my irritable friend here, don't know the sort of literary old gentleman I have been speaking of," said Jack, to the policeman, as they were moving along

"Can't say I do, Sir," said the policeman, a highly respectable individual of his class, clean as a pink, and dull as a pike-staff.

"No, nor no one else," said the landlord, "who's a man as can't be sent to? He's neither here nor there."

"That's true enough," observed Jack; "he's in Rome or Greece by this time, at some pupil's house, but, wherever he is, I can't send to him. With what face could I do it, even if possible, in the midst of all this fuss about a breakfast?"

"Fuss about white broth, you mean?" said the landlord; "my Friday spoons are prettily melted by this time; but Mr. Kingsley will fetch all that out."

"Then he will be an alchemist, cunninger than Raymond Lully," said our hero. "But what is your charge, pray, after all?"

"False pretences, Sir," said the policeman.

"False pretences!"

"Yes, Sir. You comes, you see, into the gentleman's house under the pretence of eating breakfast, and has none; and that's false pretences."

"That is, supposing I intended them to be false."

"Yes, Sir. In course I don't mean to say as—I only says what the gentleman says.—Every man by law is held innocent till he's found guilty."

"You are a very civil, reasonable man," said our warm-hearted hero, grateful for this unlooked for admittance of something possible in his favour; "and I respect you. I have no money, nor even a spoon to beg your acceptance of; but pray take this book. It's of no use to me: I've another copy."

"Mayn't take anything in the execution of my office," said the man, giving a glance at the landlord, as if he might have done otherwise, had he been out of the way; "thank'ye all the same, Sir, but ain't allowed to have no *targiwarsation*."

"Yet your duties are but scantily paid, I believe," said Jack. "However, you've a capital breakfast, no doubt, before you set out?"

"Not by the reg'lations, Sir," said the policeman.

"But you have by seven or eight o'clock?" said Jack, smiling at his joke.

"Oh, yes, tight enough, as to that," answered the policeman, smiling; for the subject of eating rouses the wits of everybody.

"Hot toast, eggs, and all that, I suppose," said Jack, heaving a sigh betwixt mirth and calamity.

"Can't say I takes eggs," returned the other; "but I takes a bit o' cold meat, and a good lot o' bread and butter." And here he looked radiant with the reminiscence.

"Lots of bread and butter," thought Jack; "what bliss! I'll have bread and butter when I breakfast, not toast—its more hearty—and, besides, you get it sooner: bread is sooner spread than toasted—thick, thick—I hear the knife plastering the edge of the crust before it cuts—agony of expectation! When *shall* I breakfast?"

"The office!" cried the landlord, hurrying forward; and in two minutes, our hero found himself in a crowded room, in which presided the all-knowing and all-settling Mr. Kingsley. This gentleman, who died not long after policemen came up, was the last lingering magistrate of the old school. He was a shortish stout man, in powder, with a huge vinous face, a hasty expression of countenance, Roman nose, and large lively black eyes; and he wore his hat, partly for the most dignified reason in the world, because he represented the sovereign magistracy, and partly for the most undignified, to wit, a cold in the head; to which latter he had a perpetual tendency, owing to the draughts of wine he took over-night, and the draughts of air which beset him every morning in the police office. Irritability was his weak side, like the landlord's: but then, agreeably to the inconsistency in that case made and provided, he was very intolerant of the weakness in others. To sum up his character, while we are about it, he was very loyal to his king; had a great reverence for all the bye-gone statesmen of his youth, especially such as were orators and lords; indeed, had no little tendency to suppose all rich men respectable, and let them escape too easily if brought before him, but was severe in proportion with what are called "decent" men and tradesmen, and very kind to the poor: and if he loved anything better than his dignity, it was a good bottle of port, and an ode of Horace. He had not the wit of a Fielding or Dubois; but he had a spice of their scholarship; and while taking his wine, would nibble you the beginnings of half the odes of his favourite poet, as other men do a cake or biscuit.

To our hero's dismay, a considerable delay took place before the landlord's charge could come on. Time flew, and hunger pressed, and breakfast drew farther off, and the son of the jovial prebendary knew what it was, the first time in his life, to feel the pangs of the want of a penny, for he could not buy even a roll. "Immortal Goldsmith!" thought he; "poor Savage! amazing Chatterton! pathetic Otway! fine, old, lay-bishop Johnson! venerable, surly man! is it possible that you ever felt this; and felt it to-morrow too; and next day; and next! Ill does it become *me* then, Jack Abbott, to be impatient; and yet, O table-cloth! O thick slices! O tea! when *shall* I breakfast?"

The case at length was brought on, and the testimony of the absent witnesses admitted by our hero with a nonchalance which disgusted the magistrate, and began to rouse his bile. What irritated him the more was, that he saw there would be no proving anything, unless the criminal (whom for the very innocence of his looks he took for an impudent offender) should somehow or other commit himself, which he thought not very likely. In fact, as nothing had been eaten, and nothing found on the person, there was no real charge; and Mr. Kingsley had a very

particular secret reason, as we shall see presently, why he could not help feeling that there was one point strongly in the defendant's favour; but this only served to irritate him the more.

"Well now, you Sir—Mr. What'syourname," quoth he, in a huffing manner, and staring from under his hat, "what is your wonderful explanation of this very extraordinary habit of taking three breakfasts, ey, Sir? You seem mighty cool upon it."

"Sir," answered our hero, whose good-nature gifted him with a certain kind of address, "it is out of no disrespect to yourself that I am thus cool. You may well be surprised at the circumstances under which I find myself; but in addressing a gentleman and a man of understanding, and giving him a plain statement of the facts, I have no doubt he will discover a veracity in it which escapes eyes less discerning."

Here the landlord, who instinctively saw the effect which this exordium would have upon Kingsley, could not help uttering the word "palaver," loud enough to be heard.

"Silence!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Keep your vulgar words to yourself, Sir. And hark'e, Sir, take your hat off, Sir. How dare you come into this office with your hat on?"

"Sir, I have a very bad cold, and I thought that in a public office—"

"Sir," returned Kingsley, who was doubly offended at this excuse about the cold, "think us none of your thoughts, Sir. Public office! Public-house, I suppose you mean, Sir. Nobody wears his hat in this office but myself, and I only do it as the representative of a greater power. Hat, indeed! I suppose some day or other we shall all have the privilege of my Lord Kinsale, and wear our hats at the levee."

Jack gave his account of the whole matter, which, from a certain ignorance it exhibited of the ways of the town, did appear a little romantic to his interrogator; but the latter, besides knowing our hero's lawyer, was not unacquainted with the character of Goodall, "who," said he, "is known to everybody."

"Probably, Sir;" observed the landlord, "but for that reason may not this person have heard of him, and so pretend to be his acquaintance? He calls himself Abbott, but that is not the name in the French book he's got about him."

"Let me see the book," cried Kingsley. "French book! It is a Latin book, and a very good book too, and an Elzevir. '*E libris Caroli Gibson*, 1743.'—A pretty age for the person before us truly—a very hale, hearty, young gentleman, some ninety years old, or thereabouts. (Here a laugh all over the office, which, together with the sight of the Horace, put Kingsley into the greatest good-humour.) You are thinking, I guess, Mr.—a—Abbott, of the '*Odi profanum vulgus**,' I take it, and wishing you could add, '*et arceo*.'

"Why, Sir, to tell the truth," answered Jack, "I cannot deny a wish to that effect; but my main thought, for these five hours past, has been rather of the '*nunc est bibendum*†'—only substituting teacups for goblets."

"Very good, Sir, very good; and doubtless you admire the '*Persicos odi*,' and the '*Quid dedicatum*,' and that beautiful ode, the '*Vides ut altâ?*‡'"

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* I hate the profane vulgar, and drive them away.

† Now for drinking. ‡ Various beginnings of other Odes.

"I do indeed," said Jack; "and I trust that one of your favourites, like mine, is the '*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus?*'"

"'*Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu*'

(added Kingsley, unable to avoid going on with the quotation)

"'*Nec venenatis gravide sagittis,*
Fusce, pharetrâ,'

There's something very charming in that '*Fusce, pharetrâ*'—so short and pithy, and elegant; and then the pleasant, social familiarity of *Fusce.*"

"Just so, Sir," said Jack; "you hit the true relish of it to a nicety!"

"*Fussy fair-eater,*" muttered the landlord. "A great deal more *fuss* than *fair eating.* My time's lost—that's certain."

Kingsley could not resist a few more returns to his favourite pages; but suddenly recollecting himself, he looked grand and a little turbulent, and said—

"Well, Mr.—a—Landlord—What'syourname, what's the charge here, after all? for, on my conscience, I cannot see any; and, for my part, I thoroughly believe the gentleman, and I'll give you another reason for it besides knowing this Mr. Goodall. It may not be thought very dignified in me to own it, but dignity must give way to justice—'*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*'—and to say the truth, I, I myself, Mr. Landlord—whatever you may think of the confession—came from home this morning without remembering my purse."

In short, the upshot was, that the worthy magistrate, seeing Bidds's impatience at this confession, and warming the more towards his Horatian friend, not only proceeded to throw the greatest ridicule on the charge, but gave him a note to the nearest tavern-keeper, desiring him to furnish the gentleman with a breakfast at his expense, and stating the reason why; proclaiming out loud, as he was directing it, what he had done, and adding that he should be very happy to see so intelligent and very innocent a young gentleman, whenever he chose to call upon him.

With abundance of acknowledgments, and in raptures at the now certain approach of the beatific bread and butter, Jack made his way out of the office, and proceeded for the tavern.

"At *last* I have thee!" cried he, internally, "O, most fugacious of meals—what a repast I will make of it! What a breakfast I *shall* have? Never will a breakfast have been so *intensified.*"

Jack Abbott, with the note in his hand, arrived at the tavern, went up the steps, hurried through the passage—every inch of the way was full of hope and bliss. He sees the bar in an angle round the corner, and is hastening into it with the magical document, when, lo! whom should his eyes light on but the *old* landlord, Bidds himself, detailing his version of the story to the *new* landlord, and evidently poisoning his mind with every syllable.

Our modest, albeit not timid, hero, raging with hunger as he was, could not stand this. A man of more confident face might not unreasonably have presented his note, and stood the brunt of the uncomfortableness; but Jack Abbott, with all his apparent thoughtlessness, had one of those natures which feel for the improprieties of others, even when they themselves have no sense of them; and he had not the face to outface the vindictiveness of Bidds. And, to say the truth, Bidds, who was a dull fellow, had some reason upon the whole to be suspicious;

and Jack felt this too, and starting back accordingly, not unobserved, made haste to take the long step to his lawyer's.

"Now the lawyer," quoth he, soliloquizing, "I have never seen; but he was an intimate friend of my father's; so intimate, that I can surely take a household liberty with him, and fairly accept his breakfast, if he offers it, as of course he will; and I shall plainly tell him that I prefer breakfast to lunch; in short, that I have made up my mind to have it, even if I wait till dinner-time, or tea-time; and he'll laugh and we shall be jolly, and so I shall get my breakfast at last. Exquisite moment! What a breakfast I *shall* have!"

The lawyer, Mr. Pallinson, occupied a good large house, with the marks of plenty on it. Jack hailed the sight of the fire blazing in the kitchen. "Delicious spot!" thought he; "kettle, pantry, and all that—comfortable maid-servant too; hope she has milk left, and will cut the bread and butter. A home too—good family-house. Sure of being comfortable there. Taverns not exactly what I took 'em for—not hospitable, not *fiducial*—don't trust, don't know an honest man when they see him.—What slices!"

But a little baulk presented itself. Jack unfortunately rang at the *office*-bell instead of the *house*, and found himself among a parcel of clerks. Mr. Pallinson was out—not expected at home till evening—had gone to Westminster on special business—and at such times always dined at the Mendip coffee-house. Jack, in desperation, fairly stated his case. No result but "Strange, indeed, Sir," from one of the clerks, and a general look-up from their desks on the part of the others. Not a syllable of "Won't you stop, Sir?" or, "The servant can easily give you breakfast;" or any of those fond succedaneums for the master's presence, which our hero's scholastic simplicity had fancied. Furthermore, no Mrs. Pallinson existed, to whom he might have applied; and he had not the face to ask for any minor goddess of the domesticities. Blushing, and stammering a "Good morning," he again found himself in the wide world of pavement and houses. He had got, however, his lawyer's direction at the coffee-house, and thither accordingly he betook himself, retracing great part of his melancholy steps.

Had our hero, instead of having passed his time at a quiet college and in the country, been at all used to living in London, he would have set himself down comfortably at once in this or any other coffee-house, ordered what he pleased, and dispatched a messenger in the meanwhile to anybody he wanted. But under all the circumstances, he was resolved, for fear of encountering the least further disappointment, rather to endure whatsoever pangs remained to him for the rest of the time, and wait till he saw his solicitor fairly come in to dinner. In vain the waiters gave him all encouragement—"Knew Mr. Pallinson well"—"A most excellent gentleman"—had "recommended many gentlemen to their house."—"Would you like anything, Sir, before he comes?"—"Like to look at the paper?" and the paper was laid, huge and crisp, before him.

"Ah!" thought Jack, with a sigh, "I know that sound—no, I'll certainly wait. Five o'clock isn't far off, and then I'm certain. What a breakfast I shall now have, when it *does* come. I'll wait, if I die first, so as to have it in perfect comfort."

At length five o'clock strikes, and almost at the same moment enters Mr. Pallinson. He was a brisk, good-humoured man, who had the happy art of throwing off business with the occasion for it and he

acknowledged our hero's claims at once, in a jovial voice, "from his likeness to his excellent old friend, the prebendary."

"Don't say a word more, my dear Sir—not a word; your eyes and face tell all. Here, John, plates for two. You'll dine of course with your father's old friend, or would you like a private room?"

Jack's heart felt itself at home at once with this cordiality. He said he was very thankful for the offer of the private room, especially for a reason which he would explain presently; and having entered it, he there opened into the whole history of his morning; and by laughing himself, warranted Pallinson in the bursts of laughter which he would have had the greatest difficulty to restrain. But the good and merry lawyer, who understood both a joke and a comfort to the depth, entered heartily into Jack's whim of still having his breakfast, and it was accordingly brought up—not, however, without a guarded explanation on the part of the Westminster-hall man, who had a professional dislike to seeing anybody committed in the eyes of the ignorant; so he told the waiter that "his friend here had got up so late, and kept such fashionable hours, he must needs breakfast while himself was dining." The waiter bowed with great respect; "and so," says the shrewd attorney, "no harm's done; and now, my dear Mr. Abbott, peg away."

Jack needed not this injunction to lay his hand upon the prey. The bread and butter was now actually before him, not so thick, indeed, as he had pictured to himself; but there it was, real, right-earnest bread and butter; and as the waiter had turned his back, three slices could be rolled into one, and half of the coy aggregation clapped into the mouth at once. The lump was accordingly made, the fingers whisked it up, and the mouth was ready opened to swallow, when the waiter again throws open the door—

"Mr. Goodall, Sir."

"Breakfast is abolished with me," thought Jack,; "there's no such thing—henceforward I shall not attempt it."

The prebendary, the lawyer, and Goodall were all well known to each other; but this is not what had brought him hither. The waiter at his coffee-house, where he went to read the papers, and where Jack had had his first mischance, had returned home before the old gentleman had finished his morning's journal, and told him what, to his dusty apprehension, appeared the most confused and unaccountable story in the world, of Mr. Abbott's having ordered three breakfasts and been taken to jail. In his benevolent uneasiness he could hardly get through his day's work, which unfortunately called him so far as Hackney; but as soon as it was over, he hastened in a coach to Pallinson's; and coming there just after Jack had gone, had followed him, in less uneasiness of mind, to the tavern.

"Well, Sir—eh, Sir?—why, my dear Mr. Abbott—John—James, I should say—why, what a dance you have led me to find you out; and very glad I am, I'm sure, Sir, to find you so comfortably situated, Sir, with our good friend here, after the story that foolish, half-witted fellow, William, told me at the coffee-house. Well, Sir—eh—and now—I beg pardon—but pray what is it, and can I do anything for you? I suppose not—eh—ah? for here's our excellent friend Mr. Pallinson—*he* does everything of that sort—bailiff and house—yes, Sir, and no doubt it's all right—only, if I *am* wanted, you'll say so; and so, Sir—eh—ah—well—but don't let me interrupt your *tea*, I beg."

"Luckiest of innocent fancies!" thought our hero, relieved from a load of misgiving. "He thinks I'm at *tea!*"

He plunged again at the bread and butter, and at last actually realized it in his mouth. His calamities were over! He was in the fact of breakfasting!

"I'm afraid, too," said Goodall,—"eh, my dear Sir?—that the very sparing breakfast you took at my chambers—eh—ah—my, my dear Mr. John—must have contributed not a little to—to—yes, Sir. Well, Sir, but pray now what was the trouble you had, of which that foolish fellow told me such flams? I'm afraid—yes, indeed—I've had great fears sometimes that he ventures to tell me stories—things untrue, Sir."

"God bless him and you, both of you," thought Abbott. "You're a delicious fellow. Why, my dear, good Sir," continued he, always eating, and at the same time racking his brains for an invention,—"I beg your pardon—I'm eating a little too fast——"

Here he made signs of uneasiness in the throat.

"The fact is," said Pallinson, coming to the rescue, for he knew that the whole business would fade from Goodall's mind next day, or be remembered so dimly that the waiter would hear no more of it—"the fact is, Mr. Abbott met *me* in Temple Lane, where I had been called upon business so early, that I had not breakfasted, and he said he would order breakfast for me at your coffee-house, and I not coming, he came out to look for me, and found me discussing a matter at another tavern-door, with a policeman, who had been sent for to take up a swindler; and hence, my good Sir, all this stuff about the jail and the two breakfasts, for there were only two; but you know how stories accumulate."

"Very deplorably, indeed, Sir," said Goodall; "it always was so, and—eh—ah—yes, Sir—I fear always will be."

"I beg pardon," interrupted Jack; "but may I trouble you for that loaf? These slices are very thin, and I'm so ravenously hungry, that—"

"Glorious moment!" The inward ejaculation was at last a true one. The sturdy slices beautifully made their appearance from under the sharp, robust-going, and butter-plastering knife of Jack Abbott. Even the hot toast was called for—Goodall having "vowed" he'd take his tea also, since they were all three met; the eggs were also contrived, and plump went the spoon upon their tops in the egg-cup; the huge ham furthermore was not wanting; and then the well-filled and thrice-filled breakfast-cup; excellent was its strong and well-milked tea, between black and green, "with an eye of tawny in it," something with a body, although most liquidly refreshing. And Jack doubled his thick slices; and took huge bites; and swilled his tea, as he had sworn in thought he would; and had the eggs on one side of him, and the ham on the other, and his friends before him, and was as happy as a prince escaped into a foreign land (for no prince in possession knows such moments as these); and when he had at length finished, talking and laughing all the while, or hearing talk and laugh, he pushed the breakfast-cup aside, and said to himself,

"I've HAD IT!—BREAKFAST hath been mine! And now, my dear Mr. Pallinson, I'll take a glass of your port."

OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

Monday night—Quarter-past eleven.—JUST returned from the Theatre. Now, whilst the impression of all that I have witnessed is strong upon my mind, I will transfer it to the pages of my Journal. I shall claim for my record a reliance on its fidelity and impartiality, for I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with Snoxell or with Waddle; I dine neither with Tippleton nor with Gigs, nor do I sup with either Mrs. Biggleswade or Miss Julia Wriggles; I never spoke to Mr. Dowlas, the author; I know not Mr. Strut, the manager; have no desire to come out at his theatre, or to go in—without paying for my admission; moreover, never having perpetrated a dramatic work, I have no "acceptation" to hope for, no "rejection" to fear:—the contrary of of all or any of which circumstances might, possibly, give a slight bias to my statements. Not being a critic by profession, it would, of course, be presumptuous in me to make the smallest claim to infallibility. My opinions, therefore, may be open to objection, honest though they be; but what I state as fact, is fact: and this I will maintain, even though such high authorities as Mr. Fiat, of the "Little Pedlington Dictator," and Mr. Rummins, of the "Little Pedlington Weekly Observer," should combine to gainsay me.

According to the Guide-book, the performances formerly took place "in a commodious outhouse belonging to Mr. Sniggerston, the brewer, tastefully fitted up for the occasion." But, about two years ago, an elegant theatre was erected. It is the work of Mr. Snargate, the celebrated architect of this place, and does infinite credit to his taste and skill. According to a minute estimate made by that gentleman, it was to cost exactly 671*l.* 15*s.* 7½*d.*; and the estimate having been formed with the accuracy for which Mr. Snargate is upon all occasions distinguished, the edifice, when finished, actually cost no more than 1343*l.* 11*s.* 3¾*d.*—only one farthing more than double the sum originally required! This money was raised in shares of five pounds each, for which the subscribers were to receive five *per cent.* interest—when they could get it—and nothing more. And it is gratifying to be enabled to add that (such is the prosperous state of theatricals in Little Pedlington!) the latter condition is punctually fulfilled.

"Tremendous! Every place taken!" was the reply I received this morning to my question to the box-book-keeper, as to whether he expected a full house. This information, in addition to the notification at the foot of the play-bill, that the free-list would be suspended, and that not an order would be admitted, induced me to be at the theatre by half-past five precisely, the hour appointed for the opening of the doors. For although I had paid for, and secured, a place on the front row of the centre dress-box, I prudently considered that, in case of a rush, my precaution might be of but little avail. I did not repent the resolution I had taken; for, on arriving at the theatre, which was not yet opened, I found crowds assembled at the doors. At the pit-door I counted five persons; at the gallery seven; whilst at the box-entrance was a dense mass, composed of not fewer than eighteen or (I think I may venture to say) twenty.

It seems to be the principle of a crowd, whether large or small, whenever, or for whatever purpose collected, to make each other as uncomfortable as they can. If fifty people are assembled at the entrance to a place which they know to be capable of accommodating five thousand, they will squeeze, jostle, shove; push forwards, backwards, sideways; they will do anything but stand still, although perfectly convinced they can "take nothing by their *motion*"—save a few needless bruises or a broken rib. I never but once heard a satisfactory reason for this propensity. "Pray, Sir," said a person who till that moment had been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it—"Pray, Sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, Sir, where's the good of being in a crowd if one mayn't shove?" The good people here seemed to be of the same opinion; for the seven who were assembled at the gallery-door (which, by-the-by, is quite wide enough conveniently to allow of one person entering at a time, if they would but take the matter coolly) were jostling, squeezing, and kicking each other, as vigorously as if their lives had depended upon who should be first. But the great struggle was at the box-entrance, which is between the other two. When the door—for there is but one, though of double the width of the last mentioned—when the door was thrown open the rush was overwhelming. Little Jack Hobbleday was in the midst of the crowd; and, fairly carried off his legs, squeezed upwards and turned round by the pressure, he was borne along with his head above the others, and back foremost. An idea of the intensity of the pressure will be best conveyed in the words of Hobbleday himself. Gasping for breath, he cried, "This is awful! Tremen*duous!* Shall be squeezed as flat as a pancake; know I shall. Never saw such a crowd in Little Pedlington since the day I was born!" I followed the stream and entered. The others turning to the left, I did the same. A voice proceeding from a head ensconced in a sort of pigeon-hole in the wall on the opposite (the right-hand) side, cried "*Orders this way!*" There was a simultaneous rush of the whole party in that direction, and I was left standing alone. "*Money this way!*" exclaimed another voice issuing from a similar hole on the left-hand side. There I presented the ticket which I had purchased in the morning, and was admitted. I thought this arrangement judicious, for there was not a soul at the pay-door to incommode me.

I took my seat. Presently I heard the voice of Hobbleday. He was conversing, in an under tone, with the box-opener.

"Every place taken, I assure you, Sir," said the latter.

"My dear Jobs," said Hobbleday, "but you *must* find a seat for *me*. There," (pointing to the bench on which I was sitting,) "there, next to that gentleman. Particular friend of mine. Expects me. Something of great importance to talk about."

"Quite impossible, Mr. Hobbleday," said Jobs; "every place in that box is taken and paid for."

"Come now, my dear Jobs," continued the unextinguishable Hobbleday, "see what you can do for me; and when your benefit comes—ahem!—you'll know where little Jack Hobbleday is to be found."

"First company!" cried Jobs, throwing open the box-door: "Mr. Hobbleday's place: front row." And Mr. Hobbleday took his seat beside me.

"Glad to meet *you* of all people," said my old acquaintance. "Well, here we are in whole skins. What a crush! At one time thought I should give up the ghost. Worse inside the house than out. Such a crush at the free-door! Lucky for you, you paid—you escaped it. Miss Cripps got one of her sharp elbows stuck so deep in my ribs, I thought I felt it coming through on the other side—did, as I hope to be saved. Never get in the way of a woman with sharp elbows, if you can help it. Too bad of the manager, though! He ought to be ashamed of himself for not making some better arrangement for the accommodation of parties who come with orders. I've a great mind to write a letter to the 'Dictator' about it, and sign myself AN INDEPENDENT PLAY-GOER."

"You will have half the town on your side, Sir," said I.

Hobbleday made no reply to this, but said, in a tone of triumph, "Well; what think you of our *new* theatre?"

"I cannot judge of it by comparison," replied I, "for I never had the good fortune to see the old one; but it is a pretty little theatre."

"Pretty!—Little!" exclaimed Hobbleday: "you mean splendid, immense! Why, it is more than double the size of Sniggerston's outhouse, in which the company used to perform! Little!—It will hold nearly three hundred people! *Little*, indeed! Complaint generally is that it is too large—that one can neither see nor hear so well as in the old one. But, the fact is, Snargate, the architect, has such magnificent ideas!—does every thing on such a grand scale! Right, perhaps, after all: with the eyes of the universe upon him, and the character of such a place as Little Pedlington at stake, quite right."

"For my own part," said I, "I am partial to a small theatre, wherein you may count every line of the burnt cork on the actor's nose—trace every mark of the hare's foot on his cheek; where they can practise none of that roguery dignified by the term *illusion*, but where paint is, palpably, paint, and tinsel, tinsel."

"Exactly my notion, my dear fellow," said Hobbleday: "in these good, sensible, matter-of-fact, march-of-intellect times, rational folks won't allow of any advantage being taken of their imagination, even in a play-house."

The words "pretty" and "little," which I had unfortunately used, were still operating uncomfortably upon Hobbleday's mind.

"And pray," said he, after a short pause, "since you speak of the Theatre-Royal, Little Pedlington, as being *pretty* and *little*, what may be the size of the Theatre-Royal, London?"

"Which of them?" inquired I.

"Which!" responded Hobbleday: "why, you talk as if you would have one believe you had half-a-dozen!"

"More," said I.

"Ahem! I like that," said he, in a tone sufficiently indicative of the value at which he estimated my veracity: "perhaps you have eight?"

"Go on again, Mr. Hobbleday," replied I.

"Twelve?—fourteen?" continued he.

"You are still considerably within the number, Sir."

Hobbleday stared at me, drew in his breath, and, after emitting it again in a low whistle, said, "Well, I can't go on guessing all night. In a word, how many *have* you got?"

"Glad to meet *you* of all people," said my old acquaintance. "Well, here we are in whole skins. What a crush! At one time thought I should give up the ghost. Worse inside the house than out. Such a crush at the free-door! Lucky for you, you paid—you escaped it. Miss Cripps got one of her sharp elbows stuck so deep in my ribs, I thought I felt it coming through on the other side, did—as I hope to be

Hobbleday stared at me, drew in his breath, and, after [illegible] again in a low whistle, said, "Well, I can't go on guessing all night. In a word, how many *have* you got?"

"To confess the truth, Sir," replied I, "that is a question difficult to answer, inasmuch as there are several parts of the metropolis which I had not visited for nearly three weeks prior to my leaving it—each of which may (for anything that I can assert to the contrary) be at this moment provided with a theatre of its own. As, for instance: on my return to town, at the end of next week, I may find, newly erected, a 'Theatre-Royal, Cranborne Alley;' a 'Theatre-Royal, Holywell Street;' a 'Theatre-Royal, St. Giles's;' a 'Theatre-Royal, Martlett Court;' and so forth,—all of which the play-going world stands especially in need of."

"But what right have they to them?" inquired Hobbleday.

"Right, Sir!" exclaimed I, with astonishment: "right! You, a march-of-intellect man, ask such a question! Why, Sir, they have the right that every body has to every thing, regardless of the rights of every body else. Besides, Sir, by what other means could the interests of the drama be protected, the respectability of the histrionic profession maintained, and the accommodation of the public provided for? I believe, Mr. Hobbleday, that, at present, there are not more than twenty theatres, large and small, open every night, all of which, as it is perfectly notorious, are nightly crammed to suffocation. The unhappy consequences of this paucity of theatres are, that there are hundreds of actors of eminent ability walking about town unable to procure engagements; and thousands of play-mad Londoners who are continually suffering from the want of a play-house wherein they can find sufficient room to put their noses."

"Oh, in that case," said Hobbleday, "all is as it should be. And yet, if it be so," continued he, "your theatres must be prodigiously small, eh?"

"They are of various capacities," replied I: "we have one which is capable of holding about three thousand persons; another——"

"Hold, hold, hold," cried Hobbleday, interrupting me; "*that* won't do. Can't mean to say you could put all Little Pedlington into one of them! Why, that's more than our whole population, which is two thousand nine hundred and ninety-six—(ninety-*seven*, I should say; for Mrs. Ephraim Snargate was brought to bed this morning of a little girl:)—and as to the notion of a theatre that would hold all the people in such a place as *this*——Pooh! that's an idea the mind can't comprehend." These latter words he rather muttered to himself than addressed to me.

"Now, suppose a person were in London, and wished to see your best actors," said Hobbleday, "to which theatre would you send him?"

"To the theatre New York, Mr. Hobbleday," replied I.

"What!" exclaimed he, with a look of incredulity, "New York, in Africa! If that be true—I say *if*, mind you—then, shame upon London!"

"But what blame is there upon poor London?" inquired I.

"Come, come," said he; "can't deceive little Jack Hobbleday. Your actors are not encouraged at home—not *renumerated*—ill-paid—driven to seek a subsistence in a foreign country because they can't get salt to their porridge in their own. Don't contradict me—know it must be so—can't be otherwise: else, with their *spree de corpse*, would they wander abroad, and leave their profession to go to rack and ruin at

home? Ah! poor things! *that* must be the heart-breaking part of the business to them!"

I hardly expected to be met in this knock-down style. But though compelled to acknowledge in my own mind the truth of every word uttered by my interlocutor, I attempted a defence for the spirit of the Londoners by saying—"Well, Sir; I make no doubt that when the eight or ten new theatres now in contemplation, or in progress, shall be completed, that not only will the wanderers be induced to return, but (which in my opinion is of still greater importance) that the present vast superfluity of histrionic talent in London will find both employment and reward."

I was not sorry when a turn was given to the conversation, by Hobbleday's asking me what I thought of the new drop-scene? The landscape, as he called it,—that being a view of the Crescent, with its twenty-four houses, with green doors and brass knockers—was the work of the theatrical scene-painter, Mr. Smearwell; the figures—a grenadier standing sentry at each corner—were put in by Mr. Daubson, the celebrated portrait-painter. It appeared to me that Mr. Smearwell was a little out in his perspective; for, whilst the centre house was firmly placed on the ground, the others, right and left, appeared to be curling up into the air. However, as it cannot be an easy matter to draw four-and-twenty houses in the exact form of a crescent, I thought that any remark I should offer upon the point might be considered as hypercritical. Upon the whole, therefore, I could not but express my admiration of the painting.

"But, how is it, Mr. Hobbleday," said I, "that the soldiers are made to appear taller than the houses? Their caps o'ertop the chimney-pots!"

"In the first place," answered Hobbleday, somewhat tartly, "I suppose our Daubson, who painted the famous grenadier in Yawkins's skittle-ground, knew very well what he was about: he wasn't going to paint hop-o'-my-thumbs that might be mistaken for drummer-boys. They are grenadiers, arn't they? In the next place, Sir, was a man like Daubson to play second fiddle to Smearwell?—though Smearwell is a great man in his way."

"I don't quite understand the bearing of that question," said I.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Hobbleday, wondering at my stupidity; "if Daubson had painted his figures smaller, would not Smearwell have had the best of it? As it is, the grenadiers are the first things that catch our attention. It stands to reason, doesn't it?"

To attempt to argue against a reason (and such a reason!) thought I, would be about as wise a proceeding as running my head against a stone wall; so, all I said in reply was—"Unquestionably, Sir."

I had been so closely engaged in the foregoing conversation with Hobbleday that I paid little or no attention to what was going on around me. But I was suddenly startled by the tuning of the instruments in the orchestra. The band was—as the play-bills expressed it—"numerous and efficient." Indeed it was (as Hobbleday assured me) the very band usually provided for "balls and assemblies," by the celebrated Mr. Wagglebow, the principal (that is to say, the only) music-seller in the place. Mr. Wagglebow himself played the first violin, and led; the *other* violin (the first second as it would technically be called in orches-

tras still more numerous and efficient than this) was played by Mr. Wagglebow, junior; the harp was by a younger son of Mr. W.'s; and the flageolet by his youngest. There was also a big drum, which was performed upon by an elderly gentleman, an amateur, as Hobbleday informed me. This performer did not servilely follow his leader, as less inspired musicians are wont to do; nor did he play from book. He seemed to trust entirely to his own genius, and the necessity of the case, both for what he should do, and when he should do it; and it was only when he perceived that something was not quite right, or when he fancied there was a deficiency of force in the orchestral effects, that he brought his powerful aid to bear by giving one, two, three, or even half-a-dozen heavy thumps on his drum, according to his own notion of what the particular circumstances required.

While the band was performing the pleasing ceremony of tuning, I looked round the house. There were about thirty persons in the pit; about fifty (including the crowd of *orderlies*) in the boxes; and (though I could not see the gallery) I should guess from "the dreadful pother o'er our heads," which was kept by "the great gods," there could not be fewer than twenty in that division of the theatre. The house, taken altogether, might have been about one-third filled; though, when the half-price was in, it was about half-full. This was, what Hobbleday called, "a most capital house." It was his opinion, however, (he having come in with an order) that the prices must be lowered.—And here I must take occasion to note down that my old acquaintance was invaluable to me; since, but for the information I received from him, I might have remained ignorant upon many important points.

"There!" cried he; "you see Miss Cripps, our Sappho, in that little box? Well; the two gentlemen who have just joined her are Mr. Dowlas, the author of the 'Hatchet of Horror,' and Mr. Fiat of the 'Dictator.' Fiat, by-the-by, great friend of Snoxell's and Tippleton's. Sweet, they say, upon little Laura Dobs—ahem! And, there, in that box opposite, is Miss Jane Scrubbs. She is the celebrated writer of the riddles and conundrums in our 'Observer.' She signs herself Enaj Sbburcs—the name reversed. Very ingenious, eh? Ah! Rummins, the editor has joined her. *He* is very intimate with Waddle and Gigs, and is a great friend of Mr. Strut's, the manager."

I paid particular attention to this piece of information. *Why I did so I scarcely know.*

"Clever at guessing riddles, eh?" inquired Hobbleday; who receiving from me no other answer than a shake of the head, continued:—"Miss Scrubbs's last is wonderful; most wonderful! All Little Pedlington been trying at it for a week; yet nobody has guessed it, although Rummins, in his paper, offers a prize to the successful guesser. Have been trying at it myself night and day, but can do nothing with it. It *is* a puzzler. Only listen.

"Though blest with body, head, and tail,
Yet have I neither leg nor limb;
The waters am I doom'd to swim,
And often I'm expos'd for sale.
I'm sometimes boil'd, I'm sometimes fried,
Sometimes I'm stew'd, and sometimes dried.
Of all that lives beneath the sky,
Come, tell me, tell me, what am I?"

"It can't be *a fish*," said Hobbleday, "for any fool could guess *that*. But, stop; they are striking up music." And the orchestra performed the march in the Battle of Prague with wonderful precision and effect:—the instruments being scarcely half a note out of tune with each other, and all the performers arriving at the last bar nearly at the same moment with the leader—he, of course, *as leader*, coming in a *leetle* before the others. The overture was loudly applauded and unanimously encored. The gallery called for it a third time. This call, however, was resisted by the rest of the house. A contest which lasted for some time ensued; and everybody at once crying "Silence!" instead of holding their tongues, a tremendous noise was the consequence. The most uproarious of the gods (a large, fat man) being singled out, several gentlemen in the boxes called, "Turn him out, turn him out," whilst the pit, as with one voice, in the most disinterested manner insisted upon it that he should be thrown over—utterly regardless of the fact that obedience to their command must have been attended with certain uncomfortable consequences to some amongst themselves. The large, fat, Little-Pedlingtonian (apparently not approving of this mode of visiting the pit at gallery price) was silent, and the rest followed his example.

Miss Julia Wriggles then appeared before the curtain to speak an address written, for the occasion, by the celebrated Miss Cripps She was received with a loud and general clapping of hands. The address was composed with that elegance for which Miss Cripps is so justly celebrated, and contained many new points: the most remarkable of which were, that it deprecated censure and solicited praise. It concluded with these lines:—

> "Since British hearts are true to virtue's cause,
> Long live the King! and grant us your applause."

Owing either to the smallness of the theatre, or the indistinctness of the fair speaker, I missed many words. The address and Miss Julia Wriggles were, however, vehemently applauded, and the lady made her curtsey and withdrew. The instant she disappeared there was a general call for Miss Julia Wriggles; and, after this call had been repeated some dozens of times, she returned. She looked confused, and grateful, and modest, and—in short, she looked everything that it is possible, under such circumstances, to look; and, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, and cries of "*Brayvo!*" a wreath of flowers was thrown upon the stage. It came from an upper side-box. The lady gracefully and gratefully took it up, pressed it to her heart, and again withdrew.

"Bless my soul! dear me!" said Hobbleday; "I'd almost lay my life I saw that thrown from the manager's box! But, no; I *must* be mistaken."

Tingle-tingle went the prompter's bell, and the curtain rose.

The piece first performed was (I copy the play-bill) an entirely new, ORIGINAL, domestic melodrame in two acts, never before performed, and now acted for the first time, founded on the affecting, barbarous, and interesting murder of Martha Squigs, and called

THE HATCHET OF HORROR;

OR,

THE MASSACRED MILK-MAID.

GRUMPS, a footpad (in love with Martha Squigs)	Mr. SNOXELL.
GROWLER, his friend . . .	Mr. WADDLE.
SQUIGS, a smuggler (in love with Lavinia Grumps)	Mr. E. STRUT.
MUZZLE, a poacher (also in love with Martha Squigs) . . .	Mr. STRIDE.
Lord HARDHEART	Mr. STAGGER.
Mrs. SQUIGS, Mother of Squigs and Martha	Mrs. BIGGLESWADE.
Mrs. GRUMPS, wife of Grumps . .	Mrs. A. STRUT.
LAVINIA GRUMPS, her daughter with a song	Miss WARBLE.
NINNYPOCHIA, a dumb gypsey-girl with a *pas seul*	Mlle. SARA DES ENTRECHATS.
MARTHA SQUIGS, the Massacred Milk-Maid	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES.

In addition to these there are some subordinate characters: constables, excisemen, gamekeepers, &c.

The scene lies at, and in the immediate neighbourhood of, Hardheart Hall, the seat of Lord Hardheart, who, being a nobleman, and a magistrate moreover, is naturally represented as a tyrant and an oppressor. At the Hall is Martha Squigs engaged in the humble but innocent duties of a milk-maid. She has been there only nineteen days, and it was (as she tells us) to escape from the persecution of Grumps's addresses (Grumps being a married man, and she having given her heart to Muzzle, a gallant young poacher) that she quitted

"The roof maternal, mother's lowly cot."

There is, besides this, another reason for her having left her home. Her mother's circumstances being far from affluent, and her lover's profession of rather a precarious nature, she prudently resolved (again I quote her own words)

"To scrape together something of my own,
And so provide against a rainy day."

The piece opens with the discovery of Lord Hardheart (Mr. Stagger) seated at a table in his library, and surrounded by his domestics, amongst whom is Martha (Miss Julia Wriggles). These are assembled to hear the examination of a poacher, who is about to be brought before his Lordship. He comes on in the custody of two gamekeepers. It is young Muzzle! (Stride). Martha Squigs is no common heroine. She neither faints nor screams. She utters the half-stifled exclamation, "Oh! Heavens!" clasps her hands, leans forward upon her right toe, heaves, not her bosom only, but, the whole upper part of her body (head, neck, shoulders, and all) as if at each respiration it would come away from the hips. Muzzle stands undaunted. He makes a sign of silence to Martha. Of course, neither this nor Martha's emotion are observed by any of the other characters. Lord Hardheart begins;—

Lord H. " So, Mr. Muzzle, here thou art again!
Come, tell us what thou'st got to say to this?
Thou know'st I oft have let thee off before,
But now, Sir Poacher!——
Muzzle (*with firmness*). I am innocent!
And if I snared those partridges last night,
(*Pointing to four partridges which the first gamekeeper has placed on the table*,)
I wish I may not have the luck to take
Another head of game this week to come!
Lord H. Beware, rash youth! retract that dreadful oath,
Nor steep thy soul in perjury so black.
Muzzle. What I have sworn, my Lord, I've sworn; and if
Those four dead witnesses upon the table
Had tongues within their heads to tell their tales,
They'd cry aloud, 'Jack Muzzle's innocent!'
They're dead!
Lord H. How died they?
Muzzle. E'en as I would—game!
1*st Keeper.* My Lord, I'll take my oath he snared them birds:
I caught the fellow in the very act.
Muzzle (*to Keeper*). Silence, base minion of a tyrant lord!
(*to Lord H.*) Proud lord! base tyrant! vile oppressor, hear me!
What right hast thou to have me up before thee?
What right hast thou to punish me for poaching?
What right hast thou to, &c. &c."

In a tirade of some sixty lines, Muzzle makes it perfectly clear that being fond of partridge, but not liking to pay for it, he, "a free-born Englishman, no lordling's slave," has an unquestionable right to steal it; that no person in the world (himself excepted) has the smallest right to his own property, if any other person in the world should happen to take a fancy to it: that to visit any sort of offence with any sort of punishment, is "rank oppression, iron tyranny:" and that in these times, "when mind is mind, and thinking men can think," it were a downright absurdity to contend for the distinctions of rank, or of any other distinctions whatsoever, and for this obvious reason—

" Thou art a lord, but let me tell thee this:
Jack Muzzle, though a poacher—IS A MAN!"

Lord Hardheart, like a tyrant as he is, in reply to all this, says—

" Deluded man, I'm not of thy opinion;
This once, however, I will let thee off;
But if thou e'er should'st be caught again
Stealing my birds or anybody's else's,
Thou shalt be prosecuted, take my word for't,
Jack, with the utmost rigour of the law.
Muzzle (*aside*). Inhuman tyrant! but I'll be reveng'd:
This night your Lordship's hay-stacks I'll set fire to."

Martha, who, throughout this scene, had been exclusively occupied in pumping up emotion, at length, on her lover's liberation, exclaims,

" I breathe again! my Muzzle is set free!"

Up to this moment the applause had been neither general nor enthusiastic. The gallery, indeed, warmly took up all Stride's speeches, or, rather, his sentiments; and other parts of the house expressed their

approbation of his manner of giving "E'en as I would—game!" and "a poacher—is a man!" There was one solitary but resolute hiss to this sentiment. It was from Mr. Yawkins, the banker, who (as my companion informed me) has a manor of nearly four acres in extent in the neighbourhood of Snapshank Hill. Nor did Miss Julia Wriggles's "Oh! Heavens!" pass uncomplimented. But, for anything like general and vehement applause, that young lady may be said to have drawn first blood. On giving the words, "My Muzzle is set free!" a pair of hands (which, as Hobbleday informed me, were the property of Mr. Strut, the manager) were thrust forward from a small box over the stage, and led the way to three distinct rounds. Mr. Stride came forward one pace and bowed. One of the pair of hands in question waved to him to retire; and Miss Julia Wriggles, casting at him a look of indignation, and placing herself immediately before him, continued curtseying to the audience till they gave her three rounds more. Hobbleday, whilst employed in clapping his hands, whispered to me, "Fine sentiments those of Muzzle's! quite of my way of thinking; I'm for liberty and equality and all that; rights of man, eh? Only, I say: mustn't touch the Funds: I've got sixty pound a-year in 'em."

The piece proceeded. An exciseman comes on and states that they have taken a smuggler. The prisoner is produced. It is Sam Squigs (E. Strut) Martha's brother, and suitor for the hand of Lavinia Grumps. This situation, so far as it affected Martha, was a counterpart of the former one; and Miss Julia Wriggles again exclaimed "Oh! Heavens!" and again went through the pumping process, though with somewhat diminished effect. The depositions against Squigs are taken; and, when he is asked what he has to say in his defence, he follows precisely the line of argument which had been adopted by Muzzle,—merely substituting the word "smuggling" for "poaching." He thus concludes his address:—

"A man's a man; *that* no one can deny:
And if a man mayn't do a bit of smuggling
Whenever he has got a mind to it,
Then make a slave of him at once, say I:
A pretty world to live in were it so!
A free man, I; so what I'd do I'll do."

The tyrant, Lord Hardheart, proceeds to explain to Mr. Squigs, that his principles, however convenient they may be for his own individual purposes, are by no means calculated to promote the interests of society at large, as society is at presnt constituted; and offers, on condition of his promising to abandon what he (Lord H.) is bound to consider an unlawful calling, for this once to pardon him. Squigs, choosing rather to argue the point that, as he did not himself frame the laws against smuggling, it is not necessary he should observe them, refuses to comply with the condition. Upon this, Lord H. prepares to sign a warrant for his committal; when, at the very moment, his mother, Mrs. Squigs (Mrs. Biggleswade) rushes on, and a scene of dishevelled hair, tears, and implorations, ensues. The tyrant lord repeats his offer of clemency; but Squigs, remaining heroically obdurate, the officers prepare to remove him. Mrs. Squigs and Martha faint in each other's arms at one corner of the stage; in the centre stands Squigs resisting the officers, who each hold him by an arm; Grumps (SNOXELL!) and Growler (Waddle) rush

on at the other corner, and, throwing themselves into attitudes of defiance, the whole of them maintain their positions as long as the audience continue to applaud. [This, as Hobbleday informed me, was "what they call a *tab-low*."] Grumps (who during the whole of this pause performs the pumping manœuvre so successfully executed by Miss Julia Wriggles) now prepares to speak. [Cries of "Bravo!" "Hush!" "Snoxell for ever!" "Silence!" from various parts of the theatre.] At length—his breast heaving, almost bursting, with emotion—thus Grumps:—

"My friend!—My Squigs!—In chains!—No, no:—no chains—
The tyrant dared not that—but still—in custody!
Speak!—Tell me!—Wherefore this?—Will no one answer?
Must I in ten-fold ignorance abide?
Or, like the seaman on the mountain-top,
Defy the foaming ocean in its wrath,
Till every element of mortal agony
Cries for compassion to the roaring surge?
Or, must I, like—Oh! no, not so!—a flash
Of lightning intercepted in its course,
Affright the trembling clouds and cleave the earth,
Till the scared sea-gull, cowering in its nest,
Awakes pale Echo from her iron slumber
To tell me wherefore—why my Squigs is here?"

This speech was tremendously applauded. And I must take this opportunity to observe, that whilst the rest of the piece is written in a free, easy, idiomatic (yet not inelegant) style, the whole part of Grumps is in a strain of high—nay, the highest-flown poetry. Amongst those who applauded loudest and longest was Mr. Dowlas himself, (the author of the piece,) who was in Miss Cripps's box. This I thought rather odd. Hobbleday, however, assured me he was merely applauding the actor, not the speech. The distinction was obvious.

Grumps is informed of the nature of the offence of which Squigs (who is affianced to his daughter) is accused. In a speech, in no way inferior to his last, Grumps defends the practice of smuggling, and denounces Lord Hardheart as

"The tyrant minister of tyrant laws."

Upon this, Growler (Waddle) rushes forward, and, throwing himself into a striking attitude, exclaims in a voice of thunder,

"I'm altogether of my friend's opinion."

This is all Waddle has to say or do in the present act; but this he did in a way to extort applause even from the Snoxellites—and the party was easily distinguishable. The speech was received with three rounds of applause, together with cries of "*Brayvo* Waddle!" "Go it, Waddle!" "Waddle for ever!" Waddle still remained in attitude, and another three rounds rewarded him. Waddle, apparently liking it, continued immovable as a statue, and the Waddleites endeavoured to get up a third three rounds; but Snoxell rushing forward, and placing himself directly between Waddle and the audience, there was an immediate cry of "Silence," and the performance proceeded.

Grumps, finding his argument of no avail with the obdurate magistrate, gives a loud whistle. At this signal a party of Grumps's friends

—footpads, smugglers, poachers, &c., rush on, and Squigs is carried off in triumph.

The next is a love-scene between Muzzle and Martha Squigs. She expatiates on her own terrors during his late examination, and conjures him, by the love he bears her, to abstain from the evil practice of poaching. He feigns compliance, and, in the excess of his seeming obedience to her wishes, adds—

> " To please thee I'll not even poach an egg.
> *Martha.* Nay, thou'rt too kind! Then soon, my gentle Muzzle,
> I'll name the day shall make thy Martha thine.
> *Muzzle.* Thy Muzzle's happy!—(*Aside*) Now to fire the stacks."

As Muzzle goes off on one side, Grumps comes on at the other. The latter addresses Martha in a long speech commencing with—

> " My Martha!—Martha Squiggs!—Alone!—Untended!
> E'en as the dove whose innocent repose,
> Soft as the limpid stream in summer's prime," &c. &c.—and ending,
> " So, like the eagle, soaring to the skies,
> Again I come to press my ardent suit.'

To this the virtuous Martha artlessly replies:—

> " No, Mr. Grumps, 'tis all of no use talking;
> Tho' poor I'm honest, virtuous though not rich.
> Virtue is all I have, save nine-pound-ten
> Which I by honest labour have obtained.
> Nay—press me not—I tell thee, once for all,
> That Martha Squigs is not at all the girl
> To give her hand where she can't give her heart—
> Especially to one already married."

Grumps, in a strain of poetry equal to any of the rest, urges many edifying arguments in the hope of prevailing with her; but in vain. Then, in a momentary access of morality, he acknowledges that while such an obstacle to his suit as the one alluded to exists, it would be not altogether proper to persist in it; and consequently declares (in a side speech) that his wife shall be "disposed of." With this resolution he departs, and Martha withdraws.

This scene was well, but not *finely* acted. Snoxell seemed to be reserving himself for some great effort; and Miss Julia Wriggles, owing to the culpable inattention of the prompter, who did not give her the word as often as it was his duty to do it, was made to appear as if she had been imperfect in her part. With the exception of the first word of her lines, as "No," "Though," "Virtue," "Which," "Nay," &c. (where his voice was audible enough) she had scarcely any assistance from him worth speaking of. Indeed, on one occasion, the young lady was actually compelled to go to what, I believe, they call "first entrance, prompt side," and cry to him, "Why don't you give me the word, you stupid fool?"

The next scene represents "Lord Hardheart's Hay-stacks, by moonlight." Muzzle enters; and, at the end of a speech about "Sweet revenge," he places combustibles in the hay. Hearing foot-steps he retires. Ninnypochia, the dumb gipsey-girl, (an almost indispensable character in a melodrame at Little Pedlington) appears. She pokes her fore-finger into her mouth to denote that she is dumb. She then signifies that she has observed Muzzle's proceedings, and that she will

go instantly and give information at the hall. Thus resolved, she remains to dance a *pas seul*. After that, away she goes. Muzzle reappears and sets fire to the stacks. There is a "terrific conflagration," and all the characters rush on and form a *tableau*. Thus ends the first act.

The next act is opened by a quarrel-scene between Grumps and Growler. They have knocked down and robbed Lord Hardheart; and the dispute arises out of what Grumps considers to be an unjust division of the spoil. This scene was very spiritedly acted: it was a trial of skill between the two rival tragedians, and it is difficult to decide to which of them the praise of superiority belongs.

Grumps. "No more, my Growler! never be it said
That we, like vultures, on the Arabian plains,
Dispute and quarrel for a pound or two.
Growler. Don't talk to me of vultures—stuff and nonsense:
Your high-flown blarney won't come over me.
'Tis true you pick'd Lord Hardheart's pocket—granted:
But who was't knock'd him down first—you or I?
Grumps. 'Twas thou, my Growler—thou 'twas did'st the deed,
And therefore—like the bark that dares the main,
Cleaving her way with top-mast glittering high
Against the sunny pinions of the winds,
To reach the wish'd for haven,—I consent
To give my Growler half-a-sovereign more."

Growler declares that he will be satisfied with nothing short of an equal division of the booty. To this Grumps decidedly objects. After a long scene of mutual reproach and recrimination, the friends (now deadly foes) separate: each (in a side speech) announcing his determination "to dispose" of the other.

In this scene every speech was applauded at its conclusion: cries of "*Brayvo* Snoxell!" or "Waddle for ever!" accompanying the clapping of hands, according as the one or the other was the speaker. Upon the whole, I should say that the "heart-rending Snoxell" was the favourite with the Little Pedlingtonians.

The interest increases as the piece proceeds; every succeeding incident, indeed, being alone of power sufficient to support a piece. In the next scene Grumps seeks a pretext to quarrel with his wife (the obstacle to his success with the virtuous Martha) and "disposes of her" with a hatchet. [Immense applause.] There is yet another "obstacle"—Muzzle, the favoured lover. In the scene following this, Grumps meets him, and "disposes of" *him* also, by means of the same instrument—the hatchet which gives the piece its first title. But the next and last scene is the crowning glory of the whole. It is "the fatal cow-house," as the play-bill describes it. Grumps has been offered by a person whom he accidentally meets, and who has the honour of being a perfect stranger to him, eight pounds for a cow. Having none of his own, he resolves (in accordance with the liberal system of justice and morality which it is the tendency of the play to inculcate) to "possess himself of," or (as it would be expressed in unpoetical phrase) *steal* one of Lord Hardheart's. For this purpose he approaches the cow-house. And here occurs one of the finest, if not *the* finest, speech in the piece, commencing with "Rumble thou hurricaneous wind." But scarcely had Snoxell given the first line of it when he was inter-

rupted by a volley of hisses, and cries of "Off, off!" These evidently proceeded from the Waddleites, and were instantly met by loud cheering and cries of "Shame! shame!" from the Snoxellites. After this uproar had continued some time Snoxell came forward; and when, at length, he succeeded in obtaining a hearing, he thus addressed the audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Are you—or are you not—Little Pedlingtonians? If you be, I throw myself—with confidence—on your candour and liberality. [Great applause.] I know the cause of the disapprobation—no—not disapprobation—opposition which some of you have manifested. ["Bravo!" from one party; "No; no," from the other.] But I have this favour to ask at your hands: Am I Snoxell—or am I not? [Loud and general cheering.] I am Snoxell, then. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only further most respectfully and most humbly to entreat that I may not again be interrupted in the performance of my professional duties." [Thunders of applause; and Snoxell proceeded in his part,]

Grumps, with hatchet in hand, is about to burst open the door of the cow-house. At this moment Growler comes on and watches his proceedings. But here again was an interruption; the Waddleites now crying "Bravo! Waddle!" and the Snoxellites "Off! off!" When Waddle, in his turn, obtained leave to speak, he thus delivered himself:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—Ahem! I appeal to your generosity as Little Pedlingtonians. [Thunders of applause from all parts of the theatre.] I have been most shamefully—ahem!—it is not for me to —ahem!—but professionally speaking—ahem!—for the many years I have had the honour—ahem!—and as I shall ever consider it my duty to—ahem!—and as I am addressing myself to a Little-Pedlington audience [again thunders of applause] I trust—ahem!—I hope—ahem! —that I have said enough." The audience testifying by their unqualified applause that they thought so too, the piece again proceeded.*

Grumps breaks open the cow-house door, and leads forth the "favourite cow of the massacred milk-maid." (I quote the play-bill.) He is taking it away when he is interrupted in the execution of his "fell design" by the appearance of Martha. She has heard of the two "deeds of horror" he has but so lately perpetrated; refuses to listen to the addresses of a "blood-stained murderer;" and concludes a powerful speech—the last she is to utter in this world!—in the words following:—

> "Take and let go that cow, thou horrid monster!
> Thou kill'dst thy wife—aye, I know all about it—
> Thou slay'dst my lover, and would'st steal my cow.
> Away, away! I hate the sight of thee."

Grumps, irritated to fury, drags Martha into the cow house, and with the "Hatchet of Horror" chops off her head! Growler, exclaiming "Ill-fated Martha Squigs, I will avenge thee!" follows Grumps into the cow-house. There they providentially find two shields and two broadswords. A "terrific combat" ensues. After Growler has been

* An explanation of the cause of this singular (and, apparently, inexplicable) interruption may, perhaps, be found by referring to a conversation which took place between Mr. Snoxell, first, and afterwards Mr. Waddle, and the manager. See N. M. M. for January last, "*Manager's Room,*" page 109.

beaten down, and has fought, on his knees, five times round the stage; and that, in his turn, Grumps has been beaten down, and has fought nine times round on his side, the villain Grumps is slain. A thunder-bolt strikes the cow-house, which is shattered to atoms; the ghost of the murdered Mrs. Grumps appears; the other characters of the piece come on and form another *tableau;* and in the midst of green fire, blue fire, red fire, and fire of all colours, accompanied with squibs, crackers, and the sound of a gong, the curtain drops. I must add that there is an underplot, of which the subject is the loves of young Squigs and Lavinia Grumps. But, in my opinion, it might be dispensed with, as, instead of assisting, it rather encumbers the main action of the piece.

Considered as a whole, I look upon the "Hatchet of Horror" as being, at least, equal to any melodrame which I have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time past: as a piece of writing it is infinitely superior to the best. But its greatest claim to praise is that it is both Original and Domestic. By *original*, is meant that it is not [*said to be*] taken from the French; and that its characters, incidents, and situations, although forming the staple of this species of composition time immemorial, are interwoven with a story not *exactly* like that of any of its predecessors. By *domestic*, we are to understand that its leading characters are not kings, princes, or princesses, nor ladies and gentlemen, nor even what is usually implied by the term "decent people;" but gallant, independent, free-thinking spirits, selected from low (or, to use the cant word, *domestic*) life, who are admirably contrived, by their actions and sentiments, at once to illustrate the tyranny of the laws, and teach the oppressed and suffering "lower orders" the pleasure as well as the propriety of resisting them. Hobbleday was entirely of this opinion. "How interesting and edifying!" exclaimed he, as the curtain fell. "Poaching, smuggling, robbery, arson, and murder all in one piece! And, then, what liberal sentiments! This is the sort of thing, my dear fellow, to improve—to enlarge the understanding of the lower classes. Glad they didn't talk about touching the Funds, though: my sixty-pounds a-year, you know."

On the fall of the curtain there was a call for Snoxell and Miss Julia Wriggles. After a decent delay they appeared. One bowed and bowed, the other curtsied and curtsied. A wreath—it appeared to me to be the same that had already made its appearance—was thrown from the little box over the stage. It fell immediately between the lady and gentleman. Snoxell, with a bow and a smile, was stooping to pick it up; when Miss Julia, putting her foot upon it, and, at the same time, saying to Snoxell, "Not for you, you stupid fool!" took possession of the trophy. Cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, accompanied the retirement of these favourites. The next favourites who were honoured with a similar *distinction* (the wreath excepted) were Waddle and Mrs. Biggleswade. The next complimented were Stride, Stagger, Mrs. A. Strut and Mlle. Sara des Entrechats. After these——In short, this compliment to distinguished ability was, in turn, bestowed upon every performer in the piece, which of course added greatly to its value. Some one then called for Mr. Siffle, the prompter, who, though not seen, had been distinctly heard; but, as that gentleman had not actually appeared upon the stage, the call was overruled. I was somewhat astonished that the good Little Pedlingtonians did not call for the

cow, which *had* appeared. But upon Hobbleday's informing me that the animal was nothing more than a donkey sewed up in a cow's hide; and also observing how nearly it had spoiled Snoxell's great scene by braying when the tragedian led him forth—an act which this Life-Governor of the Zoological Garden assured me was not natural to the character he represented—I felt satisfied that the incautious quadruped did not deserve the compliment.

My notices of the rest of the performances must be brief.

Broad-Sword Hornpipe, by Miss Julia Wriggles. Performed three times. Miss J. W. called for, wreath, &c. In apothecary phrase "Dose as before."

All Round my Hat, "a new and elegant Burletta, without songs or any musical accompaniment whatever." (Hobbleday asked me what *could* be meant by a burletta without songs? Could not explain. Referred him to the Master of the Ceremonies of Little Pedlington, and Licenser, who ought to be able to give him the information.) Piece eminently successful. Principal characters by Tippleton ("the facetious Tippleton") and Miss Julia Wriggles. Both called for, &c.

Who are You? "a fashionable interlude." — Unequivocally damned; although supported by the whole strength of Tippleton, Gigs, and Miss Julia Wriggles. Nevertheless, they were all called for, and so forth.

She *shall* be an Actress. As the whole of the characters (eight!) were performed by Miss Julia Wriggles, the piece might have carried a second title—Whether or No. Complete success. Miss J. W. called for, and *the* wreath again.

Of the performers I shall merely say—Snoxell, great; Waddle good, but prone to rant; Tippleton hard as an iron poker; Gigs rich and easy; Mrs. Biggleswade, first rate; Miss Julia Wriggles, wonderful—for a first appearance—for she played with all the *à-plomb* of a practised stager. Her *forte*, tragedy; in comedy, elegant but cold; sings (I must say it) like a raven; but dances—like one of Ducrow's horses. In her eight characters her various dialects were good, but all alike: Irish, French, German, Scotch—all Irish.

Owing to the length of the performances the theatre not closed till near eleven o'clock! "Late hours for Little Pedlington," said Hobbleday, as he shook hands with me at parting.

To-morrow morning I shall see how far my statement of facts is borne out by the "Dictator," and the "Observer." As for opinions, their's will be their's, as mine are mine. And so, good night!

P.*

MEMOIR OF MRS. GORE.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

The original of the accompanying portrait is perhaps better known to the lovers of light literature under the name of "The Authoress of Mothers and Daughters" than under her own. Born at the commencement of the century of whose peculiarities she was destined to be the lively delineator, Mrs. Gore, who has now attained her thirty-eighth year, is the survivor of a highly-respectable Nottinghamshire family, from whom she inherited a handsome fortune. In the year 1823, this lady became the wife of Charles Arthur Gore, Esq., of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, and has been the mother of a numerous family, of whom three children only survive.

From a very early age, Mrs. Gore was distinguished, or stigmatized, by her young companions by the title of "The Poetess;" and at fifteen, previously to Lord Byron's announcement of the concluding cantos of "Childe Harold," we are assured that she composed an additional canto to that magnificent poem, which called forth general surprise and commendation. This poem, and another of considerable length, entitled "The Graves of the North," received high applause from Joanna Baillie, and many literary critics of indisputable judgment; but they were never printed.

Mrs. Gore's first publication was a poem, entitled "The Two Broken Hearts," which was followed by "The Bond," a dramatic poem, published, in 1824, by John Murray. These two works, though highly praised by the reviews, made no lasting impression. Public sympathy was exhausted by the higher inspirations of Byron, still familiar in every mind: the moment was not propitious to a poetical adventurer.

After a lapse of several years, we find Mrs. Gore appealing anew, as a novelist, to the critical tribunal. Her pathetic tale of "The Lettre de Cachet" was followed, after a prolonged sojourn on the Continent, by the publication of the "Hungarian Tales," in praise of which the reviews of the day were unanimous. Even these romances, however, did not call into action the peculiar vein of Mrs. Gore, which was first recognized in a novel, published by Mr. Colburn, entitled "The Manners of the Day," to which a judge no less competent than George IV. assigned the honour of being the "*best-bred* and most amusing novel published in his remembrance." It was also pointed out to notice by an able and highly-commendatory article in the "Edinburgh Review;" and her following work, "Mothers and Daughters; a Tale of 1830," (now included in the collection of the Standard Novelists,) enjoyed the distinction of being lauded with equal favour by the "Quarterly" and "Westminster" Reviews! "If Horace were to appear again on earth,"

says the latter oracle, "he would write in prose; and such works as 'Mothers and Daughters' would do honour to his pen."

These two works were followed by a startling series of novels, illustrative of the chances and changes of the times; ending with two which are generally considered the best—"The Hamiltons," and "Mrs. Armytage," the former of which has been publicly cited, by one of the most eminent men of our times, as the best sketch extant of "the new era." All these works have been reprinted in America, where they enjoy considerable popularity.

In 1831, Mrs. Gore commenced her career as a dramatist, by the production (at the Haymarket Theatre) of a five-act comedy, entitled "The School for Coquettes," which had a most brilliant run of thirty nights. Her play of "Lords and Commons," which we have heard accounted a far superior production, was coldly received at Drury Lane, and withdrawn by the authoress, after a few nights' representation. To these have succeeded her original comedies of "The King's Seal," and "King O'Neill," and two pieces, equally successful, imitated from the French—"The Queen's Champion," and "The Maid of Croissy." In addition to these well-known works, Mrs. Gore's contributions, in almost every style, to all the leading periodicals, have attracted considerable notice.

Previously to her inauguration into the literary world, the subject of this memoir was well known as a musical composer. Mrs. Gore's original melody to the words of Burns, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," was one of the most favourite ballads of the day; as well as the song of the Highland chief, "The soldier fra' the war returns," and several others, published by Power. She is also a clever artist; and her etchings after the old masters, of singular spirit and fidelity, are carefully preserved among her friends.

Such has been the literary career of one who, as the authoress of *fifty successful volumes*, is perhaps less personally known to the world than most of her contemporaries. Mrs. Gore, though chiefly resident in London and Paris, lives a life of great seclusion, declines all visits, and appears at rare intervals in the world. Happy in the cordial friendship of many of the master-spirits of the age, of her own and other countries, and apparently indifferent to the extension of her own celebrity, she devotes herself to the interests of domestic life.

LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE*.

Mr. Hallam has already rendered important services to English literature. By his volumes on the Middle Ages he introduced some degree of order into a portion of history which had till then exhibited nothing but a splendid confusion. It was barbarism with barbarian history. He gave it a history worthy of the intelligence of his time. By his second work, the "Constitutional History of England," he threw light upon difficulties which had hitherto baffled the strict inquiries into the origin of British polity. He now comes forward with a more general, yet scarcely less important, object:—The development of that rapid and brilliant progress by which the mind of Europe has risen from the twilight of superstition and slavery, until it now stands at a height which empowers it to illuminate the globe. For tasks like these Mr. Hallam's mind seems to be especially constituted. They demand great diligence, severe impartiality, and conscientious exactness. He palpably possesses them all. There is an air of honesty in his statements which at once secures the confidence of his readers. We know no writer who is more likely to be quoted in his generation as *authority*. In all historical references, we almost instinctively rely on his good faith. Even in the delicate questions of politics—though his Whig propensities are known, and it may be among the keenest exercises of human self-control for him to bridle his oratory when kings and churchmen are on their trial—Mr. Hallam evidently feels the value of this rare virtue, and checks his angry energies into at least the pace of moderation.

The work, of which but one volume has yet appeared, commences with a brief but useful catalogue *raisonné* of the chief compilations of European literature. It then proceeds through the singular and interesting detail of the efforts of the human mind to relieve itself from the papal chain of ignorance during the thirteenth and three following centuries. The volume comes down to A.D. 1550.

In our limited space, critical remarks on the merits or errors of a performance of this magnitude are out of the question. We shall occupy it more satisfactorily by references to those points which have most excited the curiosity of mankind.

One of the most remarkable results of the northern invasions was the extinction of the famous language of Imperial Rome, and the rise of a new generation of languages in its place, each possessing its peculiar beauties, each the parent of a new literature, and all exhibiting the wonderful adaptation of the powers of speech to the various circumstances of mankind. The system of the new languages assumed its modern shape about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The division of the great national dialects was then nearly complete. Europe exhibited five of these great dialects, the French, Italian, German, English, and Spanish (two others, the Arabic and the Biscayan, were also prevalent in these portions of the Peninsula). France, which seems destined to

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* Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. By Henry Hallam, F.R.A.S. 1st vol. 8vo. pp. 700. Murray, London.

take the advance in everything that is to be done by animation and activity, however she may suffer others finally to get before her, displayed the greatest number and variety of authors. But Italy, already civilized to an extraordinary degree, opulent, warlike, and learned, surpassed all in the elegance and accomplishment of her writings. England, though she had Chaucer and Wickliffe to lead the way, was still far in the rear. Germany was almost forgotten.

A discovery was made about this period, which, however simple, was evidently among the most powerful promoters of the popular devotion to letters, the discovery of paper made of linen. From the earlier ages the Egyptian papyrus had been in common use for writing. But the Saracen invasion of Egypt almost wholly put an end to this commerce, and Europe was thenceforth left to her own contrivances. Down to the end of the seventh century the papyrus was still partially used. Parchment then superseded it, and all public instruments, under Charlemagne and his dynasty, seem to have been written on this material; but its rise was calculated at once to give a check to living literature by its expense, and a still more unfortunate check to ancient literature by the habit of erasing classic manuscripts, to make room for the follies of monks, or the lucubrations of lawyers. The next substitute came from those brilliant conquerors who carried the arts and splendours of oriental life into the rude and sullen barbarism of Europe. The Saracens of Spain brought paper made of cotton from Syria — thence called *Charta Damascena.* Many of the MSS. in the Escurial, before the twelfth century, are on this cotton-paper. The still more important invention of paper of linen-rags dates, among the Saracens, earlier than the twelfth century; for an Arabic version of the aphorisms of Hippocrates on this paper, in the Escurial, bears date the first year of that century. Paper of mixed cotton and linen was soon in frequent use. There is in the Chapter-house of Westminster a letter written from Germany to Hugh Despencer, about 1315, on thin paper, like that now employed, and with the *water-mark.* But the linen-paper was rare until the close of the fifteenth century. The first paper of this kind was generally handsome, yet too strong and card-like. The manufacturers since have certainly very effectually contrived to relieve it from the demerits of too much substantiality.

The curious question has often been proposed, what were the first cause and age of European deference to the sex? It has been successively said that this gallantry, so honourable to Europe and so essential to the refinement of its manners, originated in the habits of our German ancestors;—that it was due to the rapturous fancies of Arabia; and that it was the result of that equality restored to woman by the Christian dispensation. Mr. Hallam sets his face against the three, and boldly ascribes it to the later Roman law, which allows succession in lands to women, through inheritance or dower; to the respect paid to them by the clergy; and, *above all*, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyments. But are we not entitled to ask, what was the origin of a law, so contrary to the habits of a warlike time, as that which suffered the lands of the chieftain and soldier to pass into the possession of the feebler sex? And whether the existence of such a law might not be largely traced to the clergy, who then were the chief makers of all law, and who held at least a divided rank in

society with the chieftain and soldier? and whether the clergy, who, from their monastic habits, could not in general have felt any personal interest on the subject, were not impelled to take the interest they did, from their deference to the spirit of the Christian dispensation? *We know* what are the commands of that dispensation, and know that it regards woman as entitled to every right of equality here—presents her as an object of respect — commands the husband to treat his wife as himself — enjoins conscientious fidelity—and declares them one in the sight of Heaven. If this command was resisted by the inveteracy of pagan habits in Greece and Rome in the early ages of Christianity; yet when paganism had finally perished, and revelation was suffered to combine with the natural impulse of the human heart to love and value woman, why are we to look for the most memorable change of manners that the world ever saw, to the dust of a lawyer's closet? We still less, if possible, can attribute it to the idleness of the idle nobility. That state of association has always tended to lower the rank of women, by lowering their moral example. We here doubly doubt our historian.

The grand invention of the age of inventions, the fifteenth century, was Printing. The claim still lies between two individuals, Gutenberg of Mentz, and Costar of Haarlem. But the force of evidence undoubtedly remains on the side of the German. In this most remarkable of all human inventions, (if it do not deserve a higher name,) one of the most remarkable features is the unconscious closeness with which it had been approached for ages. We find in the relics of Pompeii masses of lead with the names of the owners impressed, in other words, printed, on them. No Roman ever branded his sheep without being, so far, a printer. The Chinese had printed from blocks of wood, beyond all record. There seems to have been a trade in similar blocks with the Low Countries early in the fifteenth century, and probably much before. On the invention of playing-cards, about the end of the fourteenth century, they were frequently printed from wooden blocks, though still chiefly painted on parchment. Another step was made in printing figures of saints, with a few descriptive lines beneath. An additional step was made, by printing whole pages in the same manner, and making them into books, called block-books, though of only a few leaves. Still the great discovery, though thus almost touched, remained unknown. The use of moveable characters was the solution of this most productive of all problems.

About the year 1440, the idea is supposed to have suggested itself to Gutenberg, then living at Strasburg. After spending, it is said, ten years in attempting to perfect his conception, he entered into partnership with Faust, a rich merchant of his native city, about 1450. In two years after, one Schœffer, their assistant, is stated to have contrived the method of making the letters by punches of steel, by which the moulds or matrices are struck. The former moveable letters of wood, and the subsequent letters cut in metal were now superseded, one as being found difficult to manage, and the other expensive, and the art of printing assumed nearly the form which it bears at this day.

The next question is, of the first book which we owe to this noblest of all arts. It is to the honour of printing that this book appears incontestably to have been the Sacred Scriptures. It is the Latin Bible, called the Mazarin, from its having been first found in the Cardinal's

library in Paris, about a hundred years ago. Though, as the historian remarks, it is a singular circumstance that it should not have been well known long before, as not less than *seventeen* copies have appeared since. There is no date to this Bible; but it is concluded, on good grounds, to have been printed about 1555. Some of those Bibles are on vellum, some on paper of a superior kind, and all in a strong black and generally handsome type, which, though supposed by several authorities in the art to be wooden, and by others to be cut in metal, are more probably cast. A copy in the King's Library in Paris, has an entry stating that it was bound and illuminated at Mentz, on the Feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15), 1456. The time which so large a volume must have taken in printing, besides the time of its binding and painting, the latter a process peculiarly slow and delicate, might claim for it even an earlier date, and throw back, at least, its commencement close on 1550. No competitor has ever been found for the priority of the Mazarin Bible. And it may be regarded as an honourable proof of either the religious feeling, or the learned liberality, of England, that, of the eighteen copies of this great work in being—nine of which are in public libraries and nine in private—the whole of the latter, and three of the former, are in the possession of our country *.

Another important source of knowledge, as well as gratification of taste, immediately followed printing. This was the art of copper-plate engraving, invented probably by Thomas Finiguerra. The invention was applied by Arnold Buckink before 1478; for his edition of Ptolemy's geography appeared in that year. Geography had already begun to attract the public mind. The cosmography of Ptolemy had been translated early in the century, and had taught the use of meridians and parallels. The academy, founded by Don Henry of Portugal, first published maps with the meridians in right lines. The discoveries of the Portuguese in their attempts to circumnavigate Africa, the general extension of commerce, and the awakened intellectual ardour of the European mind, urged on this especial knowledge. Even then these maps are to us only evidences of the imperfect efforts of the time; yet it was to their confused and clouded study that we owe Columbus and the new world.

We have given a passing specimen of some of the topics of this important work. It has one fault, the fault of all Mr. Hallam's performances; yet a fault obviously arising less from the writer than from his choice of subjects. The scheme is too vast for the space, for the time, or for the individual. Comprehending the history of the human mind, not for three hundred years, but for twelve hundred; for his views commence, and *must* commence, from the sixth century: how is he to find room for this measureless discussion in his three volumes? Ten times the number would not be too wide for the subject. But they would be too wide for the time. This is not the age of study, either vigorous, or patient, or comprehensive. With our enlightened generation, a pamphlet is better than a volume, a speech than a pamphlet, and an epigram than either. A work of this order would demand a combination of forces. It is in its nature encyclopædian. It is a conquest in which the battle must be fought in every province with equal activity. Even the history of the last hundred years of European

* A single copy has been lately sold for 700*l.*

literature would open so vast a scene, a landscape so essentially panoramic; so diverse, yet so connected; so intricate, yet so distinct; so mingled in colour and character, yet exhibiting such strong contrasts in both, as to defy the most vigorous pencil that ever was handled by man. We know well the sketches which French flippancy gives, and calls them "Histoires du Siècle." But we have a higher respect for the manliness of English authorship than to conceive such performances among the objects of its ambition. But the subject, by its nature, spreads over too large a field. All can tell what must be the result of the attempt to condense that which forbids compression; and how little chance there is of recovering the noble forms of history unmutilated, after they have been thus packed for the convenience of transportation. We admit that many of the descriptions are vivid, many of the observations eloquent, and many of the points of character strongly illustrated. Still, the writer palpably feels a want of space, and we can sympathize with a man of taste, in being compelled to exhibit the Petrarchs, Dantes, and Da Vincis, like figures in a phantasmagoria; the giant suddenly diminished to a dwarf, shown by a flash, and dismissed with a turn of the machine.

Still, we must acknowledge our obligations to the author for a work marked by intelligence, variety of research, and literary fidelity of no common order. In an age when public ability is wasted on topics alike bitter and temporary, it is gratifying to find a scholar calmly exploring the past for the benefit of the future; and instead of soliciting the trivial distinctions with which party at once allures, corrupts, and chains its slaves; labouring for those securer honours which are the inheritance of accomplished minds, when the idol of the hour has fallen from his pedestal, and is forgotten.

PAYNELL; OR, THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

It is a strange history that of the human heart—full of contradiction and uncertainty—a problem never to be solved, and yet one which attracts perpetual investigation, and whose examination brings out, if not the whole truth, yet much that is true, and as much that is strange. We measure our own thoughts by those of others: and it is by noting their feelings that we learn to understand our own. The volumes now before us are written by one who has looked closely into the springs of that ponderous and subtle machine—society in the present day. Every hour we are treading more and more on the confines of the great unknown: the ocean of human will is sounded in all its bearings, and yet how much still remains to be discovered! How many false lights are hung out! what shoals yet unlaid down in the map; and what dark caverns whose mystery is still unfathomed! Mr. Stapleton's work is one of analysis; he thinks over the material that he has collected, he dissects it, till the anatomy of his drawing is true to the very life. The characters represent their time, and the hero has many a prototype at this very moment in St. James's-street. His youth is frittered away in expectation, whose realization comes too late. Paynell is too impatient to enjoy, and the very fact of looking only to his own gratification, destroys that which he would obtain.

> "How vainly seek
> The selfish for that happiness denied
> To aught but virtue! blind and hardened they
> Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
> Who covet power they know not how to use,
> And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give;
> Madly they frustrate still their own designs;
> Pining regrets, and vain repentances,
> Disease, disgust, and lassitude pervade
> Their valueless and miserable lives."

This severe moral is finely worked out in Paynell. At length, another's fate is involved in his own; and the story of Lady Harland is told with great power. We see her spirit mastered by that passionate eloquence, which is nature's most dangerous gift when added to the calculation based on knowledge in the man of the world. To feel the beauty of virtue while yielding to the temptation of vice, is in itself guilt's worst punishment; and the last scenes in this work are wrought up with equal pathos and energy. There is some very graphic and picturesque oriental description. Mr. Stapleton is a traveller who carries you along with him: he is not one of your *ennuyé* wanderers who hurry through existence in a postchaise, to end it with a pistol; but he sees with feeling and taste, and describes with warmth and grace. Scattered along his pages, are remarks full of quick perception, modified by inquiry and reflection. Rochefoucauld might have written the following:—

"Eccentricity attracts more than worth, and mystery is the most effective instrument in exciting interest. You will find it so, at least with women: you may rule one sex by their curiosity, and the other by their vanity. No man is free from the latter weakness; and he who most appears to scorn the praises of the world, is flattered to the heart's core if you only tell him that he is above flattery." This is, we believe, Mr. Stapleton's first work. It is a brilliant promise. We prophesy that we shall have to address his next production in the words of Horace, "O matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrior!"

IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY*.

The poetry of a feminine mind is to the intellectual world what flowers are to the physical—its grace and ornament, with "sweet and gentle uses." Of such poetry the pages before us are full. There is the quick perception of the beautiful, the sensitiveness, and the delicacy,—light, but soft and shadowy,—warmth, but tempered and subdued, like—

> "Some lighted vase, through which we see
> The flame's winged motions wavering swift and free."

It is a species of poetry that feeds upon association;—the moonlight "silvers the fruit tree tops," only to recall the happy hours passed beneath its soothing glimmer;—a flower calls up "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." Images, emotions, and ideas at length,

> "Are gathered, mingled, massed, combined,
> In one fine finished harmony of mind."

* Impressions of Italy. By Lady E. Stuart Wortley.

And the result is on the pages now before us. Lady Emmeline writes of Italy, like one who has deeply felt its natural loveliness, and whose memory is richly stored with "fine historic memoirs of the past;" and these are wakened into music by the feelings that link them with the present.

"Oh! if aright their records we would read,
No distant paths must we divergent tread,
Nor let our judgment prompt—our fancies lead;
Their histories are our hearts! Each pulse that beats
Some portion of their annals still repeats,
Some fragment of their story doth unfold,
Till, throb by throb, the whole strange tale is told:
The fevered burning, and the withering chill,
The aching, and the yearning, and the thrill,
The rich o'erflowing, and the yawning void,
The ecstatic sense—but waked to be destroyed.
These—these now—oh! too poignantly our own,
In all their shades and stages they have known;
No pang, no glow, can reach the bosom's core
That they have felt not thrillingly before;
No joy unchecked, no ill unsoothed, uncured,
That they have not experienced and endured,
And met too, haply, in the self-same way
As we have met—as we do meet—to-day."

PICCIOLA; OR, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE.

THE translator of this work appears to have in view, beyond the mere introduction of an elegant work of fancy to the English public, the vindication of the literature of France from the sweeping condemnation of the "Quarterly," and other Reviews. It is clear, from the specimen afforded, that our Gallic neighbours are not so exclusively engrossed by the monstrosities of the convulsive school as we have been led to imagine. "Picciola," as chaste and elegant as it is philosophical, has already attained a fourth edition; and rivals, in prose, the poetical popularity obtained by the "Jocelyn" of Monsieur de la Martine; portraying the progress of an accomplished mind from the haughtiest and most selfish scepticism, to the gentle humanities of a nature softened by sympathy and hope; the birth and progress of religion in a soul estranged from the corruptions of the world, and the fallacies of speculative philosophy, are depicted with grace, ease, and sensibility. Picciola, though a work of imagination, and even of a heated imagination, has a groundwork of sober and solid logic, reminding the reader of some ancient Flemish portrait of a burgomaster, or judge, whose face, pregnant with meaning, has been surrounded by the artist, by way of framework, with a garland of flowers. The style of the work is at once highly ornamental and exquisitely true to nature.

The fair stranger, of a complexion differing so widely from anything we have of late years received from France, will probably be received with cordiality, and cherished with affection. "Picciola" is not likely to suffer by her new transplantation. We purposely abstain from any development of the plot: as in a story so short and so simple in construction, the pleasure of the reader is wholly destroyed by such an-

ticipation, but recommend the book heartily, and to all classes; to the wise, as something of a "psychological curiosity; to the simple, as one of the most elegant and touching narratives it has been lately our fortune to peruse.

THE DIVORCED *.

THE great charm of Lady Charlotte Bury's writings is their essentially feminine character—it is impossible to read them without reference to the author. Few persons have been more brilliantly gifted; she seems to have realized "the stories we loved from the lips of our nurse," and that the fairies gathered round the cradle of the young daughter of the house of Argyle, to lavish upon her every grace and every charm. Years passed in the world must have brought with them knowledge, and knowledge is never acquired without suffering, but the many benefit when the result is such pages as now lie open. "The Divorced" is a subject which needed to be treated as Lady Charlotte Bury has treated it. Other writers have painted the fall—she has painted the fallen. No dangerous guise is flung around the early progress of passion. Lady Howard has been remarried for years when the story opens. She is still beautiful, still beloved, and surrounded by all that wealth can lavish of luxury. Her children are all she could wish, and devoted to her; but with all this the penalty of her fault has long been exacted. Hitherto, however, her regrets have been for herself—she has felt the weariness of exclusion from society, and deep shame for the cause; but she is now to be punished through others. Her children have to learn their mother's guilt, and to endure its consequences. Nothing can be more beautifully drawn than the character of Alice. The gentle and affectionate disposition, the sensitive and romantic temperament, are supported by strict and high principle—that passive energy which generous feeling properly directed inspires in woman. No person who did not deeply feel what her sex can and ought to be, could have embodied so delicate and yet so noble a conception as the character of Alice Howard. The story deepens towards the close—the erring wife has to see her children perish before her eyes, oppressed even unto death by her shame. Her husband's naturally selfish and violent temper becomes embittered more and more every day, and she has to endure neglect and harshness from him for whom she had endured so much. The end is desolation, despair, and death. Who shall deny the truth of the picture?—none who knows society as it now exists. Whether for interest in the story, truth in the characters, and power in the moral so developed—"The Divorced" is without question the best of all Lady Charlotte Bury's fictions.

* The Divorced. A Novel. By Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

[*The Library, &c.*]

The Barrister. Pray, Doctor, are you not a Member of the Antiquarian Society? Of course I make no allusion to their memorable initials. But what are they doing now?

The Doctor. Not much, perhaps. But they are certainly of late refuting the old stigma of the A double S., of which the wits took such unmerciful advantage. They are now busy with the old English records.

The Barrister. Then let me recommend it to them to show at once their taste and their liberality, by ordering five hundred copies of the book I hold in my hand,—" The Great Seals of England," just published by Hering, of Newman-street, incomparably the most accurate, complete, and elegant publication that has ever appeared upon a subject of the kind.

The Rector. I recollect several attempts to give those seals to the public, by Sandford, Stebbing, in his " Genealogical History," and since by Vertue, in his " Medals of Simon." But they failed in accuracy of design, in completeness of number, and even in authority. Those failures might be remedied, but it was always considered impossible that the difficulty of engraving should be got over. The bold relief of the seals altogether distanced the burin.

The Barrister. Then be comforted at last. That difficulty is got over, and in the most masterly style. The late invention of relief-engraving, one of the most striking discoveries in the art since mezzotint, or perhaps since Finiguerra himself, has given a force, roundness, and beauty to all delineations of seals and medals, which almost substitutes the portfolio for the cabinet, and puts the boldest and costliest works of the medallist within the means of every one. The present volume, a very handsome folio, contains upwards of forty of those seals, from Edward the Confessor, in 1042, down to the present King; a series remarkably interesting, not only from their acknowledged connexion with the most important epochs of our history, but with the history of the arts.—The progress from the rude conceptions of the middle ages, to the restoration of classic forms and confirmed taste in the days of Charles, and the medallic elegance even of our own chilling and contemptuous time. I am delighted to see, too, that the publisher purposes to give a full series of the " Napoleon Medals," comprehending all struck in every part of the continent (not in France alone) with reference to that wildest, fiercest, most eventful, and most splendid period of Europe. Such are the works which our noblemen, public bodies, and especially those which are connected with the propagation of public taste and accomplished knowledge, should feel it a public duty to call forth, protect, and patronize.

The Rector. " Impressions of Italy and other Poems, by the Lady G. Stuart Wortley." I strongly doubt whether there is not a tide in the national mind as much as there is in the national affairs. Twenty years ago we were in the flood-tide of poetry; now we are in the ebb. Then every production bore some impress of vigour, vividness, and

originality; now, the most poetic minds evidently produce nothing, or nothing worthy of themselves. The volume in my hand is a proof of the impossibility of struggling against the current of things. Its writer is a woman of talent; she had written, at least, one poem, the brief lines at the "Siege of Antwerp," which gave promise that one true poet would be left to the age. But, whether in contempt or carelessness, she has here poured out a succession of verses as wild as ever the ibyl wrote on her leaves.

The Colonel. Well, let us hear before we judge. I am entitled to plead a professional homage to the sex. Is it not something to see a woman of high condition abandoning the usual frivolities of high life, and cultivating the pleasures of the mind?

The Rector. Unquestionably. My remarks were directed not to the cultivation, but to the negligence of talent. If I had the honour of being of her Ladyship's cabinet council, I should recommend her to awake from her poetic indolence, to feel that excellence is to be obtained only by labour, and that the work which is destined to live is not to be flung from the pen like a *billet doux*. Her Ladyship is justly enamoured of Italy, and this is her "Farewell to the Mediterranean":—

> "Oh, Mediterranean, sea of blue!
> Oh, Mediterranean Sea!
> How softly thy odorous breezes woo
> Thy waters in their glee!
>
> Oh, Mediterranean, sea of blue!
> Oh, Mediterranean Sea!
> All homage and praises are thy due,
> And ever they shall be.
>
> Bright Mediterranean, sea of blue!
> Clear Mediterranean wave,
> I leave sweet memories, warm and true,
> Shrined in thy crystal wave.
>
> Oh, Mediterranean, sea of blue!
> Fair Mediterranean Sea,
> It is sad for me now to say adieu,
> And a long adieu to thee."

The Doctor. Well, then, let us turn from the fantasies of poetry to the fantasies of real life. A much more fantastic thing, if the whole truth were known. Here in Macfarlane's "Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers," are more marvels, extravagancies, oddities, ay, and sublimities of character and conception, though they generally ended in the scaffold, than in half the romances that ever were written.

The Rector. Yes, the book is a convenient manual for the traveller who wants to know how carriages are stopped and cockneys plundered to their last shilling in the most classic of all lands,—Ausonia, the blue-skyed, the blue-eyed, and the blue-stockinged.

The Colonel. It is not a dozen years since I was stopped on the very spot where the hero of his capital story, "The Priest Robber," performed his last exploit. I had the honour of being robbed of my watch and purse within sight of the "Mossoria," where he stood the siege; and the additional honour, as I presume I am to regard it, of being told by the head of the gang, that though the first Don Ciro was shot by four-and-twenty bullets in the town of Brancavilla, there were twenty

Don Ciros still, and my plunderer among the rest, who cared no more for the King of Naples than they did for the King of Morocco, and never met the gendarmes without making them take to their heels like so many opera dancers. The fellow himself was not unlike an opera dancer; he was costumed in green and cock's feathers, *à-la-mode*, mantled and moustached in prodigious style,—a first-rate combination of melodrame and murder.

The Doctor. Quite a lady's love,—a romantic son of the land of the olive and myrtle, sunshine and the pope. Yet, for my part, I should prefer the cloudy sky of England and the London police: and rather keep my purse in my pocket, and read Macfarlane, than give the one for hearing the other at second-hand in the most picturesque spot where a throat has been cut since the days of Julius Cæsar.

The Rector. Well, then, let me give you an opportunity of indulging your taste. Here is a volume expressly in honour of the English landscape,—"Miller's Beauties of the Country," with some of the prettiest and most graphic vignettes I have ever seen. They are by Lambert, an artist rising into reputation, and who, if he continues to adhere to nature with the fidelity which he displays in this work, is sure of distinction.

The Colonel. Is there anything known of Miller?

The Rector. Yes. He is one of those who, by the mere impulse of a passion for literature, have broken through the obscurity of their condition. Beginning life in some humble trade, his mind involuntarily burst into poetry; he published a few verses, which attracted the notice of persons of taste, and is now continuing to give, by his pen, the evidence that he ought not to be left to wither in obscurity. But he is, I believe, neither presumptuous nor importunate; he makes no clamorous demands upon the great, and expresses no affected disdain of the little. To him, and men like him, patronage would be wisely extended; and might be extended at once with the conviction of having assisted a man of mind, and of *not* having fastened on itself a dependant for life. The present volume is a successive description of the natural aspects of the Months in England—the landscape, the habits of the peasantry, and all that constitutes the interest of rural life and the charm of rural scenery. The volume is prose, but it opens with some graceful and harmonious versification.

"There's many a green and lovely spot
  Embosom'd in these silent hills,
And many a woodbine-trelliced cot,
  By which the wild bird sweetly trills,
When Quiet sleeps, and Care is calm,
And all the air is breathing balm.

"And then the sound of village bells
  In silvery music floats along—
Now lingering o'er the shady dells,
  Now mingling with the river's song,
As near at hand they seem to play,
Or in the distance die away.

"And there are sounds within the woods,
And echoes in the waving flowers,
And babbling tongues in foamy floods,
And dreamy tones in falling showers—
In everything we hear and see
A deep, a thrilling revelry."

The poem proceeds to some length, but the volume is full of fine passages from the old poets, and happy illustrations from all that is graceful in our language. The work deserves to be as popular as it undoubtedly is pleasing.

The Barrister. If I should ever be able to shake off the trammels of the courts for a twelvemonth, I think I should spend that twelvemonth in the Channel Islands. They are the last remnant of the domains of the Conqueror, and they have a feudal look to this hour. Some feudal customs continue among them; there are feudal traditions still cherished by the peasantry; and it is not improbable that half the labour expended on Egyptian antiquities, if employed in Guernsey and Jersey, would bring to light memorials full of interest to the manners and recollections of England. The people are proud of their never having been conquered by France, though in sight of the French shore: and it is an honourable distinction. Here we have two volumes of the reliques of those islands, "La Hogue de la Hambie;" the first volume a romance of one of the "Lords of the Isles;" the second crowded with notes and observations on the manners, traditions, and peculiarities of their people. The work, on the whole, exhibits no slight literary diligence, and is curious and interesting.

The Rector. I have heard it observed that every age has its character—but what belongs to the present?

The Colonel. Certainly not that of the fighting age; for our ships are quietly rotting in harbour, and our soldiers only studying the difference between English gin and Irish whiskey.

The Doctor. Certainly not the medical age; for, within the last half-dozen years, we have had two visitants, of whose cure we know as little as their cause. The cholera first came, to baffle all medicine; and when that had brought the science to its wit's end, in came the influenza to complete the affair, and make it ridiculous.

The Barrister. Certainly not the age of law; for though twelve hundred statutes have been added to the Statute Book within the last twenty years, nine-tenths of them are useless, and the other tenth contradict each other.

The Rector. Certainly not the writing age; for though clever things appear from time to time, the world is absorbed in the whirl of politics. The roar of a speech from the Crown and Anchor would extinguish a Milton; and while the process of a poor-law, or the decimation of the Lords, were the theme, a Shakspeare might perish in the streets.

The Colonel. But what is to be the remedy?

The Rector. Not exactly Caligula's for the clamour of Rome. But I cordially wish that some spell could be laid upon all our fiery spirits, even if it were to tie down their energies to writing the interminable letters of our ancestors. A hundred years ago, life seems to have been

spent in perpetual correspondence. Every man of name seems to have given his hours to the unwearied labour of writing on everything and to everybody; and much less than a hundred years ago it was the custom to register those rambling effusions as we now register the gravest labours of authorship. This is the worst side of those, often wise, manly, and decorous men. Nothing can be more tedious and trifling, nothing at once more laboured and more unsubstantial, than the infinite majority of those epistles, by which they expected to have anchored themselves in perpetual fame. But there are striking exceptions, and the volumes which I have just taken up, and which owe their existence to the suggestion of Mr. Montgomery of Sheffield, show how much may be gleaned even among the trampled fields of English letter-writing. They are three, and are entitled "The Christian Correspondent," giving a selection of the correspondence of well-known individuals in those moments when the character of the mind, and the circumstances of the writer, naturally combined to give the deepest value to his sentiments. Here we have letters written in times of public difficulty, in personal hazard, on the eve of religious persecution, and on the bed of death. The letters are ranged under various heads of the Christian character, and may often cheer the fearful by their fortitude, and elevate the fallen by their dignity.

The Barrister. It might be a curious question, what kind of fame lasts the longest? Hamlet says, "If a man wishes to be remembered beyond six months, he must build churches." His memory being likely to last so much the longer, if he left his architect's bills unpaid.

The Colonel. The Conqueror never lasts above five years after he is in St. Paul's or Westminster. I have seen on one sign-board, Howe wiped out by Jervis, and Jervis wiped out by Nelson. Fifty years ago, the King of Prussia had wiped out the Duke of Cumberland; and the Marquis of Granby, the King of Prussia; then came the Duke of York, to spread his honest visage over both; then old Abercromby's sandy brows frowned on the ale-drinkers; then came Wellington and Waterloo; and long may the hero and the triumph live! But five years after Westminster has set its seal upon him, the village signs will show a new red coat, cocked hat, and hero.

The Rector. Perhaps the fame of the great poet is the most continued. And the reason is, that we have all that gave him his fame, continued before us. In Shakspeare's plays, for instance, we see as much of Shakspeare, as ninety-nine hundredths of those who lived in his time saw of their illustrious countrymen. We see his mind; we hear his language; we read his thoughts; we have all that constituted the Shakspeare of the days of Elizabeth and James, except his peaked hat, gray doublet, and yellow hose.

The Doctor. "Byron's Poems. A new edition, 1837." Pray how long will Byron live?

The Barrister. At least as long, as we have him brought out, as he is, by Murray, in the most pleasing shapes, and perpetually before the eye. These two little volumes, the commencement of another edition, smaller than any of the past, are fully equal to them in elegance, completeness, and decoration. The vignettes and engravings of local scenery, add at

once to the beauty and the illustration of the work: the type, though small, is remarkably clear; and the public, which has received the former publications with such ready popularity, will be impatient for the completion of one of the most graceful pocket editions of any classic in existence. The first volume contains the four poems which won the hearts of all the ladies—"The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and "Lara." The second, the poem which conquered the stubbornness of all the men—"Childe Harold."

The Colonel. Does this edition give the correspondence or the life?

The Doctor. Neither. But yet it may be hoped that at least a portion of both will be given. They would greatly enhance the value of the edition.

The Barrister. "An Autumn Dream." By John Shephard. A volume of verse on a subject which will never be satisfactorily discussed in either verse or prose. "The Intermediate State of the Human Spirit." Yet one which an ingenious reasoner may invigorate with argument, and a rich imagination may clothe with poetic beauty.

The Doctor. Blank verse is well chosen for such topics. Yet it is of all verse the most difficult to rescue from monotony: it requires the most exhaustless abundance of language, and the finest harmony of ear. The proof of its supreme difficulty is, that but two men have ever mastered it—and those two, the first geniuses of the world, Milton and Shakspeare. But what of the "Dream?"

The Rector. It details the employments of the happy, who have risen to Paradise. The author introduces the names of a crowd whom he peculiarly venerates; but I could wish that he had been a little more impartial in his selection. Sectarianism furnishes the majority of his saints. He *is* a poet, and evidently an amiable man; and yet I should wish to have told him that nothing can be more startling than the *too* close alliance of amatory language with the simplicity of devotion. Let me read one of the hymns. It is sung by a converted Negress in the bowers of Paradise, and is prefaced by these lines:—

"'Twas Lucia's voice,
Soft, simple, unambitious; but it thrilled
All hearts, because the fulness of her own
Was in it. Most unwittingly she gave
The key-note for their chorus. At whose touch
Forth every rill of secret music flowed
Melodious, and the vocal strain swelled high."

Then follows the hymn. To whose style I object, as altogether too like a song of earthly passion:—

"Let us praise Him: yes, for ever,
Love's immortal triumph swell,
Blissful, endless, vain endeavour;
Who, thy victories, *Love, can tell?*
Yet, oh, praise Him, *Love was slain.*
Therefore, therefore, no more pain!

"Praise Him; mark those eyes that *languish.*
Hark, that *pleading, faltering breath;*
Saved by *Love's once dying anguish,*
Ye could never taste of death;
He had quaffed its inmost pain.
Brethren, Sisters, Love was slain!

"Drank our poison cup of sorrow,
Bore our sins upon the tree.
Therefore, thro' the eternal morrow,
From sin's direful bondage free,
Tell the Heavens, *Your Love was slain*,
And there shall be no more pain!

"List, when earth's creation groaneth
In its guilt and toil unblest,
Tell the earth, that Love enthroneth,
Ransomed souls in glorious rest;
Tell all worlds, *our Love* was slain.
Therefore, therefore, no more pain!"

The Barrister. You have proved your point. That the author wrote his hymn in perfect honesty I have no kind of doubt; but half a dozen touches of a pen would turn the whole into the very reverse of what any decorous mind would wish to see it.

The Doctor. Pray, Mr. Rector, does St. Paul ever call the Deity *My Love?*

The Colonel. Or speak of eyes that "languish," or "pleading, faltering breath?"

The Rector. Not that *I* ever heard of, gentlemen, nor anybody else. But I am anxious to drop the subject, hoping the author will be less *tender* the next time.

The Barrister. "My Travels." One of the prettiest little bijou books that this age of prettinesses has produced. It is a journal of a tour through France, Italy, and Turkey, in 1831, thrown into the shape of little conversations with a little sister. This plan tempts to some childishnesses, and sister Mary is rather too often bid to "lay down her work," or "run for her bonnet." The reader's imagination might be left to conceive that sister Mary must now and then work and walk, eat and sleep, during the tale that carries sister Ellen from Calais to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Tower-stairs. But the volume is ingenious, the narrative graceful; and if the other sister Marys of this world would read it, with maps and a gazetteer beside them; and as a relaxation, copy the pretty vignettes which ornament its pages, there could be few more graceful or more instructive studies for females great or little.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Session of Parliament, as we stated in our last, was opened on the 31st of January; but the proceeding in both Houses, in the address to the Crown, disappointed the expectations of all who anticipated an onslaught upon the ministerial forces from the opposition side of the Houses. In the Commons, the only interruption in the smooth current of the debate, was occasioned by the member for Bath, Mr. Roebuck, who delivered himself of a bitter philippic against both the great parties—Whigs and Tories. The address, however, was agreed to, without a "noe" or a "not-content" in either House.

On the 2nd of Feb., Lord Brougham re-introduced into the House of Lords his Bills for regulating Education, and promoting Public Charities—

for preventing, as far as practicable, the Evils of Clerical Non-residence, and for establishing Local Courts.

On the same day, the Report of the Scotch Church Commissioners was presented to both Houses.—A Bill was also introduced into the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, to suspend the operation of the Marriage and Registration Acts for four months.—The Suspension Act was subsequently passed through both Houses.

On the same day, Mr. Sergeant Goulburn re-introduced his Bill for abolishing certain Sinecure Offices in the Superior Law Courts at Westminster.—The House also resolved to extend the present mode of taking and publishing divisions of the whole House to divisions in Committee.

On the 6th, an interesting discussion took place in the House of Commons, upon the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to renew the Committee of Inquiry into Joint Stock Banks of last Session.—Mr. Hume moved an amendment, the object of which was to include in the inquiry the Bank of England, and the State of Banking and the Circulation generally; but it was lost by a majority of 79.

On the same day, the Attorney-General re-introduced his Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, except in cases of fraud, and facilitating the recovery of just debts. The Bill is altered in some of its clauses, inasmuch as it does not now interfere with speedy judgments, Bills of Exchange, or Book Debts.—The Penal clauses are also left out, and reserved for a separate measure. The Bill was read a second time on the 15th, and was committed on the 29th.

A petition presented to the House of Commons by Messrs. Hansard, praying the protection of the House in an action for libel, brought against them by Mr. J. Stockdale—the alleged libel being comprised in a report printed by them under the order of the House—gave rise upon that, and several subsequent evenings, to considerable discussion. The trial came on, in the King's Bench, on the 7th, when Lord Denman denied the right of the House of Commons to authorize the "publication" of libels. Upon the motion of Lord John Russell, a select Committee has been appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the law and practice of Parliament prior to, and since the order for the sale of, such papers as it may resolve to print.

On the 6th, and 7th, Committees were appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the creation of fictitious votes in Scotland and in Ireland.

On the 7th, Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in a Bill to reform the Municipal Corporations of Ireland, precisely similar, with one exception, to the Bill of the preceding year. The Bill itself was scarcely adverted to in the debate that followed—Ireland, its population and government, being the more comprehensive topic of discussion.—Lord John Russell threw down the gauntlet to the Opposition, avowing himself in all things identified with Lord Mulgrave, and fully approving, therefore, of his policy. The discussion was long and spirited, and sometimes bitter, each side seeming to view the subject-matter of it as that upon which the Ministry must ultimately stand or fall. It closed at the end of the second night, and the Bill was introduced and read a first time; on the following Friday it was read a second time, *sub silentio*, the opposition being reserved for the motion, that the House resolve itself into Committee on it, on the following Monday, the 20th. The plan of proceeding was the same as that of last year.—Lord F. Egerton moved, as an amendment upon the Order of the Day, for a Committee of the whole House, that the Committee be instructed to take measures for abolishing the corporations, &c. This was to furnish occasion for a trial of strength between the two parties. The debate lasted three nights, after which the amendment of Lord F. Egerton was rejected by a majority of 80. The Bill then went into a Committee of the whole House, where we leave it.

On the 13th, Lord John Russell moved the House of Commons for leave to introduce a Bill for establishing a system of Poor Laws in Ireland. A long discussion took place upon the motion, but it was gratifying to observe that nothing of party-spirit entered into it. The measure proposes to give to the English Poor-Law Commissioners the power of forming in Ireland unions of districts, as they may see occasion. In each of these unions—which are to be twenty miles square, giving an average of 400 miles to each—is to be erected a workhouse, capable of holding 800 persons. No relief is to be given out of the workhouse, nor in the workhouse to any save the destitute, whether able-bodied or helpless. There is to be no law of settlement. A board of guardians in each union, composed exclusively of laymen, is to administer relief, under the authority of the commissioners. The rate is to be levied half on the landlord and half on the tenant, the latter to deduct his payment from the rent. Where the tenement is under 5*l.* a-year, however, the landlord is to pay the rate.

On the 14th, Sir William Molesworth moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the Acts which require members of Parliament to possess landed property. The motion was negatived, upon a division, by a majority of 29.

A new writ for Stafford was ordered to be issued, after a long opposition to the motion.

On the 16th, the Committee of Privileges, to which had been referred two letters—one from Mr. Lechmere Charlton, the member for Ludlow, claiming the protection of the House; the other from the Lord Chancellor, informing the House that he had issued his warrant for the apprehension of the Hon. Member, for a contempt of the High Court of Chancery—was brought up by Mr. Wynne, the chairman. The Committee, after reviewing the privileges of the members of the legislature, and citing the various precedents upon which they relied for them, expressed themselves of opinion that Mr. Lechmere Charlton was not protected by his privileges as a Member of the House of Commons, under all the circumstances of the case. The Hon. Gentleman therefore remains in gaol, until he purges himself from the contempt.

On the same day, a long debate took place on Mr. Charles Lushington's motion for relieving the bishops from their parliamentary duties in the House of Lords, which was negatived by a majority of 105, the House being composed of 289 members.

Foreign States.—Never, perhaps, was there a greater dearth of foreign political news than has been apparent during the past month. In France, the notion that the government totters, gives rise to reports of changes in the ministry. A show of preparation for the new expedition against Constantine is still kept up, but the government appears to be at some loss as to the best course of proceeding. In the mean time, a frightful occurrence at Bona—the explosion of some magazines—has killed a large number of their officers and men.

The King has commuted into perpetual banishment the penalty of twenty years' imprisonment pronounced by the Court of Peers against Bernard, one of the sub-officers of Cuirassiers implicated in the Luneville conspiracy of April, 1835.

The Committee of Inquiry of the Court of Peers has pronounced in a definitive manner on the fate of all the individuals arrested as accomplices of Meunier. Some of them were restored to liberty, and others handed over for trial to the ordinary tribunals, under the charge of belonging to unlawful associations. Meunier, Lavaux and Lacazes alone are to appear before the Court of Peers.

A man of the name of Champion, a journeyman mechanician, was arrested on the 20th ult. upon a charge of projecting another attempt upon the King's

life. The model of a very complete infernal machine was discovered at his lodgings, which, with other important evidence, demonstrated his guilty intentions. He, in fact, subsequently confessed his criminal project, and during the temporary absence of his keeper managed to elude justice by hanging himself.

From Spain there is little to communicate. Operations between the belligerents appear to be suspended by mutual consent, although it is difficult to imagine why it should be so. Instead of having followed up the victory at Bilboa, the Spanish General is lying by, while the Carlists are making good their intrenchments, and getting ready for the field. A reinforcement to General Evans has arrived at St. Sebastian, and now that he considers victory to be in "view," the gallant soldier has written to his constituents in Westminster for further leave of absence.

The session of the Portuguese Cortes was opened on the 26th of January, with a speech from the Queen. There was no disturbance on the day when the session was opened, although reports of a military insurrection, to take place just then, had prevailed for some time. The ministers, it is said, have a decided majority in the Cortes; and what will do still more for them, and perhaps for the tranquillity of the country also, the Queen is likely to produce an heir to the throne.

The Russian government has published a new tariff of duties on foreign products and manufactures. No fewer than ninety-eight articles which were absolutely prohibited are now admissible, although on payment, in most instances, of an enormous duty. Amongst these are British cloths, plated goods, paper and herrings. Nevertheless, this tariff is a step gained. The question involved in the capture of the British ship Vixen remains in *statu quo*. Russia maintains her right to blockade the coast of Abazaria, and the British government has not yet notified its decision; albeit, it is pretty well time that it has done so.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

THE pressure upon the commercial business of the country continues with very little diminution, and the more profitable investment offered by the government securities therefore, keeps the price of Stocks at a high rate. The foreign exchanges, however, have turned somewhat in our favour, and the continued receipt of large orders from the United States, together with the remittance of some specie in payment, gives good ground of hope that ere long the monetary affairs of the country will be so much improved as to give an impetus to its manufacturing industry. Several failures of some magnitude, both in London and the country, have occurred during the month. The return of the quarterly weekly average of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 15th of November to the 7th of February, appeared in the Gazette of the 10th ult. Compared with the return from the 18th of October to the 10th of January, they show an increase in the circulation of 440,000*l*., and a diminution in the amount of the deposits of 124,000*l*. The Bank of England is still intent upon contracting the circulation, and hence there is great difficulty in realizing money in the City, and, indeed, throughout the country.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Effects of the late Weather—Reasons against the Supposition of a Rise in Prices—Disappointment to the Speculators in Irish Oats—The Corn Trade but slightly affected by the recent Depression in the Money Market—Prospects of the coming Spring—Epidemic among Horses—Imperial Averages.

THERE is little of prominent interest that relates to the progression or prospects of our art. A series of weather, alike unfavourable to out-door proceedings and to the supply of the markets—frost, rain (in superabundance), and heavy gales have impeded both. The consequence has again been a result similar to that we explained in our last—a depressed price originating in a supply deficient both in quantity and quality; but the depreciation cannot be said to be either considerable or lasting.. It was confined within the limits of two shillings per quarter, and to the lower qualities; for, if the prices suffered a little in the beginning of the month, they have recovered in its progress. And even this diminution is attributed by some to the uncertain and difficult state of the money-market. Where positive reclamations of advances have not been made, restrictions have been laid on, and those merchants and millers of small capital, who rely on such assistances, have been absolutely taken out of the market, while even the best provided have deemed it right and necessary to purchase cautiously. All these facts will account sufficiently for a dull and slow trade; but again we must remark, and it is worth the observation of the holders of corn, *we are brought another month nearer the next harvest and without any visible inconvenience.* It may, indeed, be presumed that, though the Stocks are not affected, they still remain in the hands which must ultimately part with them, and the burden of holding (interest, waste, and charge of keeping) still rests on the shoulders of the grower in an undivided proportion. Another fact is, that more of the lower qualities and of bad-conditioned corn has been of necessity taken off than would probably have been the case had the customary supplies found their way regularly to Mark Lane. Nor is it in the metropolis alone that these appearances have been presented. The provincial marts have exhibited precisely the same phenomenon with that common and general sympathy that may be reciprocally noted at all times. What then is the inference? Why, that the probabilities of a rise are reduced, however the farmer may speculate upon the command of the market, afforded him by the power of holding, which he has enjoyed to a greater degree lately than for many former years. All must hinge—it cannot be too often repeated for the grower's instruction—upon the relation between produce and consumption; and this again, we potently believe, will determine the long-suspected truth, that, in ordinary average years, the growth more than equals the demand. When change of diet, increase of population, fluctuation between employment and idleness, variation of quality, rise and fall of price operating over so large a surface, continually present such obstacles to any accurate computation, indeed to any computation approaching to accuracy, all conjecture must be vague and uncertain. But two known facts (if they should so turn out) will set the question at rest. For three years the country will have been fed at a very reduced price by its own growth, and during this, the fourth, when every pains was taken, every channel of publicity employed, and even when every artifice has been resorted to, to convey and establish the impression of a contracted breadth sown, and of a short and bad crop universally; still—in spite of all this, in spite of pressure on the money-market, in spite of the farmers having been enabled to hold, by the belief so widely and, in a measure, so successfully inculcated, that the harvest would be found insufficient—in spite of all these things, the price has not been sustained at any height for any period, and half the agricultural year is gone. There are in warehouse more than half a million of quarters of foreign wheat, and nearly a quarter of a million of

hundred weights of flour. Advances are recalled or restrained. It should therefore seem all but impossible that any rise of importance should take place. Nor do we think that the slight rallying of the market now is justly attributable to any other cause than the natural reaction. The millers have been kept short of good qualities for some time. When these reappear they may be expected at first to purchase with some "animation," as the reports have it; but it seems now to be almost a certainty that there will be little speculation either on the part of the merchant or miller; they will buy from hand to mouth; their interests must, in so uncertain a crisis, lead to that result, and therefore we say again, it is all but impossible that any rise worth computing upon can take place.

It should seem that the dealers in Irish oats have been bitten in their endeavour to forestall the markets, and enhance their profits, by monopolizing so far as they could that necessary commodity. The case appears to be simply this. They agreed for the delivery (the early delivery) of certain quantities at certain dates. In the meantime, the price rises, and the sellers discover, too late, that they have made an injudicious bargain; they therefore substitute low weights, and worse qualities, leaving to the buyers the alternative of the loss, or a lawsuit. How far this "diamond cut diamond" practice has extended we know not, but far enough to excite public indignation and reproach, curiosity and inquiry. It will act as a caution on both sides for the future; and this probably will be the whole amount of the consequences.

The corn trade has not been absolutely without damage from the momentary pressure; but the failures have been so few and unimportant in amount, that they rather show the sound state of the dealers than any other more unfavourable inference.

The true evil and danger of the commerce has always resided in the great and rapid fluctuations, which were so long a period the characteristic *par eminence* of the corn trade. For the last four years there has been little opportunity for *great* gains, or *great* losses, except where the dealings were upon the most extensive scale; and indeed in no case has there been any inclination to tempt the risk of wide or hazardous speculation. This will clearly account for the comparative security of the merchants.

The weather has been for the last few days mild and beautiful; and the farmer has not been backward, but, on the contrary, the more alert, from his previous enforced inactivity in getting on with his spring cultivation.

The time is not yet sufficiently ripe to allow of any opinion of the advance or retardation of the spring—the natural indications, the migratory birds, and other symptoms drawn from the calendar of nature, manifest a delayed season; but March is "the lion or the lamb" that decides the progress of the agricultural year. The present weather is highly favourable for the fall of lambs, which is now universal, and unless the late sunny days, and warm temperature, should prove what the old rustics call "weather breeders," a peck of March dust will be attained for a far less sum than a king's ransom.

It is amongst the peculiarities of the season, that the epidemic malaria has affected horses as much as the human species. The deaths have been incalculably numerous; and this too under frost, wet, dry, and comparatively warm atmospheric changes; and it was worse, too, during the latter: so subtle is the nature of contagion. The symptoms have been inflammation, depression, inability to swallow, with stiffening of the limbs, and occasionally œdematous swellings. No external circumstances seemed to exempt the animal from the disorder. In the stable, or out in the purest or the worst situations, high or low, moist or dry. Whether the exhalation was from the earth, or borne in the air from other regions, the effect was the same, and always increasing previous disorders of any and every kind.

Imperial averages, Feb. 10:—Wheat, 56*s*. 5*d*.—barley, 34*s*. 2*d*.—oats, 23*s*. 10*d*.—rye, 38*s*. 9*d*.—beans, 39*s*. 4*d*.—peas, 37*s*. 9*d*.

OBITUARY.

EARL OF ROSSLYN.

This venerable nobleman died on the 18th ult. at Dysart House, Fifeshire, of a severe attack of influenza, followed by typhus fever. His Lordship was great-nephew of the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and was born in 1762. In 1765 he succeeded to the baronetcy, on the death of his father, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Erskine, and in 1790 he married Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of the late Hon. Henry Bouverie, by whom he leaves issue one son and one daughter. In 1805 he succeeded to the barony of Loughborough and the Earldom of Rosslyn, on the demise of his maternal uncle before mentioned.

His Lordship commenced his military career in 1778, when he was appointed a cornet in the first troop of Horse Guards. In 1782 he served on the staff in Ireland as aid-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, and was subsequently appointed assistant adjutant-general in that country. In 1792 he obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 12th Light Dragoons, and served with that regiment at Toulon, in 1793; and afterwards, as adjutant-general to the forces in the Mediterranean, under Sir David Dundas and Sir Charles Stewart. In 1795 he obtained the rank of colonel, being appointed aid-de-camp to the King. He was employed as brigadier-general and adjutant-general to the British army in Portugal, from November 1796 to the close of 1797. In 1798 he was appointed major-general; he was present at the reduction of Minorca, and continued in the command after the departure of Sir Charles Stewart, to the end of 1799, when he returned to England, and was appointed colonel of the Sussex Fencible Cavalry, which was reduced in 1800. He was next placed on the staff of North Britain, where he served a few years; in 1805 he was appointed lieutenant-general, and placed on the staff in Ireland. In 1806 he was again appointed to serve in Portugal; he was at the siege of Copenhagen in 1807, and in the Zealand expedition in 1809. At Walcheren he caught a fever, to attacks of which he was ever afterwards subject. In August 1810 his Lordship received the colonelcy of the 9th Lancers, and in June 1814 he was appointed General.

Previously to his accession to the peerage, the late Earl for many years represented the Kirkaldy district of burghs in the House of Commons, uniformly advocating, in times very different from the present, the principles espoused and championed by Charles Fox and the Whigs. His course remained unchanged by his transfer to the Upper House, in which he distinguished himself by several liberal and eloquent speeches. Upon the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power, however, in 1829, Lord Rosslyn accepted the office of Lord Privy Seal; and from that period he has uniformly acted with the party of which the Duke may be considered as the head in the House of Peers. During the short administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1834-5, the noble Earl filled the place of President of the Council, and retired with his party in April, 1835.

The Earl of Rosslyn's talents were not at all of a showy order, but he was possessed of a sound understanding, and was remarkable for his industry and regularity as a man of business. His private character was highly esteemed, especially in the county of Fife, in which the principal part of his estates is situated. He was a kind and indulgent father, a trustworthy and disinterested friend, and a good landlord. His intercourse with all descriptions of persons was characterised by great amenity and courtesy of manner. His Lordship was, in addition to being a general in the army, and colonel of the 9th Lancers, a member of the Board of General Officers, Commissioner of the Royal Military Asylum, director of the Scotch Chancery, Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, and colonel of the Fifeshire Militia.

Benj Disraeli.

THE

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THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. IV.

It seemed useless to attempt anything like a restoration of order or tranquillity after this explosion about the astrologer and the hayloft, and equally impossible to explain to Cuthbert, when he wakened into consciousness, what had actually occurred; and accordingly Harriet, with an expressive look at me, rose from the table, not exactly as if wishing anybody else to follow her example, but at the same time fully expecting that her move would produce an adjournment—nor was she wrong; for our fair visitor, not exactly knowing the rules and regulations of the family, which were rather lax in the particular of "early to bed and early to rise," immediately quitted her seat—having, however, first finished her last tumbler of remarkably sweet punch. Kitty, who clung about her with what appeared to me a parasitical affectation of affection, said to her in a tone ill suited, as I thought, to her time of life and position in society—

"Oh, don't go, dear, yet—have another glass of uncle's punch. I'm sure it will do you good."

"No, dearest," said Mrs. Brandyball, with one of her angelic smiles; "I always attend to the dictates of prudence. The draught is nectareous, but time wears on, and dear Mrs. Gurney is already fatigued."

"Oh, but," said Kitty, "you know you always have three glasses at home."

"Never mind, dear love," said Mrs. Brandyball, looking furious, endeavouring to free herself from the girl's embrace, and evidently wishing her—where—it might not be quite decorous here to mention.

The ladies retired; Mrs. Wells had gone home some time before, Wells having sent the carriage for her from the rectory after it had set him down: which violation of his promise to join us after the early dinner-party broke up, I, perhaps uncharitably, attributed to a want of the forbearance which Mrs. Brandyball had recently exhibited. The adieux of the children and Cuthbert occupied nearly a quarter of an hour, and during their progress Kate enumerated all the places which she would lionise in the morning with her dear governess; and having liberally detailed the programme of the performance, completely upset me by telling *her* visitor that it would take at least a week to see all the things worth seeing in the neighbourhood.

I must do Mrs. Brandyball the justice to say that she endeavoured, or seemed to endeavour, to moderate the energy of her fair pupil; and

*** In the last number of these papers, the word *pâtisserie* was printed *patties*, by which oversight poor Mr. Gurney has been made for a whole month to endure the odium of giving his friends *patties* in a second course!—Ed.

by mingling with her smiles, approving of the proposition, sundry deferential looks towards Harriet, who stood "pageing her heels" while the animated Miss Falwasser enlarged upon the loveliness of the coast, and the beauty of the drives, contrived to convey very evidently her feeling that the whole of the young lady's arrangements were subject to the controul and permission of the lady of the house.

"Very nice amiable woman," said Cuthbert, after the party had left the room; "so natural—eh—so unaffected."

Sniggs and I exchanged looks.

"What remarkably fine hair she has," said Sniggs, sipping his third glass of punch.

Cuthbert did not see the point of Galen's observation, which conveyed to my mind and that of Merman (who waited to walk home with the apothecary) all he meant it should, as regarded what the Lakers would call the "universality of her naturalness." In fact, my poor brother was of so easy a disposition, and so much readier to admit than dispute, that it never once entered his head that the ringlets which wantoned over Mrs. Brandyball's forehead were other than indigenous; and as neither Sniggs nor myself felt at all desirous to mar the serenity with which he seemed inclined to view all the schoolmistress's perfections, or fatigue him with a discussion upon the peculiar merits of the "soft illusion" with which she contrived to set off her somewhat matured charms, we allowed him to continue in his state of credulous blessedness, from which it would have been downright barbarity to disturb him.

"Will any one tell me what o'clock it is?" said Cuthbert. "It is almost time for bed—dear, dear—what a deal of trouble one takes in getting up and going to sleep—it is always the same thing over and over again—just do me the kindness to ring the bell—thank you—that —ah—is not that my pocket-handkerchief on the floor?—yes, thank you—oh, Hutton, are you there?—well—ah—it's only to wheel me to my room. Good night, good night, Sniggs—no fear about Tom's eye —eh?"

"None in the least, Sir," said Sniggs.

"Have you thought any more of what I got Hutton to write to you about?" said Cuthbert. "Kitty's ancle-bone—I forgot to talk to you about it—you'll be here to-morrow—come soon, and if you have time we'll have one game of chess before luncheon. Good night, Gilbert— good night, Mr.—psha—dear—Mr. Merman."

And away was he wheeled—having again invited Sniggs to chess and, *par consequence*, to luncheon. Well! I cannot help it; I suppose it must be so.

"Come, Sniggs," said I, "let us finish the jug."

"What!" said Sniggs, "you are in the jugular vein to-night, Sir."

I laughed, and should have laughed more if Sniggs had not made the same wretched pun a hundred times before. Merman did not see any joke in it, but talked of ringing for his great-coat, inasmuch as it was desperately cold in the hall and he had a cough, and Fanny desired him to take care of himself. I rang the bell, and the coat and cloak were brought, and my guests packed up for departure. I shook hands with both; as Merman was leaving the room he turned suddenly back and said,

"Do you expect me at dinner to-morrow?"

Now I ask the best tactician in the world what other answer could I give but that which I did?

"Too happy to see you."

That I was sincere in saying so, I cannot assert, and yet the invitation, or rather the admission, to my house was sincerely given. I have already said I disliked Merman; but those who were loved by those whom I loved were fond of him and enjoyed his society: so that although, as directly relating to Merman and myself, that which I said was not true—still, as affecting the pleasure and amusement of those upon whom my regards were reflected from her who was all the world to me, I conscientiously said that I should be happy to see him. "For *their* sakes" was the mental reservation. However, as he *was* to come, and I could not hope to enjoy my much-desired domestic meal while Mrs. Brandyball stayed, I resolved upon having Wells of the party, and accordingly begged Merman, who would in all probability see him before I should in the morning, to ask him to join us; still, I admit wondering to myself how the reverend gentleman came to permit the affair between Fanny and the Lieutenant to linger on so long without coming to a decision. *My* affair had been settled in a fifth part of the time, although I had never—at least I do not think I ever had—made such manifestations of devotion to Harriet as the Lieutenant has been exhibiting during the last four or five months.

This circumstance brought to my mind the often-repeated axiom of my reverend friend with regard to early marriages, even without the actual possession of fortune, and the singular concatination of circumstances by which, in my own case, his anticipations, *couleur de rose*, had been realized; and that again brought to my recollection a most ungenerous and ungracious comparison on *my* part between the actual state of my circumstances, and the probabilities of what would have occurred if I had missed my brother on the day of his return, or if, by any unforeseen circumstances, he had lost the fortune he possessed, in which case Harriet and I should have been living upon a much more moderate scale than we now are,—I, in some way, labouring to increase my income, and perhaps doing something to obtain a reputation, as well as profit. To have contented myself under such circumstances would have been wise and philosophical; and there was nothing wrong or uncourteous in instituting such a comparison; the ungraciousness and the ungenerousness of the process applied only to the conclusion at which I arrived, that, although I might have kept two servants instead of seven or eight; that my wife would have had no carriage; and my table would have been less amply covered; that my house would have been small, instead of large; and that I should have toiled, instead of trifled; I should have been independent. I could have sat down quietly with my nice, kind, good-humoured wife, have enjoyed that ingenuous interchange of thoughts and opinions, which is the charm of domestic life; and if I had had beyond enough, a little to spare, I might at least have chosen the friend who should be our guest.

Now this is all wrong. It makes me think I have a bad heart; that I am ungrateful to Cuthbert. No, I am not; but with all his kindness to *me*, with all my affection for *him*, I am not happy,—I am not at ease. Then—it sounds most unfraternal to think of it—he said he should go to Cheltenham long before dear Harriet's confinement;

and then I begged him not to leave us. I suppose that may be the reason why he seems to have abandoned the intention; and now I am sorry he does not mean to go: we should be quieter during her illness; but still I ought not to wish him to leave Ashmead if he is happier where he is; what I really do think, is, that he would be more amused at Cheltenham than he can possibly be with us.

The Nubleys are gone to town; he is reduced to Sniggs; Wells is too vivacious for him; his mind cannot travel fast enough to catch Wells's jokes and anecdotes. However, if he *is* comfortable, why, we owe him everything; and, pah!—I will not worry myself with thinking about it. I will bear all the little rubs I meet with, patiently and properly, and keep my temper; or, perhaps, as my temper seems to be at present, change it as soon as possible.

How is it possible, with the strongest possible fraternal feelings to maintain this equanimity?

When I went to bed—yes, there it is—to bed—Harriet, who had not been particularly comfortable during the evening, and, poor dear soul, felt Cuthbert's rebuke about the whist, and Kitty's pre-eminence in everything more deeply than, perhaps, was necessary, told me that she proposed, after breakfast, next day, to drive over with Fanny in the pony phaeton to call on a Mrs. Somerton, a great friend of the Wells's, who had come on a visit at Hallowden, within about five miles of us. Harriet had always a persuasive way with her, and, dear love, it required very little effort on my part to make the arrangement, that she should drive Fanny, or Fanny, her, to this place. All that I apprehended was, that she might over-exert herself. However, she laughed kindly at my solicitude, and said that, not only she was sure the drive would do her good, but that she was most anxious to show whatever civility she might to this Mrs. Somerton, because,—what, I did not want to hear—it was something connected with her family, and why should I argue further? And so, before taking my last turn round to sleep, I told her, poor dear, to order her phaeton when she chose, and to invite Mrs. Somerton to come to us, if she liked; and so I dropped into my slumber, quite satisfied that that matter was arranged.

At breakfast Cuthbert did not appear; he had got a pain in his side; and Hutton had told him he had better not get up, and so he desired Hutton, when Mr. Sniggs came, to send him to his room. Harriet received Mrs. Brandyball with all her wonted good nature; and Mrs. Brandyball was more elegant and refined than ever. Kitty *had* breakfasted, so had Jane, but still they were supporters to their governess's arms, and were, as usual, on her dexter and sinister side. Tom was proscribed, much to my delight; Kitty having denounced him as not presentable with a piece of plaister on his face, cut diagonally, and stuck over his mouth, like a hatchment over a window.

Mrs. Brandyball seemed to enjoy her breakfast; she ate eggs, broiled ham, and *gibier au gratin*, tasted of absent Cuthbert's curry, admired the way in which the rice was served dry, ventured upon one rognon, extremely well served, (although without Champagne,) and concluded her matitunal meal with the upper half of a peculiar sort of buttered cake, for which my cook was really famous, not only in the modern fal-lal acceptation of the word, in which good wine, of which nobody ever heard, is called famous, or a well-sized room, or a well-formed horse, is equally

designated by the same adjective; but because she (for it was a she) was famous for her excellence in contriving a delusive, delicious, and destructive compound of something that seemed light and melting in the mouth, but which was in fact of the heaviest and most indigestible order; and which, when well saturated with butter, was at once one of the most agreeable and most dreadful things ever invented, always excepting a Shrapnell shell or a Congreve rocket.

I looked at my bonny Brandyball as she fed, as I had been wont to do, as a boy, at Garnerin's balloons, when the process of filling them was much more tedious and expensive than it afterwards became; and my feelings—save and except that the *materiel* was my own—were not very dissimilar from those which I had upon those occasions experienced, for, although the process went on with what appeared to me most admirable success, I could perceive no visible effect, nor the slightest disposition on her part to *rise*, although we had all long concluded our operations in the way of feeding.

Everything however must have an end, and so at length had our breakfast; and then came the awkward dawdling time in which people huddle about the fire, or go into corners to write letters, or begin to make plans for the day's amusement; and I betook myself to my library, where, even in the present state of domestic disarrangement, I had still a shelter and retreat, which, however, I might not have so securely retained, if I had not adopted the precaution of keeping the door closed, not only when I was out of the room, but when I was in it, by means of what Sniggs facetiously called my "Lock upon the Human Understanding," the key of which never left my pocket.

This sounds illiberal and churlish; but I love books dearly. I venerate them; and it pains my heart, and grieves my sight, to see them ill treated. If the Miss Falwassers and their brother had free access to my library, a week would not elapse before every volume which had "*pictures*" in it, would be lugged out of its place, rumpled, strained backed, thumbed, and tumbled; my portfolios would be emptied; and if their contents were replaced, their edges would be cut with the strings destined for their preservation,—for as to reading, the boy, I believe, cannot compass the performance, and the girls would inevitably take but one line, and rejecting as dull and nonsensical all the sterling works in our language, whence they might derive instruction and improvement, mount my fairy ladder, to reach from the top shelves, to which they have been banished, the plays and novels which have come into my possession, either as presentation copies from their authors, or as alloy to some valuable lot which I have bought at an auction.

It is quite true that, in the ardent desire for money-making at the time of our equivocal success in South America, a certain great London speculator, who shall be nameless, was, in his ignorance of the customs and climate of that part of the world, induced to send out thither a large investment of skates and warming-pans, which, considering all things, was not likely to turn out profitably. His supracargo, however, managed to make his money for him, although the first appearance of the speculation was beyond measure melancholy.

"Warming-pans!" exclaimed one; "skates!" cried another. What absurdity!—what folly!—what madness!—and the little children patted the pans and danced to the music, and the women rubbed the sharp edges of the skates, and laughed at the English mode of making shoes.

At length, however, things looked better,—pans and skates looked up. Amongst the visitors to the store came one day a monk who was, like Tom Thumb's cow,—

"Larger than the largest size."

His keen eye twinkled as he looked at a warming-pan,—he opened it, —ran his finger round the bottom of it,—chuckled with delight at some inward conceit,—bought it, and had it sent to his convent.

The next day brought several more of the priesthood to buy warming-pans, and the circumstance induced the supracargo to inquire of one of their Reverences what had so suddenly brought so useless an implement into fashion. "You will sell them all," said the padre; "they are the very things we wanted. We have everything in the world good to eat here, but no good things to cook with. Father Francis has started the notion that these will make excellent stew-pans,—he secured the first for himself;—the notion has spread, and if you had five hundred pans you would sell them all."

Now, a supracargo of moderate intellect would have rejoiced mightily in so fortunate a disposal of half his principal's absurd commodity, and have put up with the loss of the skates, for which no possible use could be found. Our supracargo was not of that sort. *His* name was Mackenzie; and the moment the friars and stewers had confided their secret to *him*, he immediately drew up, and, in reply to the increasing demand for the article, stated as a condition absolutely inevitable, that every man, woman, or child who bought a warming-pan should buy two pair of skates,—two warming-pans, four pair of skates, and so on *ad infinitum*. The result was obvious; the warming-pans had become *sine-qua-nons*, and the skates were purchased, because without them the pans could not have been procured: by which *ruse* Mr. Mackenzie disposed of the whole investment, and to this moment the kitchens of Rio de Janeiro are stored with warming-pans, and the museums of their masters decorated with skates.

So in an auction, the Mackenzies of the trade are sure to assort the lots in a similar manner. Trash and absurdity are cunningly blended with worth and merit; and if you want to buy a warming-pan work fit for a library, you are forced to take with it some four or five pairs of skates in the shape of so many volumes of unserviceable trash.

Out of this refuse matter Miss Falwasser would have been sure to select works for her edification; and besides all my tender solicitude for my library, I felt so much for myself as to conclude that it would be less offensive to keep the room always locked than it would be to lock it when I was in it myself; and to have been subjected to an inroad *there* would have been unbearable.

From my place of refuge I did not emerge until luncheon was announced, at which I presented myself, and found, as I did not expect, (for I had forgotten the arrangement,) Sniggs and Cuthbert apparently asleep over the chess-board, the only sign of life or liveliness betrayed by either of them being a very subdued noise made by Cuthbert in the way of whistling his one only tune, which was the air of a song in the farce of "My Grandmother," the burden of which is composed of these words—

"'Tis a favour, Sir, I must deny, oh fie!"

More of the song I never heard, nor do I know what was the favour

denied by the lady who sings, nor why she should exclaim "Oh fie!" All I do know is, that this one line, either whistled or sung, but almost always whistled, in the softest possible tone, was "'Tis a favour, Sir, I must deny, oh fie!"

Cuthbert's performance of this one sweet strain, always reminded me of the performance of an old blind man who, a few years since, was in the habit of perambulating the streets in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, who was fully persuaded himself, and probably hoped to persuade other people, that he was playing upon the bagpipes; he went through all the motions of blowing the bellows under his arm, and even aiding the essential flatulency of his instrument by blowing into an auxiliary tube with his mouth, while his fingers went through all the necessary movements upon the keys; but sound made he none. Hence a nobleman, now dead, whose eminent talents and delightful manners endeared him to all who knew him, and to no one more justly than to myself, gave him the *sobriquet* of the "Confidential Bag-piper." Cuthbert's whistle was equally private and confidential; it would have fatigued him too much to make it audible.

"Good morning, Sir," said Sniggs; "fine day—healthy invigorating weather."

"Ah, Gilbert," said Cuthbert, "how d'ye do, my dear fellow? Well, I don't see how that queen is to be got out of check. Tom is quite well, Gilbert,—so Sniggs says."

"Quite," said Sniggs; "not a mark of a bruise to be seen."

"Poor fellow," said Cuthbert, and then a little whistle. "I'll finish this game after luncheon."

"Where's Mrs. Brandyball?" said I.

"Oh," said Cuthbert, "she is gone with Kate and Jane to the Rectory. I told them they would get some luncheon there, and, as the day was so fine, I thought they might show their governess the park, and so come round by Hansford, and look at the view from Fellsbury Hill. I recollect the day you got me there, I was quite delighted with the prospect."

"But," said I, "they will be tired to death: why, my dear Cuthbert, the route you have given them is little less than nine miles."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Cuthbert, "what's that—nothing?"

"I think," said I, "if you had to walk nine miles you would consider it something, Cuthbert."

"Ay," said my brother, "to walk, I grant you. I should as soon think of walking to Jerusalem, as Parson Whalley did in my father's time; but, for horses,—and horses that have not too much work at any time,—it is only wholesome exercise."

"Horses!" said I; "what horses have they got?"

"They have got the phaeton," said Cuthbert. "I told Hutton to tell the coachman to get it ready for them; and Kate drives, you know, remarkably well,—and the ponies are so quiet,—and she is so fond of driving,—not that I should let her drive horses that were not perfectly quiet. I'm sure since that day when I and my father were coming along the road by Shooter's Hill, where that place like Severndroog is built——"

"Yes," said I, interrupting somewhat more sharply than was my wont, seeing that I was both vexed and angry: "but, my dear Cuthbert, Harriet wanted the phaeton to go to call on a Mrs. Somebody at

Hallowden,—a remarkably pretty drive,—in which she meant to invite Mrs. Brandyball to accompany her;—she made a point of going to-day, and I concluded had ordered the carriage."

"No, Sir," said Hutton, who was wheeling his master to the luncheon-table, "the carriage was not ordered when my master sent me to see about it. Mrs. Gurney sent down since, but then the young ladies were gone."

I could not trust myself with any remark, so I took the prudent course of leaving the room, and going in search of Harriet, whom I found in her boudoir, looking exactly as cheerful and unconcerned as if no liberty had been taken with her rights and privileges, and she had not been disappointed in her drive, and frustrated in her civil intentions towards both Mrs. Somerton and our volunteer guest.

"It was *my* fault, dear," said Harriet; "I forgot to order the phaeton after breakfast, and——"

"That may be, Harry," said I; "but what I complain of is, that anybody here should forget to ask your leave before *they* ordered it."

"Oh, never mind," said Harriet. "The day is not so fine as it was, and perhaps it will rain, and perhaps I might have caught cold; besides, the girls are so very fond of their schoolmistress, and it amuses her, and I can go another day."

"You are a dear, kind, good soul, Harriet," said I; "but you must not, and shall not, be overlooked and degraded in your own house. The carriage and horses are yours, and——"

"So they are, love," said Harriet; "but it was cousin Cuthbert who gave them to me. Recollect *that*, dear Gilbert; recollect how much we owe him."

"I do, Harriet dear," said I; "and, as far as I can judge, it is not likely that I shall very soon forget it. However, a gift, to be valuable, or even receivable, must be complete; and the moment he presented you with that carriage, all his interest in, and control over it, ceased and determined."

"My dear Gilbert," said Harriet, "what you are now saying must be something you learned in the Temple, when they were going to make a lawyer of you. Never let us cherish an unkindly thought towards kind Cuthbert. I believe sometimes Kitty's pertness and Tom's rudeness flurry me a little. I feel angry and vexed at times,—angry that I am vexed, and vexed that I am angry. But all this is temporary: a few more days, and quiet will be restored."

"Where is Fanny?" said I.

"Why, Fanny is gone home," said Harriet. "Papa has sent for her; but he brings her back to dinner. I don't exactly know, but I rather think her visit to the Rectory has something to do with the affair of your friend Lieutenant Merman. I don't know, because papa's note merely begs her to come home; but I cannot understand what else could have required her presence."

"I think," said I, "it is quite time something should be done decisively in that business. I admit that I never liked him since——"

"I remember the moment right well," said Harriet: "it was when I was foolish and Missy enough to try and make you jealous of him,—wasn't that the time? and isn't that the cause of your disinclination from him? I know it is. But you have forgiven *me*."

"Yes, dear, yes," said I. "Forgiven you?—to be sure I have, and

forgotten the whole affair,"—which, in truth, I had not, nor any one incident that ever occurred during my unconscious courtship of my darling wife.

It is curious how the minutest circumstances are registered in the mind, with which the object of our affections is in any degree connected. I remember, as well as if it were but yesterday, while walking with Harriet and her father, and her little sister, in their gay and blooming garden, I gathered a beautiful half-budded rose. I placed it in the button-hole of my coat, and walked on, talking as we had been talking before; nor was it till my eyes rested for a moment on those of Harriet that I felt a conviction of my selfishness, and conscious that she had expected I was gathering it for *her*, and that she had been disappointed when I appropriated it to myself. Now, absurd as it may seem, although I never have so far betrayed my weakness as to mention this trifling circumstance to her, I never, to this moment, think of it without regret and discontent.

"Come to luncheon, dear," said I. "Cuthbert is there, and I left him somewhat abruptly; for I was vexed."

"Gilbert, dearest," said Harriet, leaning on my arm, and looking in my face with an ingenuousness neither to be affected nor mistaken, "never, never be vexed about anything in which I am concerned. Believe me, I am too happy to make your happiness; and as for all this matter, what does it signify whether I went to-day to make my visit or whether I go to-morrow? Promise me, dear love, to let nothing of this sort put you the least out of the way."

Could I help kissing her white forehead, and pressing her to my heart? I think I should have gone the length of kissing her rosy lips had not her maid come into the room at the moment, to say that Mr. Cuthbert had sent up word by Hutton that he and Sniggs were waiting for us. There it was again!—not even master of five minutes. Sniggs, indeed!

"Come, dear," said I to Harriet; and down stairs we went: and there we found the late antagonists making common cause in a servile war upon some grilled and minced fowl, Cuthbert having, under medical advice, fallen to, lest he should lose the appetite which the smell of the *diablerie* of my ingenious cook had excited. The sight of luncheon immediately brought to my mind the peculiar awkwardness of Mrs. Brandyball's appearance at the Rectory, with her two sparkling satellites, on a morning which, from what Harriet had told me, seemed to be "big with the fate of Merman and of Fan."

While I was helping dear Harriet to "the least bit of cold chicken in the world," the servant brought me a note. I opened and read it. Its contents were, to me, convincing that I had not mistaken my Lieutenant. I threw it across the table to Harriet, who ran her eyes over it, and returned it, saying only "Well," which I myself have a habit of saying upon many occasions when it would not be well to say anything more. The contents of the note were these lines:—

"Dear Sir,—I regret that a compulsory visit to London this afternoon will prevent my having the pleasure of dining with you to-day, as I had proposed. "Yours, very truly,

"J. Merman."

"That's odd, Harry," said I, as I jerked off the wing of the chicken.

"Yes," said Harriet, "very odd indeed, considering."

"I am not sorry," said I, cutting her the thinnest imaginable slice of ham, "even if it be as I suppose from *this*."

"I am," replied my wife, "for *her* sake."

"It is for *her* sake," answered I, "that I am not."

"Is that an invitation?" said Cuthbert.

"No," said I; "on the contrary, a refusal of one."

"Oh!" continued he; "because I hear that some lady—I *did* hear her name, but, ah dear, I forget—is going to give a juvenile fancy ball, and I was going to ask if you knew her—Hutton can't tell me—because I think my little girls would—ah, wouldn't they like to go, if they were invited?"

"There is to be a thing of the sort," said Sniggs, "at Mrs. Trigley's, I believe. Tall woman, in a green bonnet—sits opposite the church-wardens—amiable person—subject to jaundice—had a slight touch of epilepsy about four years since—nice house for the purpose—bad aspect—dampish—I take it—rather troubled with sciatica."

"And when is this to be?" said I.

"I think in about a fortnight," said Sniggs.

"We don't know her," said Harriet.

"I think," said Cuthbert, "Bessy Wells told Kate that the Wells's know her; and so I said, if she could manage it, she and Jane might go; and Kate *was* saying something of having a little thing of the sort here. I believe Mr. Kittington, the dancing-master, put it into her head first;—of course these people are anxious to show off their pupils to the best advantage."

I could not stand this, so I made no reply; but only said "Well" again, and drank a glass of wine.

I saw Harriet looked worried and vexed at Merman's note, which it was clear to me she considered the *avant courier* of some unpleasant family news. She was evidently engrossed with her own thoughts and left us as soon as she possibly could.

There is something like prescience, something intuitively quick about women when matters connected with these *affaires de cœur* come under their notice. It might, to be sure, have been, in this instance, that Fanny had made her sister to a certain degree her confidante. What struck *me* was, that my reverend father-in-law had been drawing matters to a conclusion with the Lieutenant, but having chosen the morning rather than the evening for the conference, the result had not been quite so successful as that of our winding-up conversation upon a probably similar topic.

Fanny returned to Ashmead between four and five o'clock, and hurried unseen to Harriet's sanctum, and when I saw my poor little wife again I saw she had been crying. She begged me to excuse her to Mrs. Brandyball for her absence from dinner on the plea of indisposition—the fact being, that she and Fanny intended to devote the rest of the day to talking over the important events of the morning.

Mrs. Brandyball returned alone in the carriage—the independent Kate having accepted for herself and her sister an invitation from Bessy Wells to stay at the Rectory and pass the evening, which could be perfectly well managed, and without any inconvenience, inasmuch as they could come home in the carriage which would be sent to fetch the Rector, who was to dine with us.

Our fair guest was profuse in her expressions of admiration of the

neighbourhood, of the Rectory, of the Wells's, of my horses, of my phaeton, of Kitty's driving, and, in short, of everything in any way connected with us; for it struck me that her great object was to "butter" Cuthbert, to whom she looked up as a patron at least; nor was I without some slight suspicion that in her disinterested remarks about his visit to the neighbourhood of her seminary, she even carried her intentions the whole length of succeeding to the maternal control of the young ladies by a nearer and dearer claim than that of their governess.

"Have you sent for Sniggs?" said Cuthbert to me.

"No—why?" asked I.

"I thought," said my brother—"I may be mistaken—but I thought you said Harriet was unwell. Wouldn't it be better—eh—to—don't you think——"

"Oh no," replied I; "her illness is not of a serious character. I rather think she and her sister have something to talk over."

"We saw Miss Fanny at the Rectory," said Mrs. Brandyball, "and Mr. Merman was there. I asked him if he were to be of our domestic circle here to-day; but he replied with an unusual degree of abruptness, that he was engaged elsewhere. Vanity makes men ridiculous—pride, odious. I know the Lieutenant is a great favourite here; but his manner to-day was not so gracious as it is ordinarily wont to be."

"He has written to me," said I, "to tell me he has been obliged to go to London."

"Ah, poor man, I pity him," said the lady; "the city for wealth, the country for health; and whatever allurements the society of the metropolis may display to the youthful mind, the calm repose of the umbrageous grove, overhanging the limpid stream, has in it a charm for delicate minds which is not to be found in busier scenes."

"You are quite right, Ma'am," said Cuthbert; "what can be more delightful? I often get Hutton to wheel me down to the edge of our little river here, and make him throw bits of bread into the water, and there I sit sometimes by the hour together watching the fish come and eat it. I used to fish myself; but a rod is such a heavy thing to hold, so I get Hutton sometimes to stand by me and fish for me, but he seldom catches anything, which is perhaps all for the best; for the hook we know must hurt the fish; besides which, it is so much trouble to take it off, if one does catch one, and put a fresh bait on, that what is called good sport flurries me—and as for crowds—oh, dear! dear!—nobody *can* like a crowd except a pickpocket."

"How imaginative your brother's mind is!" said Mrs. Brandyball to me, looking quite seraphic. "I really believe that those who have resided in oriental climes, catch, as it were, that inspiration which seems to imbue the poetry of those regions."

I made a sort of assenting noise; but quite aware of my inferiority, and looking upon Mrs. B. as a sort of petticoated Sir William Jones, did not venture to offer the slightest remark upon the authors to whom she alluded, and with whom she was of course intimately acquainted.

It seemed clear to me, however, that as the Lieutenant had bolted, and my two ladies intended dining by themselves, and Cuthbert's two ladies had betaken themselves to the Rectory, that Cuthbert, Wells, and I should have the pleasure of Mrs. Brandyball's company all to ourselves, the which I did not very much dislike, inasmuch as Wells was

just the man to draw her out, and thus afford me an opportunity of judging of her intellectual qualities, so that I might at some subsequent period discuss with Cuthbert the propriety or impropriety of keeping the girls at her school.

We parted to dress, and I of course visited my darling Harriet. As I suspected the Lieutenant had behaved shabbily. Wells's sober arguments with respect to Fanny and his attachment had failed. The Reverend general—the church-militant—had been defeated. Merman had money, expectations, and a maiden aunt, which maiden aunt had, it seems, some five-and-twenty thousand pounds, the bulk of which was to become the property of her nephew, provided he married a Miss Malony, who was her *protégée*. There were several very extraordinary rumours about the cause of the interest which this young person created in old Miss Merman's heart—none of which I shall set down, because the characters of cardinals and old maids are sacred, and nobody ought to say one word about them; however, it was altogether a mystery, into which it appeared the Lieutenant had only been recently admitted by the elder lady of the two.

The scene up-stairs was not agreeable; poor Fanny was crying. I believe she really had, under her Papa's sanction, worked herself into a liking for the Lieutenant. I tried to like him as a friend—as an acquaintance even—but I never could achieve it, and I ventured to suggest the drying up of her tears; but women are such kind, tender, affectionate creatures, that my advice was wasted. What she ever saw in the man I never could myself discover. However, he is gone. I am sorry for Fanny, but delighted as far as I am myself concerned.

Wells has just arrived—I hear the rustling of Mrs. Brandyball's roundabout silk gown in the gallery. So—in order to make myself particularly acceptable—down I go once more to receive my guests.

VERSES

ADDRESSED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT TO LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, WHEN LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,

On her giving Sir Walter a small volume of her early Poems.

Of old, 'tis said, in Ilium's battling days,
Ere Friendship knew a price, or Faith was sold,
The chief high-minded, famed in Homer's lays,
For meanest brass exchanged his arms of gold*.

Say, lovely Lady, know you not of one
Who, with the Lycian hero's generous fire,
Gave lays might rival Græcia's sweetest tone,
For the rude numbers of a Northern Lyre?

Yet—tho' unequal all to match my debt—
Yet take these lines to thy protecting hand,
Nor heedless hear a Gothic bard repeat
The wizard harpings of thy native land.

For each (forgive the vaunt) a wreath may grow,
At distance due as my rude verse from thine.
The classic *Laurel* crowns thy lovely brow,
The Druid's "magic Misletoe" be mine!

Castle Street, Edinburgh, 1st Nov., 1799.

* Iliad, Book vi

A DAY ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

EVERY one must have heard of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains of India. That delightful region where the invalid inhales new life and vigour from the balmy mountain-breezes, and where the sportsman may scour the endless forests, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, fearless of jungle-fever, that dreadful scourge of all wooded districts in the scorching plains of Hindostan. For although it is not more than fifteen years since these hills were first explored on foot by some adventurous Europeans, yet the coolness and salubrity of the climate, the grandeur of the scenery, and the variety of game which inhabit the woods of this enchanting region, have already rendered it famous. A military station has been formed there for the reception of invalid soldiers; numerous houses have been erected by those who annually resort thither, either for the sake of their health, or to enjoy in perfection the wild excitement of an Indian sportsman's life; and during the months when the heat in the plains becomes almost intolerable, the little cantonment of Ootacamund, which but a few years back was a howling wilderness, and which even now lies embosomed amidst wild forests and savage mountain scenery, assumes the appearance of bustle and gaiety. The shores of the mountain lake, around which it is situated, are enlivened by groups of our fair countrywomen on horseback, escorted by officers in gay military uniforms; boats decorated with gaudy-coloured flags skim over the glassy surface of the water; and the echoes of the woods, which for ages have only answered to the surly growl of the bear, the bellowing of the stag, or the long wailing cry of the jackal, now fling back in joyful chorus the baying of deep-mouthed hounds, and the sharp crack of the deadly rifle.

It was on one of those heavenly mornings peculiar to this climate, when the brilliancy of a tropical sky is combined with the freshness of a European sunrise, that three handsome Arab horses, accoutred for the field and each led by a native horse-keeper, might be seen slowly passing to and fro in front of one of the pretty little thatched cottages which, scattered irregularly over the sides of the hills, form the cantonment of Ootacamund. Presently a group of three sportsmen in hunting dresses issued from the door-way, and the impatient steeds snorted and pawed the ground, as if to welcome the approach of their riders.

"A fine scenting day this, lads," exclaimed the elder of the party, looking up towards the sky, and carefully buttoning a warm spencer over his green hunting-coat.

The speaker was a man apparently about fifty years of age: his hair, which had originally been dark brown, was slightly sprinkled with gray, and the corpulence of his figure would at first sight have led one to suppose that his sporting-days were over. But the healthy though dark colour of his cheek showed that he had spent much of his time in the open air, whilst his firm step and steady piercing eye convinced one that he could still breast a hill, or squint along the deadly-grooved barrel with some hopes of success. The second person in the group was a tall wiry figure, whose large bones and well-knit joints gave pro-

mise of great strength and unusual activity. He was accoutred in a short round jacket of fustian, the colour of which approached as nearly as possible to the faded tints of dead fern or dried bamboo. His legs were cased in long leggings of deer-skin, which reached half-way up the thigh and were fastened by a strap to his girdle; his head was covered by a small cap of Astracan fur, and an ammunition-pouch of dressed bearskin was tightly buckled round his waist by a broad leathern belt, into which was also thrust a hunting-knife of unusual size, with a buckhorn handle handsomely mounted in silver. His accoutrements altogether were those of a half-reclaimed savage; but the aristocratic cast of his features, the proud glance of his eye, and his erect military carriage, declared at once the gentleman, the soldier, and the daring sportsman. His complexion had been tanned to the colour of deep mahogany by long exposure to a tropical sun, his short upper lip was shaded by black mustaches, and the expression of his countenance gave one the idea of a silent and reserved person, who, from long habit and perhaps from having spent much of his time in solitary rambles through the trackless forest, had acquired much of the stoical philosophy of an American Indian, and, like him, was very cautious of betraying his feelings. A keen observer of human nature, however, might have detected, in the occasional flash of his dark eye, evident tokens of a fiery and restless spirit, well disciplined indeed, but ready to burst forth if occasion required, like the sudden eruption of a volcano. The third person, who stood by his side, formed a striking contrast, both in appearance and dress, to the weather-beaten sportsmen. He was a slender fair-haired lad, apparently about eighteen, whose rosy complexion and boyish manner showed that he had but lately emerged from the thraldom of school-discipline, and had not as yet braved the fiery climate of India for more than a few months. In short, he had all the appearance of a gentleman-like young man, who had but lately arrived from England, and was still in all the happy ignorance of early griffinage. His glossy new hat, fashionably-cut green hunting-coat, and breeches of virgin-white, and well-polished top-boots, were sufficient to convince the most casual observer that he belonged to that unhappy race of mortals who, for twelvemonths after their arrival in the Honourable Company's dominions, are considered fair game both by Europeans and natives, and get unmercifully plucked—for the very good, and to them, no doubt, satisfactory, reason, that they are only griffins.

The party had just descended the steps of the veranda, and were about to mount their horses, when the sylph-like figure of a lovely girl appeared in the doorway, and rushing towards the elder of the party, with her fair hair streaming in the morning breeze, playfully imprinted a kiss on his weather-beaten cheek.

"Ah! you little rogue!" exclaimed he; "what has roused you from your bed at this early hour?"

"The desire to say good morning to you, Papa, and to wish you success. You know you never have good sport, unless I see you off and give you a sprig of my charmed heather-bush to stick in your cap. The last time I did so you killed that large tiger which now stands stuffed in the veranda; but as you are so ungrateful as to forget the potency of your little fairy's spell, you shall have no heather to-day. My gentle cousin here shall bear the palm," cried she, as she turned towards the

younger of the party. "Come hither, Charles; you have declared yourself my true knight, and as such are bound by all the laws of chivalry to wear my colours in your cap. Kneel, Sir, and receive the favour with becoimng humility."

Charles knelt at the feet of his fair kinswoman, whilst she, with a roguish look of mock gravity, fixed in his cap a small bunch of heath—a plant which even in the cool climate of the Neilgherry hills is reared as an exotic—saying, as she did so,

"Arise, Sir Knight; be daring and bold, do credit to my badge, and presume not to return into this presence without some trophy worthy to be laid at my feet."

The elder Lorimer was by this time in the saddle, and shouting impatiently to his nephew,

"Come, Master Charles, leave off talking nonsense to that giddy girl, and mount your nag; we have no time to lose. And you, you little gipsy, get into the house, and don't be trying to turn the boy's head. Do you think he will shoot the better for having those blue eyes of yours dancing before him all day long?"

Charles hastily kissed the hand of the pretty tyrant, as he rose from his kneeling posture, while she, doing her best to look affronted at his presumption, turned from him with a dignified toss of her little head, courtesied demurely to Captain Mansfield, who returned the salutation with a benignant smile, and bounded into the house like a young antelope. The two young men mounted in haste, and following the elder Lorimer, dashed down the hill at a smart gallop.

Charles was, or was not, in love with his pretty cousin Kate, just as my fair readers (if I am so far honoured as to have any) may think probable: I am no judge of such matters. But as he rattled his fiery little Arab down the steepest part of the hill, with a careless seat and slackened rein, he certainly appeared absent, to say nothing of his humming to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by his companions, a love-lorn ditty, about music, love, and flowers. In this amusement, however, he was soon interrupted, by a long whistle of astonishment from his uncle, accompanied by a thundering injunction, to mind his bridle-hand, and not break the horse's knees, although he was perfectly welcome to take what liberties he liked with his own neck.

"Why, Charles," continued old Lorimer, "you look like a moonstruck poet, and are more fit to wield a gray goose-quill, than a rifle. Music, love, and flowers, indeed! Hang it, the boy must either be in love, or a born simpleton. Stay till you hear my pups giving tongue together, like a chime of bells, with the crack of a two-ounce rifle, and the whistle of a rugged bullet by way of running accompaniment; that is the sort of concert for a man to listen to in the woods, whatever little weakness he may choose to give way to amongst the woman-kind."

"Well, well," interrupted Charles, "never mind, uncle; you know I have not yet had much experience in field-sports, and you can hardly expect me to be an enthusiast in the art; but I trust that, under your good tuition, I shall soon improve. I have been told that pea-fowl and jungle-fowl are very numerous in these hills, and I have brought with me a double-barrelled gun, by Purdie, which, I flatter myself, will do some execution amongst them."

"Pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and a double-barrelled gun!" exclaimed

the old gentleman, checking his horse, and turning towards his nephew, with a look of the most sovereign contempt; "why, you misbegotten whelp, do you take me for one of those thistle-whipping vermin who prowl about the woods with a smooth-bored pop-gun, murdering partridges and quail? who flog their unhappy curs if they show blood enough to give tongue on the track of a deer, and in the fulness of their hearts get drunk for very joy, if, by any lucky chance, one of the imps succeeds in circumventing an unsophisticated pea-fowl? Do you suppose, Sir, that these noble hounds, which were sent on this morning to the hunting-ground, attended by twenty well-armed beaters, are kept to scour the woods for quail, or that my favourite rifle, 'Kill-devil,' which, this very season, has cut a ragged hole in the dun hides of thirty deer, not to mention a few bears and tigers, is a weapon to be soiled with the blood of jackals? I tell thee, boy, I have not had a smooth barrel in my hands these twenty years: the thing does very well for schoolboys to shoot hedge-sparrows withal; but a rifle, Sir, a rifle, is the only weapon fit for a man to handle, and no one shall go out with my hounds that uses any other."

"I crave your pardon, my worthy uncle," said the good-natured lad, with a smile; "but as I told you before, I am no sportsman, and I was not aware that using a smooth-bored gun was considered such a heinous offence in this country."

"Well, well, my boy, never mind, I was perhaps over-hasty; you shall shoot with one of my rifles to day, and I have no doubt that, when you have learnt to handle it a little, you will fully appreciate the beauties of the weapon, and become a convert to my system. But here is the cover in sight, so a truce to talking, and let us to business."

They were now descending a rugged bridle path, which led into a sequestered valley, clothed with the richest herbage, and flanked by stupendous mountains, the sides of which were intersected with numerous and well-wooded ravines. It was a glorious sight, and one to inspire a poet or a painter, independently of the feelings which warmed the blood of the sportsmen, and made it course through their veins with a freer motion, as if purged from all the grosser particles of humanity. The higher hills were still shrouded in mist, whilst the bosom of the valley was flooded by a deluge of light, such as none but a tropical sun can impart. Thin wreaths of vapour, like the dim ghosts of Ossian, curled slow and majestic up the mountain's side, gradually revealing to the eye of the spectator the rich foliage of the woods, all sparkling with dew-drops, and glowing with the deep scarlet flowers of the rhododendron. The fresh morning air came loaded with the perfume of wild orange flower and jessamine, and the harsh scream of the wary pea-fowl, blended with the cheerful cry of the jungle-cock, might be heard at intervals, rising in wild discord from the inmost recesses of the woods. On a sunny bank, at the foot of the descent, the armed beaters (who had been sent on at an early hour in the morning) were scattered about in picturesque groups, leaning in careless attitudes on their broad-bladed hunting spears, or, with the natural indolence of the Hindoos, availing themselves of the opportunity to enjoy a hasty nap in the grateful sunshine. A short distance apart from the rest might be seen the chief huntsman, "Ishmail Khan," sitting crosslegged on a grassy hillock, smoking his kallioon with true oriental gravity, and complacently

stroking his long, silky beard, as, from time to time, he cast a look of paternal tenderness on the pack of noble looking hounds, which lay sleeping around him. These dogs, to a casual observer, had all the appearance of common English fox-hounds; but to the eye of a sportsman, it was evident that the original breed had been crossed with the bull-dog, or the large poligar dog of India, a cross, which, although it diminishes the beauty and speed of the animal, is found to answer better than any other on the Neilgherry hills, where such formidable antagonists as the bear, the wild boar, the panther, and even the tiger, are to be encountered.

As the riders entered the valley the natives arose and saluted them with a respectful salaam. The horsekeepers seized the bridles of the smoking steeds, and carefully spreading a horsecloth over their loins, proceeded to bend and crack each joint of their limbs, as is done in the operation of shampooing, previously to rubbing them down and feeding them.

"Well," exclaimed Lorimer, as he proceeded with the greatest exactness to charge a heavy double-barrelled rifle, which was handed to him by one of his attendants—"Well, Ishmail, what news of game this morning? Has that hill-man, who promised to be upon the look out for us, made his appearance yet?"

"No, Sahib," replied Ishmail, in Hindostanee; "the slave of your highness has not yet arrived: may a dog defile his father's grave! He is slower than a tortoise."

"Here, however, comes our jackall," shouted Mansfield; "and with good tidings, too, if one may judge by the delighted grin on the visage of the ill-favoured Pagan."

At this moment the figure of a half-naked savage, with his head uncovered, and his long matted locks flowing in wild confusion over his shoulders, emerged from the neighbouring wood, and descending the hill at a few bounds prostrated himself at the feet of Lorimer.

"Here, Ishmail," said the old gentleman, "you understand the language of the creature; desire him to rise, and ask him what information he brings."

Ishmail having questioned the messenger, turned towards his master with a look of great satisfaction. "Your slave has been successful, Sahib; he reports thirty head of deer, marked down in different woods, and a sounder of ten wild hogs, headed by an immense boar, whose tusks he compares to those of an elephant, which he has just seen entering this ravine on the north side of the valley. If your highness would permit me to offer an opinion, I should say we had better attack the hogs first, else the noise of our beaters will cause them to shift their ground."

"Right, Ishmail, right; those old boars are cunning fellows, and steal away at the first whimper of the hounds, but there is no fear of a stag moving when he once gets into good cover."

By this time six other sportsmen had arrived, making in all nine guns.

"We muster a pretty good field to-day, and shall, I think, be able to give a tolerable account of this same sounder of hogs; so, gentlemen, the sooner we take our places the better. You, Ishmail, must lead the dogs and beaters round the shoulder of this hill, so as to gain the top of

the ravine without disturbing the game: and mind you wait for a signal from my bugle to put them into cover. You, Mansfield, who know the ground, had better take Charles under your guidance, and go to your favourite stand on the other side of the glen, whilst I post these gentlemen in the most commanding positions I can find."

Ishmail had already mounted his shaggy hill pony, and was leading his myrmidons by a circuitous route to their appointed station, when Mansfield, bringing his rifle to a long trail, beckoned to Charles to follow him, and began to ascend the hill with long strides. Close at his heels followed a well-dressed peon, "bearded like the pard," and bearing his second rifle; and Charles was followed by a low caste native dressed in the white calico robe usually worn by household servants in India, and shouldering, with a look of great importance, an immense hunting-spear, which he had borrowed from one of the beaters. Mansfield, having crossed the ravine and ascended for some distance on the other side, halted near a large grey stone, which commanded a full view of the surrounding country. "This is our post," said he; "and now let us dispose of ourselves scientifically. You, Sir, (addressing the peon,) leave my rifle here, get on the top of that rock, keep a good look out, and make the usual signal to me if you see anything move." Then casting his eyes on the long, stooping, effeminate figure of Charles's attendant, who stood leaning on his spear with a look of vacant wonder. "Who the devil have we here, Charles? To what species does this animal belong? Are we to class him among the quadrumana, or does he aspire to the more noble order of bimana?"

"I am not naturalist enough to decide the knotty point," answered Charles, laughing; "but at present he serves me in the honourable capacity of mussaulchee."

"Yes," chimed in the grinning varlet, "I master's maty boy,—very proper, very handsome maty boy,—maty business, shikar business, too much kind of business, I can do very proper. Sahib sometimes make fun, call me heels, because Sahib say my hind leg stepped a-midship."

"Very well, Master Heels," replied Mansfield, striving to repress a laugh, "I have no doubt whatever that your talents are exceedingly diversified, but at present I do not suppose we shall have any opportunity of calling them into action; so just be good enough to coil away that misshapen figure of yours behind yonder stone, and do not allow your baboon's head to appear over it, unless you wish it to become better acquainted with the butt-end of my rifle."

The indignant Heels looked daggers, but, like a prudent person, slunk away quietly to his lair, muttering to himself some unintelligible jargon about maty business, shikar business, and galee. Mansfield and Charles now proceeded to conceal themselves behind a rock which overhung the ravine, allowing nothing but their heads to appear over it, and in this situation awaited the signal for putting the hounds into cover.

"Is not this considered rather an unfair style of sport?" inquired Charles. "I was told at Madras that no one ever thought of killing a wild-boar in India, except on horseback, and with a spear."

"True; such is the general rule, and a very proper one. In the plains it is considered unmanly to kill a hog in any other way than by riding him down; and the shooting of one is considered as great a

crime as it would be to shoot a fox in Leicestershire. But on these mountains, where the steepness of the hills and the swampy nature of the valleys renders it impossible to ride to hog, the practice of shooting them is permitted, and the rifle takes the place of the spear.—But hark! there goes the signal."

The distant notes of a bugle were now heard; and ere the echo died away amongst the surrounding mountains, the hounds came rushing over the crest of the hill, like driving mists before the blasts of autumn, and dashed gallantly into cover. Behind them advanced a line of well-armed beaters, like skirmishers, in extended order, sounding horns and beating tom-toms to rouse the game. For some minutes these were the only sounds heard; but presently the voice of a single hound arose upon the blast, and echoed down the rocky sides of the ravine.

"Now then, my lad," whispered Mansfield, rising on one knee, and cocking his rifle, "look out, and screw your nerves to the sticking-place: the old boar will soon be afoot; and if once these dogs get fairly on his trail, they will not allow him to dodge long in cover. Hush! hark!—there he goes again: 'tis old Speaker; I know his voice well, and he is no babbler, take my word for it. There, now Racer chimes in—now Rodney takes it up. Steady, my lads, steady! 'Tis all right now, depend upon it."

Hound after hound now opened on the scent as it gradually became warmer, till, at length, the whole pack, in full chorus, came sweeping down the glen like a hurricane, rousing the startled echoes of the woods, and making the welkin ring with their joyous music.

At this moment Mansfield's attention was roused by a low whistle overhead; and looking up towards the summit of the rock which overhung them, he beheld his peon poking his head cautiously forward, and pointing with animated gestures towards the opposite side of the ravine.

"The game is afoot!" cried Mansfield, eagerly grasping his heavy rifle, and raising his body a little, so as to command a better view. "And now I have him. See there, Charles, on the opposite side of the glen, just passing that grey rock which skirts the jungle. 'Tis the old boar, and as big a one as I have seen this season. By the hump of the holy camel, he comes, as large as a donkey!"

As he said this, his rifle was slowly raised, and the sight brought to bear upon the boar, who was sulkily trotting up a rocky path, occasionally stopping to listen to the hounds, and churning the white foam betwixt his enormous jaws. Charles watched the deliberate movements of Mansfield with breathless impatience; but, at the very moment he expected to see him press the trigger, the weapon was again lowered.

"It is a wild shot," said Mansfield, shaking his head. "I have killed at as great a distance; but three hundred yards is too long a range, even for Clincher to throw a ball with any degree of accuracy. Besides, from the direction the beast is now taking, he must pass within fifty yards of your uncle's station; and if he fails to kill him, (which, by the way, is not likely, for 'Kill-devil' seldom opens his mouth for nothing,) he is sure to cross to our side, and give us a good shot." Then starting to his feet, and waving his cap on high, he shouted across the ravine, with the voice of a Stentor, "Mark! Sir, mark! below you, and to the right!"

The boar, startled by the sound of his voice, sprang forward, and began to bound up the rocky path with the agility of a goat; and at the

same moment the elder Lorimer was seen slowly raising his head from amongst a thick clump of fern, in which he had concealed himself.

"See, see!" whispered Mansfield, smiling; "how cautiously the old gentleman raises his head above the fern, exactly like a cunning old grouse-cock. Ah! now he catches a view of the boar, and 'Kill-devil' is about to speak. Silence, and watch."

The sharp crack of a rifle echoed amongst the rocks; but the boar only bounded forward with increased speed; whilst the cloud of dust which was knocked up under his belly, and the shrill whistle of the bullet, as it glanced from a stone, announced that it had fallen a trifle short of its intended mark.

"Missed him, by heavens!" cried Mansfield, dashing his cap to the ground, and stamping impatiently. "At him again, Sir—at him again. Give him the other barrel."

A projecting rock had for a moment concealed the boar from the view of Lorimer; but the instant he again appeared, the old gentleman pitched his rifle forward, and fired rapidly. The report of his piece was answered by a short, savage grunt from the boar, who staggered slightly; but immediately recovering himself, he turned sharp round, and scrambled with wonderful rapidity down the rugged side of the ravine.

"Good!" exclaimed Mansfield; "that shot told, although not exactly in the right spot. There is nothing like pitching your gun at them, and pulling quick, with swift-going animals.—And now, Charles," said he, turning to his companion, "look out, and let us see how you can handle a rifle. He is certain to cross to our side, and break within an easy shot of us, and, with an ounce of lead through his body, will not be quite so quick in his movements as he was at first. Down again behind the stone, and keep quiet."

A rustling in the bushes, directly below them, soon announced that the boar was at hand. The next instant the brushwood was thrust aside, and the enormous brute burst forth within twenty paces of them. His small twinkling eyes flashed with malignant fire, and the foam which besmeared his jaws was slightly tinged with blood. As he gained the top of the bank, he stopped for an instant, and turned his head on one side, as if listening to the hounds which followed hotly on the scent.

"Now is the time," whispered Mansfield, "be cool, and mind you hit him well forward, through the shoulder-blade if possible."

Charles, trembling with excitement, thrust forward his rifle and fired, making the white splinters fly from a tree beyond the boar, and at least three feet above him. At the same instant the unfortunate Heels, startled by the shot, sprang up with a look of wild astonishment from behind the stone where he had lain all this time enjoying a comfortable nap. The enraged boar no sooner got a glimpse of his white dress, than, uttering a savage grunt, he made at him *au pas de charge*, tossed him over his head, and sent him rolling and shrieking down the precipitous banks. Ere Mansfield had time to raise his rifle, the hounds had come up, and dashing without hesitation at the enraged brute, seized him by the ears.

"Whoop to him, my gallant dogs! hold him and shake him!" shouted Mansfield, whilst the boar struggled in vain to disengage himself from the jaws of the powerful hounds. "Just look at that savage

devil Rodney, that large brindled dog between a hound and a bulldog; see how gallantly he stands up to him. But we must put a stop to this, or he'll rip the dogs to pieces. Here, Charles, my boy, pick up that spear which poor Heels has dropped in his agony. You shall have the honour of giving him the *coup de grace.*"

Charles, delighted at having an opportunity of making amends for his bad shot, eagerly grasped the spear and walked steadily up to the boar. The brute, seeing him approach, redoubled his efforts, and, freeing himself by one tremendous struggle from the hounds, plunged madly forward; but Charles, whose blood was now effectually roused, coolly lowered the point of his unwieldy weapon, and awaited the charge. The enraged boar rushed with blind fury on his antagonist. The broad bladed spear buried itself deep in his brawny chest, and with one savage grunt of defiance he sank to the earth wallowing in blood and foam.

"Gallantly done, my boy!" shouted Mansfield; "we shall make a sportsman of you yet, in spite of the new tops and white inexpressibles. I see you have plenty of nerve to handle a spear, and only want a little practice to make you a dangerous fellow with the rifle."

During this exclamation, Charles, who had withdrawn his blood-stained spear, stood leaning against it, and gazing in silent wonder at the gigantic proportions of the brute which lay gasping at his feet.

"Aye, he is a big one," said Mansfield, "and his head will be a fine trophy to lay at the feet of your fair cousin. But he is dead enough now, and we may leave him to the beaters, who will do the needful with him, as soon as their work is over. Let us go now and examine the flight of your unfortunate page Heels, who, if I mistake not, will stand in some need of the leech's aid. Your old boar seldom makes a charge without leaving his marks behind; and I can tell you, from experience, that they are no love-pinches. I cannot help feeling for the poor devil, although I can hardly divest myself of the idea that the creature ought to be classed amongst the order *quadrumana.*"

Having returned to the edge of the glen, they beheld a prickly bush about half way down the hill in violent agitation, although no living creature could be distinguished through its tangled branches; and from the midst of it issued lamentations like those of a condemned spirit in limbo, mingled with fearful maledictions against the old boar and all his ancestors, male and female, even to the tenth generation.

"How the Pagan blasphemes!" exclaimed Mansfield, laughing heartily; for he was now convinced, from the energetic manner in which Master Heels expressed himself, that he was not so seriously hurt as he had at first feared. "He is gifted with the true Malabar style of eloquence, and must have studied the noble art of abuse under the directions of his grandmother. There is no one who understands real piquant slang like your ancient Malabar dame; I would back one of them at any time to silence the whole battery of Billingsgate market. But we must go to the relief of the poor wretch, for he is evidently unable to extricate himself from the durance vile in which he is held by that prickly bush."

Having scrambled down the hill, they succeeded, after some difficulty, in relieving poor Heels from his awkward situation. He had almost by a miracle escaped the deadly rip of the boar's tusk; but in other

respects he was in a very sorry plight. He was sorely battered by the fall—his white robe was torn to shreds and besmeared with blood; and his face was so dreadfully scratched and disfigured by the brambles into which he had fallen, that scarcely a feature could be distinguished. Having replaced his turban, which had been knocked off in the scramble, and wiped his face as well as he could with his sleeve, he thus addressed Charles in blubbering accents, whilst he busied himself in extracting the numerous thorns which still remained buried in his flesh.

"Suppose, master, please I take leave. This shikar business very trouble business—jungle pig not good, he too much bobbery make—all sauce like tiger. Small shikar I can do very proper, but this jungle shikar too much bad. Suppose, master, cut off my head, I never can do that business."

The two sportsmen, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Heels, relieved his mind by assuring him that his services would no longer be required to assist in the much dreaded jungle shikar, and that he might take leave as soon as he pleased. The poor trembling wretch made a salaam of profound gratitude, and turning his face towards the cantonments, in spite of his numerous bruises, limped away towards home with a degree of speed which nothing but mortal terror could have accounted for.

KOONDAH.

(To be continued.)

THREE EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A WEEK.

BY L. E. L.

A record of the inward world, whose facts
Are thoughts—and feelings—fears, and hopes, and dreams.
There are some days that might outmeasure years—
Days that obliterate the past, and make
The future of the colour which they cast.
A day may be a destiny; for life
Lives in but little—but that little teems
With some one chance, the balance of all time:
A look—a word—and we are wholly changed.
We marvel at ourselves—we would deny
That which is working in the hidden soul;
But the heart knows and trembles at the truth:
On such these records linger.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

WE might have been!—these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores when unavailing.
We might have been!

We might have been so happy! says the child,
Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
When the green rushes 'mid the marshes wild,
And rosy fruits attend the radiant comer.
We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
When first experience—sad experience—teaches
What fallacies we have believed for truth,
And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.
We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are
Had we but known the bitter path before us;
But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,
What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?
We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;
The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,
It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking.
We might have been!

And when warm with the heaven that gave it birth
Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysian;
The last fair angel lingering on our earth;
The shadow of what thought obscures the vision.
We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,
Too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens;
The star which is our fate springs up above,
And we but say—while round the vapour thickens—
We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery,—the rest
Are single sorrows,—but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
The light that was our loveliest is ended.
We might have been.

Henceforth how much of the full heart must be
A seal'd book at whose contents we tremble?
A still voice mutters 'mid our misery
The worst to hear—because it must dissemble—
We might have been.

Life is made up of miserable hours,
And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
We might have been.

The future never renders to the past
The young belief's intrusted to its keeping;
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
We might have been.

Necessity.

In the ancestral presence of the dead
Sits a lone power—a veil upon the head,
Stern with the terror of an unseen dread.

It sitteth cold, immutable, and still,
Girt with eternal consciousness of ill,
And strong and silent as its own dark will.

We are the victims of its iron rule,
The warm and beating human heart its tool;
And man immortal-godlike but its fool.

We know not of its presence, though its power
Be on the gradual round of every hour,
Now flinging down an empire, now a flower.

And all things small and careless are its own,
Unwittingly the seed minute is sown,—
The tree of evil out of it is grown.

At times we see and struggle with our chain,
And dream that somewhat we are freed, in vain;
The mighty fetters close on us again.

We mock our actual strength with lofty thought,
And towers that look into the heavens are wrought,—
But after all our toil the task is nought.

Down comes the stately fabric, and the sands
Are scatter'd with the work of myriad hands,
High o'er whose pride the fragile wild flower stands.

Such are the wrecks of nations and of kings,
Far in the desert, where the palm-tree springs,
'Tis the same story in all meaner things.

The heart builds up its hopes, though not addrest
To meet the sunset glories of the west,
But garnered in some still, sweet singing nest.

But the dark power is on its noiseless way,
The song is silent so sweet yesterday,
And not a green leaf lingers on the spray.

We mock ourselves with freedom and with hope
The while our feet glide down life's faithless scope,
And the one has no strength, the other has no scope.

Toys we are flung on Time's tumultuous wave,
Forced there to struggle, but denied to save,
Till the stern tide ebbs—and there is the grave.

MEMORY.

I do not say bequeath unto my soul
  Thy memory,—I rather ask forgetting;
Withdraw, I pray, from me thy strong control,
  Leave something in the wide world worth regretting.

I need my thoughts for other things than thee,
  I dare not let thine image fill them only;
The hurried happiness it wakes in me
  Will leave the hours that are to come more lonely.

I live not like the many of my kind,
  Mine is a world of feelings and of fancies,
Fancies whose rainbow empire is the mind,
  Feelings that realize their own romances.

To dream and to create has been my fate,
  Alone, apart from life's more busy scheming;
I fear to think that I may find too late
  Vain was the toil, and idle was the dreaming.

Have I uprear'd my glorious pyre of thought
  Up to the heavens but for my own entombing?
The fair and fragrant thing that years have brought
  Must they be gathered for my own consuming?

Oh! give me back the past that took no part
  In the existence it was but surveying;
That knew not then of the awaken'd heart
  Amid the life of other lives delaying.

Why should such be mine own? I sought it not:
  More than content to live apart and lonely,
The feverish tumult of a loving lot,
  Is what I wish'd and thought to picture only.

Surely the spirit is its own free will;
  What should o'ermaster mine to vain complying
With hopes that call down what they bring of ill,
  With fears to their own questioning replying?

In vain, in vain! Fate is above us all;
  We struggle, but what matters our endeavour?
Our doom is gone beyond our own recall,
  May we deny or mitigate it—never!

And what art thou to me,—thou who dost wake
  The mind's still depths with trouble and repining?
Nothing;—though all things now thy likeness take;
  Nothing,—and life has nothing worth resigning.

Ah, yes! one thing thy memory—though grief
  Watching the expiring beam of hope's last ember,
Life had one hour,—bright, beautiful, and brief,
  And now its only task is to remember.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. III.

THE discovery of the beautiful daughter of Mynheer Poots had made a strong impression upon Philip Vanderdecken, and now he had another excitement to combine with those which already overcharged his bosom. He arrived at his own house, went up stairs, and threw himself on the bed where he had previously laid down when awakened by Mynheer Poots. At first, he rehearsed in his mind the scene we have just described, painted in his imagination the portrait of the fair girl, her eyes, her expression, her silver voice, and the words which she had uttered; but her pleasing image was soon chased away by the recollection that his mother's corpse lay in the adjoining chamber, and that his father's secret was hidden in the room below.

The funeral was to take place the next morning, and Philip, who, since his meeting with the daughter of Mynheer Poots, appeared to himself not to feel so anxious for immediate examination, resolved that he would not open the room until after the funeral. With this resolution he fell asleep, and exhausted with bodily and mental excitement, he did not wake until the next morning, when he was summoned by the priest to assist at the funeral rites. In an hour, all was over; the crowd dispersed, and Philip, returning to the cottage, bolted the door that he might not be interrupted, and felt happy that he was alone.

There is a feeling in our natures which will arise when we again find ourselves in the tenement where death has been, and all traces of it have been removed. It is a feeling of satisfaction and relief at having rid ourselves of the memento of mortality, the silent evidence of the futility of our pursuits and anticipations. We know that we must one day die, but we always wish to forget it. The continual remembrance would be too great a check to our mundane desires and wishes, and although we are told that we ever should have futurity in our thoughts, we find that life is not to be enjoyed if we are not permitted occasional forgetfulness. For who would plan what rarely he is permitted to execute, if each moment of the day he thought of death? We either hope that we may live longer than others, or we forget that we may not.

If this buoyant feeling had not been planted in our nature, how little would the world have been improved even from the deluge! Philip walked into the room where his mother had lain one short hour before, and unwittingly felt relief, for the reasons we have given: taking down the cabinet, he now recommenced his task; the back pannel was soon removed, and a secret drawer discovered; he drew it out, and it contained what he presumed to be the object of his search,—a large key with a slight coat of rust upon it, which came off upon its being handled. Under the key was a paper, the writing upon which was somewhat discoloured; it was in his mother's hand, and as follows:—

"It is now two nights since a horrible event took place which has induced me to close the lower chamber, and my brain is still bursting

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* Continued from page 331, No. cxcv.

with terror. Should I never reveal what occurred before my death, still this key will be required, as the room will then be opened. When I rushed from it I hastened up stairs, and remained with my child that night; the next morning I summoned sufficient courage to go down, turn the key, and bring it up into my chamber. It is now closed till I close my eyes in death. No privation, no suffering, shall induce me to open it, although there is money in the iron cupboard under the beaufet farthest from the window sufficient for all my wants; that money will remain there for my child, to whom if I do not impart the fatal secret, he must be satisfied that it was one which it were better should be concealed,—one of great horror to induce me to take the steps which I now do. The keys of the cupboard and beaufets were, I think, lying on the table, or in my work-box, when I quitted the room. There is a letter on the table, at least I think so. It is sealed. Let not the seal be broken but by my son, and not by him unless he knows the secret. Let it be burnt by the priest,—for it is cursed;—and even should my son know all that I do, oh! let him pause,—let him reflect well before he breaks the seal,—for 'twere better he should know NO MORE!"

"Not know more!" thought Philip, as his eyes were still fixed upon the paper. "Yes, but I must and will know more! so forgive me, dearest mother, if I use no time for reflection. It would be but time thrown away, when one is so resolved as I am."

Philip pressed his lips to his mother's signature, folded up the paper, and put it into his pocket; then, taking the key, he proceeded down the stairs.

It was about noon when Philip descended to open the chamber; the sun shone bright, the sky was clear, and all was cheerful and joyous without. The front-door of the cottage being closed, prevented much light being thrown into the passage when Philip put the key into the lock of the long-closed door, and with some difficulty turned it round. To say that, when he pushed open the door, he felt no alarm, would not be correct; he did feel alarm, and his heart palpitated; but he felt more than was requisite of determination to conquer that alarm, and to conquer more, should more be created by what he should behold. He pushed open the door, but at first did not enter the room; he paused where he stood, for he felt as if he was about to intrude into the retreat of a disembodied spirit, and that that spirit might re-appear. He waited a minute, for the effort of opening the door had taken away his breath, and, as he recovered himself, he looked within. He could but imperfectly distinguish the objects in the chamber, but through the joints of the shutters there were three brilliant beams of sunshine which forced their way across the room, which at first induced him to recoil as if from something supernatural; but a little reflection re-assured him. After about a minute's pause, Philip went into the kitchen, lighted a candle, and, sighing deeply two or three times as if to cheer his heart, he summoned his resolution, and walked towards the fatal room. He first stopped at the threshold, and, by the light of the candle, took a short survey. All was still; and the table on which the letter was left was behind the door, and concealed by its being opened. It must be done, thought Philip: and why not? continued he, resuming his courage, and, with a firm step, he walked into the room and went to

unfasten the shutters. If his hand trembled a little when he called to mind how supernaturally they had last been opened, it is not surprising. We are but mortal, and we shrink from contact with aught beyond this life. When the fastenings were removed and the shutters unfolded, a stream of light poured into the room so vivid as to dazzle his eyesight; strange to say, this very light of a brilliant day overthrew the resolution of Philip more than the previous gloom and darkness, and with the candle in his hand, he retreated hastily into the kitchen to re-summon his courage, and there he remained for some minutes, with his face covered, and in deep thought.

It is singular that his reveries at last ended by reverting to the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots and her first appearance at the window, and he felt as if the flood of light which had just driven him from the one, was not more impressive and startling than her enchanting form at the other. His mind dwelling upon this beauteous vision appeared to restore Philip's confidence; he now rose, and boldly walked into the room. We shall not describe the objects it contained as they chanced to meet the eyes of Philip, but attempt a more lucid arrangement.

The room was about twelve or fourteen feet square, with but one window; opposite to the door stood the chimney and fire-place, with a high beaufet of dark wood on each side. The floor of the room was not dirty, although spiders had run their cobwebs in every direction above, and many were hanging down from the ceiling, in the centre of which hung a quicksilver globe, a common ornament in those days, but the major part of it had lost its brilliancy, and the spiders' webs enclosed it like a shroud. Over the chimney-piece were hung two or three drawings framed and glazed, but a dusty mildew was spotted over the glass so that little could be distinguished. In the centre of the mantelpiece was an image of the Virgin Mary of pure silver in a shrine of the same metal, but it was tarnished to the colour of bronze or iron; some Indian figures stood on each side of it. The glass doors of the beaufets on each side of the chimney-piece were also so dimmed that little of within could be distinguished; the light and heat which had been poured into the room, even for so short a time, had already gathered up the damp of many years, and it laid as a mist and mingled with the dust upon the panes of glass: still here and there a glittering of silver vessels could be made out, for the glass-doors had protected them from turning black, although much dimmed in lustre.

On the wall facing the window were other prints in frames equally veiled in damp and cobwebs; and between them two birdcages. Philip approached, and looked into them. The occupants, of course, had long been dead; but at the bottom of the cages was a small heap of yellow feathers, through which the little white bones of the skeletons were to be seen, proving that they had been brought from the Canary Isles; and, at that period, such birds were highly valued. Philip appeared to wish to examine everything before he sought that which he most dreaded, yet most wished to find. There were several chairs round the room: on one there was some linen; he took it up. It was some that must have belonged to him when he was yet a child. At last, Philip turned his eyes to the wall not yet examined, that opposite the chimney-piece, through which the door was pierced, and behind which, as it lay open, he was to find the table, the couch, the work-box, and the fatal

LETTER. As he turned round, his pulse, which had gradually recovered its regular motion, beat more quickly; but he made the effort, and it was over. At first he examined the walls, against which were hung swords and pistols of various sorts, but chiefly Asiatic, bow and arrows, and other implements of destruction. Philip's eyes gradually descended upon the table, and little couch behind it, where his mother stated herself to have been seated when his father made his awful visit. The workbox and all its implements were on the table, just as she had left them. The keys she mentioned were also lying by it; but Philip looked, and looked again; there was no letter. He now advanced nearer, examined closely, there was none that he could perceive, either on the couch or on the table—or on the floor. He lifted up the workbox, to ascertain if it was beneath—but no. He examined among its contents, but no letter was there. He turned over the pillows of the couch, but still there was no letter to be found. And Philip felt as if there had been a heavy load removed from his panting chest. "Surely then," thought he, as he leant against the wall, "this must have been the vision of a heated imagination. My poor mother must have fallen asleep, and dreamt this horrid tale. I thought it was impossible, at least I hoped so. It must have been, as I suppose; the dream has been too powerful, too like a fearful reality, and thus had partially unseated my poor mother's reason." Philip reflected again, and was then satisfied that his suppositions were correct.

"Yes, it must have been so, poor dear mother! how much thou hast suffered! but thou art now rewarded, and with thy God." After a few minutes, during which he surveyed the room again and again, with the indifference naturally prevailing, from the idea that all the supernatural history was not true, Philip took out of his pocket the written paper found with the key, and read it over.—"The iron cupboard under the beaufet farthest from the window." "'Tis well." He took the bunch of keys from off the table, and soon fitted one to the outside wooden doors which concealed the iron safe. A second key on the bunch opened the iron doors; and Philip found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money, as near as he could reckon, amounting to ten thousand guilders, in little yellow sacks. "My poor mother!" thought he; "and has a mere dream scared thee to penury and want, with all this wealth in thy possession?" Philip replaced the sacks, and locked up the cupboards, after having taken out of one already half-emptied a few pieces for his immediate wants. His attention was next attracted to the beaufets above, which, with one of the keys, he opened, and found that they contained china, and silver flaggons, and cups of considerable value. The locks were again turned, and the bunch of keys thrown upon the table.

The sudden possession of so much wealth added to the conviction to which Philip had now arrived, that there had been no supernatural appearance, as supposed by his mother, naturally revived and composed his spirits; and he felt a re-action which amounted almost to hilarity. Seating himself on the couch, he was soon in a reverie, and as before, reverted to the lovely daughter of Mynheer Poots, from thence indulging in various castle-buildings, all ending, as usual, when we choose for ourselves, in competence and felicity. In this pleasing occupation he remained for more than two hours, when his thoughts again reverted to his poor mother and her fearful death.

"Dearest, kindest mother!" apostrophised Philip aloud, as he rose

from his leaning position, "here thou wert, tired with watching over my infant slumbers, thinking of my absent father and his dangers, working up thy mind, and anticipating evil, till thy fevered sleep conjured up the apparition. Yes, it must have been so, for see here, lying on the floor, is the embroidery, as it fell from thy unconscious hands, with the needle still remaining in its last insertion; and with the ceasing of that labour ceased thy happiness in this life. Dear, dear mother!" continued he, a tear rolling down his cheek as he stooped to pick up the piece of muslin, "how much hast thou——God of Heaven!" exclaimed Philip, as he lifted up the embroidery, starting back with violence, and overturning the table, "God of Heaven, and of Judgment, there is—there *is*," and Philip clasped his hands, and bowed his head in awe and anguish, as in a changed and fearful tone he muttered forth—"the LETTER."

It was but too true,—underneath the embroidery on the floor had lain the fatal letter of Vanderdecken. Had Philip seen it on the table when he first went into the room, and had been prepared to find it, he would have taken it up with some degree of composure; but to find it now, when he had persuaded himself that it was all an illusion on the part of his mother, when he had made up his mind that there had been no supernatural agency, after he had been indulging in visions of future bliss and repose, was a shock that transfixed him where he stood, and for some time he remained in his attitude of surprise and terror. Down at once fell the airy fabric of happiness which he had built up during the last two hours; and as he gradually recovered from his alarm, his heart filled with melancholy forebodings. At last he dashed forward, seized the letter and burst out of the fatal room.

"I cannot, dare not, read it here," exclaimed he; "no, no, it must be under the vault of high and offended Heaven, that the message must be received." Philip took his hat, and went out of the house; in the reaction of calm despair he locked the door, took out the key, and walked he knew not whither.

Chap. IV.

If the reader can imagine the feelings of a man who, having been sentenced to death, and having resigned himself to his fate, finds himself unexpectedly reprieved; and after having recomposed his mind from the agitation arising from a renewal of those hopes and expectations which he had abandoned, once more dwelling upon future prospects, and indulging in pleasing anticipations: we say that if the reader can imagine what the feelings of a man in such a position must be, when he again finds that the reprieve is taken off, and that he is to suffer, he may then form some idea of the state of Philip's mind when he quitted the cottage.

Long did he walk, careless in which direction, with the letter in his clenched hand, and his teeth firmly set against each other. Gradually he became more composed; and out of breath, with the rapidity of his motion, he sat down upon a bank, and there he long remained, with his eyes rivetted upon the dreaded paper, which he held with both his hands upon his knees.

Mechanically he turned the letter over; the seal was black. Philip sighed.—"I cannot read it now," thought he, and he rose and continued his devious way.

For another half-hour did Philip keep in motion, and the sun was not many degrees above the horizon. Philip stopped and looked at it till his vision failed. "I could imagine that it was the eye of God," thought Philip, "and perhaps it may be. Why then, merciful Creator, am I thus selected from so many millions to fulfil so dire a task?"

Philip looked about him for some spot where he might be concealed from others—where he might break the seal, and read this mission from a world of spirits. A small copse of brushwood, in advance of a grove of trees, was not far from where he stood. He walked to it, and sat down, so as to be concealed from any passers-by. Philip once more looked at the descending orb of day, and by degrees he became composed.

"It is thy will," exclaimed he; "it is my fate, and both must be accomplished."

Philip put his hand to the seal,—his blood thrilled when he called to mind that it had been delivered by no mortal hand, and that it contained the secret of one in judgment. He remembered that that one was his father; and that it was only in the letter that there was hope,—hope for his poor father, whose memory he had been taught to love, and who appealed for help.

"Coward that I am, to have lost so many hours!" exclaimed Philip; "yon sun appears as if waiting on the hill, to give me light to read."

Philip mused a short time; he was once more the daring Vanderdecken. Calmly he broke the seal, which bore the initials of his father's name, and read as follows:—

"To Catherine.—One of those pitying spirits whose eyes rain tears for mortal crimes, has been permitted to inform me by what means alone my dreadful doom may be averted.

"Could I but receive on the deck of my own ship the holy relic upon which I swore the fatal oath, kiss it in all humility, and shed one tear of deep contrition on the sacred wood, I then may rest in peace.

"How this may be effected, or by whom so fatal a task will be undertaken, I know not. O, Catherine, we have a son—but, no, no, let him not hear of me. Pray for me, and now, farewell.

"I. VANDERDECKEN."

"Then it is true, most horribly true," thought Philip; "and my father is even now in living judgment. And he points to me,—to whom else should he? Am I not his son, and is it not my duty?"

"Yes, father," exclaimed Philip, aloud, falling on his knees, "you have not written these lines in vain. Let me peruse once more."

Philip raised up his hand; but although it appeared to him that he had still hold of the letter, it was not there, he grasped nothing. He looked on the grass to see if it had fallen—but no, there was no letter, it had disappeared. Was it a vision?—no, no, he had read every word. "Then it must be to me, and me alone, that the mission was intended. I accept the sign.

"Hear me, dear father,—if thou art so permitted, and deign to hear me, gracious Heaven—hear the son who, by this sacred relic swears that he will avert your doom, or perish. To that will he devotes his days; and having done his duty, die in hope and peace. Heaven that recorded my rash father's oath, now register his son's upon the same sacred cross, and may perjury on my part be visited with punishment more dire than his! Receive it, Heaven, as at the last I trust that in thy mercy thou

wilt receive the father and the son; and if too bold, O, pardon my presumption."

Philip threw himself forward on his face, with his lips to the sacred symbol. The sun went down, twilight gradually disappeared; night had, for some time, shrouded all in darkness, and Philip yet remained in alternate prayer and meditation!

But he was disturbed by the voices of some men, who sat down upon the turf but a few yards from where he was concealed. The conversation he little heeded; but it had roused him, and his first feeling was to return to the cottage, that he might reflect over his plans; but although the men spoke in a low tone, his attention was soon arrested by the subject of their conversation, when he heard the name mentioned of Mynheer Poots. He listened attentively, and discovered that they were four disbanded soldiers, who intended that night to attack the house of the little doctor, who had, they knew, much money in his possession.

"What I have proposed is the best," said one of them; "he has no one with him but his daughter."

"Who I value more than his money," replied another; "so, recollect that before we go, it is perfectly understood that she is to be my property."

"Yes, if you choose to purchase her, there's no objection," replied a third.

"Agreed; how much will you in conscience ask for a puling girl?"

"I say five hundred guilders," replied another.

"Well, be it so, but on this condition, if my share of the booty does not amount to so much, I am to have her for my share, whatever it may be."

"That's very fair," replied the other; "but I'm much mistaken if we don't turn more than two thousand guilders out of the old man's chest."

"What do you two say, is it agreed shall Baetens have her?"

"Oh yes," replied the others.

"Well, then," replied the one who had stipulated for Mynheer Poots's daughter, "now I am with you, heart and soul. I loved that girl, and tried to get her,—I positively offered to marry her, but the old hunks refused me, an ensign, an officer; but now I'll have revenge. We must not spare him."

"No, no," replied the others.

"Shall we go now, or wait till it is later? In an hour or more the moon will be up,—we may be seen."

"Who is to see us? unless, indeed, some one is sent for him. The later the better, I say."

"How long will it take us to get there? Not half an hour if we walk. Suppose we start in half an hour hence, we shall just have the moon to count the guilders by."

"That's all right. In the meantime I'll put a new flint in my lock, and have my carbine loaded. I can work in the dark."

"You are used to it, Jan."

"Yes, I am,—and I intend this ball to go through the old rascal's head."

"Well, I'd rather you should kill him than me," replied one of the others, "for he did save my life at Middleburgh, when every one made sure I'd die."

Philip did not wait to hear any more; he crawled behind the bushes until he gained the grove of trees, and passing through them, made a detour, so as not to be seen by these miscreants. That they were disbanded soldiers, many of whom were infesting the country, he knew well. All his thoughts were now to save the old doctor and his daughter from the danger which threatened them; and for a time he forgot his father, and the exciting revelations of the day. Although Philip had not been aware in what direction he had walked when he set off from the cottage, he knew the country well; and now that it was necessary to act; he remembered the direction in which he should find the lonely house of Mynheer Poots: with the utmost speed he made his way for it, and in less than twenty minutes he arrived there, out of breath.

As usual, all was silent, and the door fastened. Philip knocked, but there was no reply. Again and again he knocked, and became impatient. Mynheer Poots must have been summoned, and was not in the house; Philip therefore called out, so as to be heard within. "Maiden, if your father is out, as I presume he must be, listen to what I have to say, I am Philip Vanderdecken. But now I overheard four wretches who have planned to murder your father, and rob him of his gold. In one hour or less they will be here, and I have hastened to warn, and to protect you, if I may. I swear upon the relic that you delivered to me this morning that what I state is true."

Philip waited a short time, but received no answer.

"Maiden," resumed he, "answer me, if you value that which is more dear to you, than even your father's gold to him. Open the casement from above, and listen to what I have to say. In so doing there is no risk; and even if it were not dark, already have I seen you."

A short time after this second address, the casement of the upper window was unbarred, and the slight form of the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots was to be distinguished by Philip through the gloom.

"What wouldst thou, young Sir, at this unseemly hour? and what is it thou wouldst impart, but imperfectly heard by me, when you spoke this minute at the door?"

Philip then entered into a detail of all that he had overheard, and concluded by begging her to admit him, that he might defend her.

"Think, fair maiden, of what I have told you. You have been sold to one of these reprobates, whose name I think they mentioned, was Baetens. The gold, I know, you value not; but think of thine own dear self—suffer me to enter the house, and think not for one moment that my story 's feigned. I swear to thee, by the soul of my poor dear mother, now, I trust, in heaven, that every word is true."

"Baetens, said you, Sir?"

"If I mistook them not, such was the name; he said he loved you once."

"That name I have in memory—I know not what to do or what to say—my father has been summoned to a birth, and may be yet away for many hours. Yet how can I ope the door to you—at night—he not at home—I alone? I ought not—cannot—yet do I believe you. You surely never could be so base as to invent this tale?"

"No—upon my hopes of future bliss I could not, maiden! You must not trifle with your life and honour, but let me in."

"And if I did, what could you do against such numbers? They are four to one—would soon overpower you, and one more life be lost."

"Not if you have arms; and I think your father would not be left without them. I fear them not—you know that I am resolute."

"I do indeed—and now you'd risk your life for those you did assail. I thank you—thank you kindly, Sir—but dare not ope the door.

"Then, maiden, if you'll not admit me, here will I now remain; without arms, and but ill able to contend with four armed villains; but still, here will I remain and prove my truth to one I will protect 'gainst any odds—yes, even here!"

"Then shall I be thy murderer!—but that must not be. Oh! Sir—swear, swear by all that 's holy, and by all that's pure, that you do not deceive me."

"I swear by thyself, maiden, than all to me more sacred!"

The casement closed, and in a short time a light appeared above. In a minute or two more the door was opened to Philip by the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots. She stood with the candle in her right hand, the colour in her cheeks varying—now flushing red, and again deadly pale. Her left hand was down by her side, and in her hand she held a pistol half concealed. Philip perceived this precaution on her part, but took no notice; he wished to re-assure her.

"Maiden!" said he, not entering, "if you have still doubts—if you think you have been ill-advised in giving me admission—there is yet time to close the door against me; but for your own sake I entreat you not. Before the moon is up the robbers will be here. With my life I will protect you, if you will but trust me. Who indeed could injure one like you?"

She was indeed, as she stood irresolute and perplexed from the peculiarity of her situation, yet not wanting in courage when it was to be called forth, an object well worthy of gaze and admiration. Her features thrown into broad light and shade by the candle which at times was half extinguished by the wind—her symmetry of form and the gracefulness and singularity of her attire—were matter of astonishment to Philip. Her head was without covering, and her long hair fell in plaits behind her shoulders; her stature was rather under the middle size, but her form perfect; her dress was simple but becoming, and very different from that usually worn by the young women of the district. Not only her features but her dress would have at once told to the traveller that she was of Arab blood, as was the fact.

She looked in Philip's face as he spoke—earnestly, as if she would have penetrated his inmost thoughts; but there was a frankness and honesty in his bearing, and sincerity in his manly countenance, which re-assured her. After a moment's hesitation she replied—

"Come in, Sir; I feel that I can trust you."

Philip entered. The door was then closed and made secure.

"We have no time to lose, maiden," said Philip; "but tell me your name that I may address you as I ought."

"My name is Amine," replied she, retreating a little.

"I thank you for that little confidence; but I must not dally. What arms have you in the house, and have you ammunition?"

"Both. I wish that my father would come home."

"And so do I," replied Philip, "devoutly wish he would, before these murderers come; but not, I trust, while the attack is made, for

there's a carbine loaded expressly for his head, and if they make him prisoner, they will not spare his life, unless his gold and your person are given in ransom. But the arms, maiden—where are they?"

"Follow me," replied Amine, leading Philip to an inner room on the upper floor. It was the sanctum of her father, and was surrounded with shelves filled with bottles and boxes of drugs. In one corner was an iron chest, and over the mantel-piece were a brace of carbines and three pistols.

"They are all loaded," observed Amine, pointing to them, and laying on the table the one which she had held in her hand.

Philip took down the arms, and examined all the primings. He then took up from the table the pistol which Amine had laid thereon, and threw open the pan. It was equally well prepared. Philip closed the pan, and with a smile observed—

"So this was meant for me, Amine?"

"No—not for you—but for a traitor, had one gained admittance."

"Now, maiden," observed Philip, "I shall station myself at the casement which you opened, but without a light in the room. You may remain here, and can turn the key for your security."

"You little know me," replied Amine. "In that way at least I am not fearful; I must remain near you and reload the arms—a task to which I am well practised."

"No, no," replied Philip; "you might be hurt."

"I may. But think you I will remain here idly when I can assist one who risks his life for me? I know my duty, Sir, and I shall perform it."

"You must not risk your life, Amine," replied Philip; "my aim will not be steady if I know that you're in danger. But I must take the arms into the other chamber, for the time is come."

Philip, assisted by Amine, carried the carbines and pistols into the adjoining chamber; and Amine then left Philip, carrying with her the light. Philip, as soon as he was alone, opened the casement and looked out—there was no one to be seen; he listened, but all was silent. The moon was just rising above the distant hill, but her light was dimmed by fleecy clouds, and Philip watched for a few minutes, when he heard a whispering below. He looked out, and could distinguish through the dark the four expected assailants, standing close to the door of the house. He walked away softly from the window, and went into the next room to Amine, whom he found busy preparing the ammunition.

"Amine, they are at the door, in consultation. You can see them now, without risk. I thank them, for they will convince you that I have told the truth."

Amine, without reply, went into the front room and looked out of the window. She returned, and laying her hand upon Philip's arm, she said—

"Grant me your pardon for my doubts. I fear nothing now but that my father may return too soon, and they may seize him."

Philip left the room again, to make his reconnoissance. The robbers did not appear to have made up their minds—the strength of the door defied their utmost efforts, so they attempted stratagem. They knocked, and as there was no reply they continued louder and louder: not meeting with success they held another consultation, and the muzzle of a

carbine was then put to the keyhole, and the piece discharged. The lock of the door was blown off, but the iron bars which crossed the door within, above and below, still held it fast.

Although Philip would have been justified in firing upon the robbers when he first perceived them in consultation at the door, still there is that feeling in a generous mind which prevents the taking away of life, except from stern necessity; and this feeling made him withhold his fire until hostilities had actually commenced. He now levelled one of the carbines at the head of the robber nearest to the door, who was busy examining the effect which the discharge of the piece had made and what further obstacles intervened. The aim was true, and the man fell dead, while the others started back with surprise at the unexpected retaliation. But in a second or two a pistol was discharged at Philip, who still remained leaning out of the casement, fortunately without effect; and the next moment he felt himself drawn away, so as to be protected from their fire. It was Amine, who, unknown to Philip, had been standing by his side.

"You must not expose yourself, Philip," said she, in a low tone.

She called me Philip, thought he, but made no reply.

"They will be watching for you at the casement now," said Amine. "Take the other carbine and go below in the passage. If the lock of the door is blown off they may put their arms in perhaps and remove the bars. I do not think they can, but I'm not sure; at all events, it is there you should now be, as they will not expect you."

"You are right," replied Philip, going down.

"But you must not fire more than once there; if another falls, there will be but two to deal with, and they cannot watch the casement and force admittance too. Go—I will reload the carbine."

Philip descended softly and without a light. He went up to the door, and perceived that one of the miscreants, with his arm through the hole where the lock was blown off, was working at the upper iron-bar, which he could just reach. He presented his carbine, and was about to fire the whole charge into the body of the man under his raised arm, when there was a report of fire-arms from the robbers outside.

"Amine has exposed herself," thought Philip, "and may be hurt."

The desire of vengeance prompted him first to fire his piece through the man's body, and then he flew up the stairs to ascertain the state of Amine. She was not at the casement; he darted into the inner room and found her deliberately loading the carbine.

"My God! how you frightened me, Amine. I thought by their firing that you had shown yourself at the window."

"Indeed I did not; but I thought that when you fired through the door they might return it and you might be hurt, so I went to the side of the casement and pushed out on a stick some of my father's clothes, and they who were watching for you fired immediately."

"Indeed, Amine! who could have expected such courage and such coolness in one so young and beautiful?" exclaimed Philip, with surprise.

"Are none but ill-favoured people brave, then?" replied Amine, smiling.

"I did not mean that, Amine—but I am losing time. I must to the door again. Give me that carbine and reload this."

Philip crept down stairs that he might reconnoitre, but before he had

gained the door he heard at a distance the voice of Mynheer Poots. Amine, who also heard it, was in a moment at his side with a loaded pistol in each hand.

"Fear not, Amine," said Philip, as he unbarred the door, "there are but two, and your father shall be saved."

The door was opened, and Philip, seizing his carbine, rushed out; he found Mynheer Poots on the ground between the two men, one of whom had raised his knife to plunge it into his body, when the ball of the carbine whizzed through his head. The last of the robbers closed with Philip, and a desperate struggle ensued; it was, however, soon decided by Amine stepping forward and firing one of the pistols through the robber's body.

We must here inform our readers that Mynheer Poots when coming home had heard the report of fire-arms in the direction of his own house. The recollection of his daughter and of his money, for to do him justice he did love her best, had lent him wings; he forgot that he was a feeble old man and without arms, all he thought of was to gain his habitation. On he came, reckless, frantic, and shouting, and rushed into the arms of the two robbers, who immediately seized and would have dispatched him had not Philip so opportunely come to his assistance.

As soon as the last robber fell, Philip disengaged himself and went to the assistance of Mynheer Poots, whom he raised up in his arms and carried into the house as if he were an infant. The old man was still in a state of delirium from fear and previous excitement.

In a few minutes Mynheer Poots was more coherent.

"My daughter!" exclaimed he—"my daughter! where is she?"

"She is here, father, and safe," replied Amine.

"Ah! my child is safe," said he, opening his eyes and staring. "Yes, it is even so—and my money—my money—where is my money?" continued he, starting up.

"Quite safe, father."

"Quite safe—you say quite safe—are you sure of it?—let me see."

"There it is, father, as you may perceive, quite safe—thanks to one whom you have not treated so well."

"Who—what do you mean?—Ah, yes, I see him now—'tis Philip Vanderdecken—he owes me three guilders and a half, and there is a phial—did he save you—and my money, child?"

"He did, indeed, at the risk of his life."

"Well, well, I will forgive him the whole debt—yes, the whole of it; but the phial is no use to him—he must return that. Give me some water."

It was some time before the old man could gain his perfect reason. Philip left him with his daughter, and taking a brace of loaded pistols went out to ascertain the fate of the four assailants. The moon was now high in the heavens shining bright, having climbed above the bank of clouds which had obscured her, and he could distinguish clearly. The two men lying across the threshold of the door were quite dead. The others, who had seized upon Mynheer Poots were still alive, but one was expiring and the other bled fast. Philip put a few questions to the latter, but he either would or could not make any reply; he removed their weapons and returned to the house, where he found the

old man, attended by his daughter, in a state of comparative composure.

"I thank you, Philip Vanderdecken—I thank you much. You have saved my dear child, and my money—that is little, very little—for I am poor. May you live long and happy!"

Philip mused; the letter and his vow were for the first time since he fell in with the robbers recalled to his recollection, and a shade passed over his countenance.

"Long and happy—no, no," muttered he, with an involuntary shake of the head.

"And I must thank you," said Amine, looking inquiringly in Philip's face. "O, how much have I to thank you for!—and indeed I am grateful."

"Yes, yes, she is very grateful," interrupted the old man; "but we are poor—very poor. I talked about my money because I have so little, and I cannot afford to lose it; but you shall not pay me the three guilders and a half—I am content to lose that, Mr. Philip."

"Why should you lose even that, Mynheer Poots?—I promised to pay you, and will keep my word. I have plenty of money—thousands of guilders, and know not what to do with them."

"You—you—thousands of guilders!" exclaimed Poots. "Pooh, nonsense, that won't do."

"I repeat to you, Amine," said Philip, "that I have thousands of guilders; you know I would not tell you a falsehood."

"I believed you when you said so to my father," replied Amine.

"Then perhaps, as you have so much and I am so very poor, Mr. Vanderdecken——"

But Amine put her hand upon her father's lips, and the sentence was not finished.

"Father," said Amine, "it is time that we retire. You must leave us to-night, Philip."

"I will not," replied Philip; "nor, you may depend upon it, will I sleep. You may both to bed in safety. It is indeed time that you retire—good night, Mynheer Poots. I will but ask a lamp, and then I leave you—Amine, good night."

"Good night," said Amine, extending her hand, "and many, many thanks."

"Thousands of guilders!" muttered the old man, as Philip left the room and went below.

Chap. V.

Philip Vanderdecken sat down at the porch of the door; he swept his hair from his forehead, which he exposed to the fanning of the breeze; for the continued excitement of the last three days had left a fever on his brain which made him restless and confused. He longed for repose, but he had an inward feeling which intimated to him that for him there was no rest. He had his foreboding—he perceived in the vista of futurity a long continued chain of danger and disaster even to death; yet he beheld it without emotion and without dread. He felt

as if it were only three days that he had begun to exist; he was melancholy, but not unhappy. His thoughts were constantly recurring to the fatal letter—its strange supernatural disappearance at once establishing its supernatural origin, and that the mission had been intended for him alone; and the relic being in his possession more fully substantiated the fact.

It is my fate, my duty, thought Philip. Having satisfactorily made up his mind to these conclusions, his thoughts reverted to the beauty, the courage and presence of mind shown by Amine. And, thought he, as he watched the moon soaring high in the heavens, is this fair creature's destiny to be woven with mine? The events of the last three days would almost warrant the supposition. Heaven only knows, and Heaven's will be done. I have vowed, and my vow is registered, that I will devote my life to the release of my unfortunate father—but does that prevent my loving Amine?—No, no; the sailor on the Indian seas must pass months and months on shore before he can return to his duty. My search must be on the broad ocean, but how often may I return? and why am I to be debarred the solace of a smiling hearth?—and yet—do I right in winning the affections of one who, if she loves, would, I am convinced, love so dearly, fondly, truly—ought I to persuade her to mate herself with one whose life will be so precarious?—but is not every sailor's life precarious, daring the angry waves, with but an inch of plank 'tween him and death? Besides, I am chosen to fulfil a task—and if so, what can hurt me, till in Heaven's own time it is accomplished? but then how soon, and how is it to end?—in death! I wish my blood were cooler that I might reason better.

Such were the meditations of Philip Vanderdecken, and long did he revolve such chances in his mind. At last the day dawned, and as he perceived the blush upon the horizon, less careful of his watch, he slumbered where he sat. A slight pressure on the shoulder made him start up and draw the pistol from his bosom. He turned round and beheld Amine.

"And that pistol was intended for me," said Amine, smiling, repeating Philip's words of the night before.

"For you, Amine?—yes, to defend you, if 'twere necessary, once more."

"I know it would—how kind of you to watch this tedious night after so much exertion and fatigue! but it is now broad day."

"Until I saw the dawn, Amine, I kept a faithful watch."

"But now retire and take some rest. My father is risen—you can lie down on his bed."

"I thank you, but I feel no wish for sleep. There is much to do.—We must to the burgomaster and state the facts, and these bodies must remain where they are until the whole is known. Will your father go, Amine, or shall I?"

"My father surely is the more proper person, as the proprietor of the house. You must remain; and if you will not sleep, you must take some refreshment. I will go in and tell my father; he has already taken his morning's meal."

Amine went in, and soon returned with her father, who had consented to go to the burgomaster. He saluted Philip kindly as he came out; shuddered as he passed on one side to avoid stepping over the dead bodies,

and went off at a quick pace to the town adjacent, where the burgomaster resided.

Amine desired Philip to follow her, and they went into her father's room, where he found some coffee ready for him—a rarity at that time, and a matter of surprise to Philip that it should be found in the house of one so penurious as Mynheer Poots, but it was a luxury which, from his former life, the old man could not dispense with.

Philip, who had not tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours, was not sorry to avail himself of what was placed before him. Amine sat down opposite to him, and was silent during his repast.

"Amine," said Philip at last, "I have had plenty of time for reflection during this night, as I watched at the door.—May I speak freely?"

"Why not?" replied Amine. "I feel assured that you will say nothing that you should not say, or should not meet a maiden's ear."

"You do me justice, Amine. My thoughts have been upon you and your father. You cannot stay in this lonely habitation."

"I feel it is too lonely; that is, for his safety—perhaps for mine—but you know my father—the very loneliness suits him, the price paid for rent is little, and he is careful of his money."

"The man who would be careful of his money should put it in security—here it is not secure. Now hear me, Amine. I have a cottage surrounded, as you may have heard, by many others, which mutually protect each other. That cottage I am about to leave—perhaps for ever; for I intend to sail by the first ship to the Indian seas."

"The Indian seas! why so?—did you not last night talk of thousands of guilders?"

"I did, and they are there; but, Amine, I must go—it is my duty. Ask me no more, but listen to what I now propose. Your father must live in my cottage; he must take care of it for me in my absence; he will do me a favour by consenting, and you must persuade him. You will there be safe. He must also take care of my money for me. I want it not at present—I cannot take it with me."

"My father is not to be trusted with the money of other people."

"Why does your father hoard? He cannot take his money with him when he is called away. It must be all for you—and is not then my money safe?"

"Leave it then in my charge, and it will be safe; but why need you go and risk your life upon the water, when you have such ample means?"

"Amine, ask not that question. It is my duty as a son, and more I cannot tell, at least at present."

"Since you say that, I reverence the feeling, and I ask no more. It was not womanish curiosity—no, no—it was a better feeling, I assure you, which prompted me to put the question."

"And what was that better feeling, Amine?"

"I hardly know—many good feelings mixed perhaps together—gratitude, esteem, respect, confidence, good-will. Are not these sufficient?"

"Yes, indeed, Amine, much to gain upon so short an acquaintance; but still I feel them all, and more for you. If, then, you feel so much for me, do oblige me by persuading your father to leave this lonely house this day, and take up his abode in mine."

"And when do you intend to go yourself?"

"If your father will not admit me as a boarder for the short time I remain here, I will seek some shelter elsewhere; but if he will, I will indemnify him well—that is, if you raise no objection to my being for a few days in the house?"

"Why should I? Our habitation is no longer safe, and you offer us a shelter. It were, indeed, unjust and most ungrateful to turn you out of your own threshold."

"Then persuade him, Amine. I will accept of nothing, but take it as a favour; for I should depart in sorrow if I saw you not in safety.—Will you promise me?"

"I do promise to use my best endeavours—nay, I may as well say it shall be so at once; for I know my influence. Here is my hand upon it. Will that content you?"

Philip took the small hand extended towards him. His feelings overcame his discretion; he raised it to his lips. He looked up to see if Amine was displeased, and found her dark eye fixed upon him, as once before when she admitted him, as if she would see his thoughts—but the hand was not withdrawn.

"Indeed, Amine," said Philip, kissing her hand once more, "you may confide in me."

"I hope—I think—nay, I am sure I may," replied she at last.

Philip released her hand. Amine returned to her seat, and for some time remained silent and in a pensive attitude. Philip also had his own thoughts, and did not open his lips. At last Amine spoke.

"I think I have heard my father say that your mother was very poor—a little deranged; and that there was a chamber in the house which had been shut up for years."

"It was shut up till yesterday."

"And there you found your money? Did your mother not know of the money?"

"She did, as she discovered to me on her death-bed."

"There must have been some potent reasons for not opening the chamber."

"There were."

"What were they, Philip?" said Amine, in a soft and low tone of voice.

"I must not tell, at least I ought not. This must satisfy you—'twas the fear of an apparition."

"What apparition?"

"She said that my father had appeared to her."

"And did he, think you, Philip?"

"I have no doubt but that he did. But I can answer no more questions, Amine. The chamber is open now, and there is no fear of his re-appearance."

"I fear not that," replied Amine, musing. "But," continued she, "is not this connected with your resolution of going to sea?"

"So far will I answer you, that it has decided me to go to sea; but I pray you ask me no more. It is painful to refuse you, and my duty to be not to speak further."

For some minutes they both were silent, when Amine resumed—

"You were so anxious to possess that relic, I cannot help thinking it has connexion with the mystery. Is it not so?"

"For the last time, Amine, I will answer your question—it has to do with it; but now no more."

Philip's blunt and almost rude manner of finishing his speech was not lost upon Amine, who replied,

"You are so engrossed with other thoughts, that you have not felt the compliment shown you by my taking such interest about you, Sir."

"Yes, I do—I feel and thank you too, Amine. Forgive me, if I have been rude; but recollect, the secret is not mine—at least, I feel as if it were not. God knows, I wish I never had known it, for it has blasted all my hopes in life."

Philip was silent; and when he raised his eyes, he found that Amine's were fixed upon him.

"Would you read my thoughts, Amine, or my secret?"

"Your thoughts, perhaps—your secret I would not; yet do I grieve that it should oppress you so evidently as it does. It must, indeed, be one of awe to bear down a mind like yours, Philip."

"Where did you learn to be so brave, Amine?" said Philip, changing the conversation.

"Circumstances make people brave or otherwise; those who are accustomed to difficulty and danger fear them not."

"And where have you met with them, Amine?"

"In the country where I was born, not in this dank and muddy land."

"Will you trust me with your former life, Amine? I can be secret, if you wish."

"That you can be secret against, perhaps, my wish, you have already proved to me," replied Amine, smiling; "and you have a claim to know something of the life you have preserved. I cannot tell you much, but what I can will be sufficient. My father, when a lad on board of a trading vessel, was taken by the Moors, and sold as a slave to a Hakim, or physician, of the country. Finding him very intelligent, the Moor brought him up as an assistant, and it was under this man that he obtained a knowledge of the art. In a few years he was equal to his master; but, as a slave, he worked not for himself. You know, indeed it cannot be concealed, my father's avarice. He sighed to become as wealthy as his master, and to obtain his freedom; he became a follower of Mahomet, after which he was free and practised for himself. He took a wife from an Arab family, the daughter of a chief, whom he had restored to health, and he settled in the country. I was born; he amassed wealth, and became much celebrated; but the son of a Bey dying under his hands was the excuse for persecution. His head was forfeited, but he escaped; not, however, without the loss of all his beloved wealth. My mother and I went with him; he fled to the Bedouins, with whom we remained some years. There I was accustomed to rapid marches, wild and fierce attacks, defeat and flight, and oftentimes to indiscriminate slaughter. But the Bedouins paid not well for my father's services, and gold was his idol. Hearing that the Bey was dead, he returned to Cairo, where he again practised. He was allowed to amass until the heap was sufficient to excite the cupidity of the new Bey, and then he was fortunately acquainted with the intentions of the ruler. He again escaped, with a portion of his wealth, in a small vessel, and gained the Spanish coast; but he never has been able to

retain his money long. Before he arrived in this country he had been robbed of almost all, and has now been for these three years laying up again. Such is the history of my life, Philip; we were but one year at Middleburg, and from thence removed to this place."

"And does your father still hold the Mahomedan faith, Amine?"

"I know not. I think he holds no faith whatever: at least he hath taught me none. His god is gold."

"And yours?"

"Is the God who made this beautiful world, and all which it contains—the God of nature—name him as you will. This I feel, Philip, and more I fain would know; there are so many faiths, but surely they must be but different paths leading alike to Heaven. Yours is the Christian faith, Philip. Is it the true one? But every one says so, whatever his creed may be."

"It is the true and only one, Amine. Could I but reveal—I have such dreadful proofs—"

"That your own faith is true; then is it not your duty to reveal them? Tell me, are you bound by any solemn obligation never to reveal?"

"No, I am not; yet do I feel as if I were. But I hear voices—it must be your father and the authorities—I must go down and meet them."

Philip rose, and went down stairs. Amine's eyes followed him as he went, and she remained looking towards the door.

"Is it possible," said she, sweeping the hair from off her brow, "so soon,—yes, yes, 'tis even so. I feel that I would sooner share his hidden woe—his dangers—even death itself were preferable with him than ease and happiness with any other. And it shall be strange indeed if I do not. This night my father shall move into his cottage, I will prepare at once."

The report of Philip and Mynheer Poots was taken down by the authorities, the bodies examined, and one or two of them recognised as well known marauders. They were then removed by the order of the Burgomaster. The authorities broke up their council, and Philip and Mynheer Poots were permitted to return to Amine. It will not be necessary to repeat the conversation which ensued: it will be sufficient to state that Poots yielded to the arguments employed by Amine and Philip, particularly that one, of paying no rent. A conveyance for the furniture and medicines was procured; and in the afternoon most of the effects were taken away. It was not, however, till dusk that the strong box of the doctor was put into the cart, and Philip went with it as a protector. Amine also walked by the side of the vehicle, with her father. As it may be supposed, it was late that night before they had made their arrangements, and had retired to rest.

(To be continued.)

POMPEII;

AN EXTRACT FROM "ITALY," A POEM.*

THE house of Diomed, the pleasant place,
Of the voluptuous Roman; where the hand
Of art and luxury have left a trace
Which, from time hidden, could all change withstand,
But now unburied, soon shall sink to sand;
Opened to skiey influence and the air,
All that his vanity or fondness planned:
The laws of Nature it again doth share,
And sternly are they dealt, so long evaded there!

The alcove of their summer hour's reposing,
The covered portico's gay walls' retreat,
The garden's ample area round enclosing,
Where rose the fountain softening the day's heat,
Is now a waste where weeds and thistles meet!
The flower-bed once with graceful trellis wove,
The loftier terrace with its prospect seat,—
All gone,—those broken columns point above
The favourite haunt, the *home* of their domestic love.

How the mind doth embody the scenes fled,
Of human life enacted, witnessed here!
No phantasy, no tale forgot when read; (a)
But on which Truth hath set her seal severe:
Even with a thought, again are raised, how clear
On Memory's eye their living forms to view!
The shades of those who sat, again appear,
All rise as once; the fountain flows anew,
The pillars stand around, the flowers their life renew.

A marble bench beside that fount is placed:
The Roman family are gathered round;
There Diomed reclines, with, half-embraced,
His eldest, Julia; there is heard no sound
Of gaiety or joy; a gloom profound
Hath sunk o'er them and Nature like a pall:
The parching heats have cracked the gaping ground:
The flowers are withered, ceased the fountain's fall:
Languor and listlessnes weigh down alike on all.

But Julia leaned upon her father's breast,
And their eyes met, while each their thoughts controlled:
A sense of evil weighed, though unexpressed,
On either; *she* watched mournfully the fold
Of heaviest clouds which thus long days had rolled
Around the Mountain's hidden bosom nursed:
Prophet it looked of evils yet untold!
Fear, gazing there, still magnified the worst;
Storms, whose wrath held so long, should yet in thunder burst!

* Preparing for publication by John Edmund Reade, Esq., author of "Cain the Wanderer;" dedicated, by express permission, to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

The town was hushed; save when a faint shout came
From the far distant Amphitheatre :(*b*)
The oppressive air was charged with sulphurous flame:
The trees drooped wan, no breath a leaf to stir,
Each trunk stood moveless as a sepulchre;
And the all-sickly weight by Nature thrown,
Pressed heaviest on human hearts; they were
All silent; each, foreboding, dared not own
Their fear—the prescient shadow of an ill unknown!

"Behold the Mountain!" words withheld while spoken,
For the Appearance fixed the astounded mind!
The clouds that veiled so long its crest, were broken
Away,—hurled upwards by some pent-up wind,
Which earth no more could in her caverns bind;
A mightier marvel! lo—forth wildly driven,
As if within its depths, till then confined,
Thick volumed Clouds cleave through his forehead riven,
Branching their pine-like shape in the profound of heaven!(*c*)

A moment—mute—awed—stupified—they stood!
The mountain that had slept a thousand years
Awakens from his slumber! lo, that flood
Of eddying vapour still its shape uprears;—
They fly not yet—for who had linked with fears
Vesuvius in his evergreen attire?*
But lo! each moment, wilder, fiercer, nears
The enormous canopy, still branching nigher—
Away!—for life—for life—its leaves are turned to fire!

The trunk into a furnace flame! the shrouds
Of darkness hurling off each side, alone
Blazing, encircled with a night of clouds,
The Spirit of Fire comes rushing from his throne!
Earth, cleft asunder, to her depths is shown,
Belching forth flames, while 'scaping from their thrall,
The wild Winds leap up from their caves unknown;
The answering Sea doth on the mountains call;
The Thunder of the heavens is heard above them all.

Hark from Pompeii! one astounding shout!
The roar of thousands, for a moment drowned
The wreck of elements; yet, o'er the rout,
Rose women's screams—a wilder, shriller sound;
Then—sunk for ever! who might hear? the ground
Reeling beneath—who see when air was night,
Lit by the forked lightnings hurtling round
Their arrowy deaths—the flash that blinded sight,
The scathing ashes shot from that all blasting Light,

Making the Shape of Darkness visible!
As, blazing up, all terribly in air,
It stood out there the world's last funeral pile;(*d*)
Death was within the walls, without despair.
How the crowds rushed, led by that livid glare,
Deliriously on! or wildly clung
On to the shrines, assailing Heaven with prayer!
Or to their hearths in gibbering madness hung:
Or, motionless, lay crushed 'neath giant columns flung!

* The lines of Martial will be illustrative here.

Caught, midway, in the jaws of earth while flying,
Or, writhing, scathed beneath the fiery rain, (e)
Prostrate in agonies undreamed of dying!
Trampled like worms, invoking those in vain
Above them, rushing from the fiery pain
Like tortured fiends, their flight but to delay
One moment—no voice answered them again!—
The chase was life and death—no foot could stay,
Alas! the crashing walls were not more deaf than they!

All was forgotten in the desperate strife
For preservation—for the short-lived span—
The fleeting tenement of human life!
Then burst the prayers of faith, and the wild ban
Of pale Apostacy!—no longer ran
Blood in the veins and soft humanities,
Into a demon seemed transformed the man:
Bared was his naked heart!—the social ties—
Law, habit, reverence, love, life's sympathies,

Were crushed like threads before the giant force
Of Nature's master-passion! which now made
That spot a Hell without its vain remorse!
The son shook off his leaning sire who weighed
On him—and plunged the parricidal blade!
The husband fled his wife: but she, in death,
All woman-like, forgot not, though betrayed,
She was a mother! from the ashes' breath,
She with her body shields her dying child beneath.

Lo! 'neath yon arch, apart from the blind crowds,
Rushing to certain death along the streets,
How yon pale priest amid the darkness shrouds!
Triumph glares in his hollow eyes, that meets
Strangely with awe and horror; yet how beats
His heart with joy! his shrine's wealth he doth bear,
While through the seaward passage he retreats;
Hark! his sharp cry of torture and despair,
The light of twenty ages found his ashes there!

Or turn to the patrician's marble hall,
Where yon gigantic slave doth sit alone:
Nature and his red hand have burst his thrall!
Lo! how his murdered victims round are thrown—
How full his triumph—all is now his own!
But how escape? how burst yon ash-heaped door?
Through one thick wall his axe hath madly hewn!
The second yields—the roof gives way—'tis o'er—
The giant-freeman falls crushed on the buried floor. (*f*)

But while the human tides rush through the gate,
How the red Mountain blazing full in view,
Yon Roman sentinel doth contemplate!
Motionless as a statue there he grew:
Composed his cheek though livid is its hue,
Sternness, with awe, in his undaunted eye!
Vainly the fiery deluge round him flew:
He had not—like yon herd—been taught to fly,
Scathed, blasted in his place, the warrior stood to die! (*g*)

But while wild Anarchy careered abroad,
Throned on the elements—while the rocking ground
Heaved like the ocean-waves, where Ruin trod,
Each step sunk in their hollow troughs profound,
The blackening masses of the city drowned,
Or peering 'midst the gulfs of lava-flame,
Until their topmost points no more were found;—
Where sheltered *they*, who still have left a name?
Still did they live? what fate—what respite to them came?

Descend yon subterranean gallery—
A lamp burns dimly there, which, as ye look, (*h*)
Reveals forms palpable before the eye;
So mute, so motionless in that dark nook,
That ye might well deem life had each forsook,
Save that, at times, a sigh, a groan was sped
From bosoms that convulsive tremors shook;
Ah! better were it that the spark had fled,
Than by delusive Hope thus vainly, fondly fed!

They stand, each leaning turned toward the wall;
Their lips pressed there, as if they might inhale
Air—or its freshness by that touch recall; (*i*)
One gasp for life—where breath of life doth fail:
Alas! that faint hope what may it avail?
Yon loop-holes that receive the air from high,
Take through their apertures the burning gale!
Still thicker heaves their panting agony,
Life's audibly-thrilling pulse as Death advances nigh!

There sits the Roman matron, but how changed!
Her infants sleep around her feet—that rest
Of lassitude for endless sleep exchanged;
But she, so beautiful in youth, hath pressed,
Fair Julia, to her mother; and caressed
As those who part for ever! and they kiss;—
Such kisses as reveal, though unexpressed,
The truth so desolating—that in this
World they have bid farewell to hope—to happiness!

But, as their faces toward each other turned,
How ghastlily *they* told the truths which love
Would hide in vain! the lamp that flickering burned,
O'er their pale features gleaming, showed how strove
Death and Life busy there!—its ray above
Sicklily waved, expired, and all was gloom,
Darkness, and Silence! save when wilder drove
The thunders bellowing o'er their living tomb!
Or when the flashing Light the caverned vaults illume!

Then, their long silence was no more withheld—
"Air! air!" one desperate impulse was obeyed
By all—for mad despair alike impelled
To burst the door—their fate no more delayed;
What recked it now, debarred all human aid,
How they expired? while here, a living death
In tenfold horrors they beheld arrayed!
To die above—to gasp in fiery breath
Were heaven, so they but 'scaped this sulphurous grave beneath!

One last, long, wild, and passionate embrace,
For those linked hearts that shall embrace no more!
Then, with fixed will portrayed in her stern face,
The matron rose to unbar the heated door;
One stifled shriek that burst—told all was o'er!
The strain'd bars flew; the weight of ashes rife
With sulphurous fires heap'd up the burning floor!
A moment's agony yet,—a feeble strife
To meet—to join—to clasp,—then ceased the pulse of life!

NOTES.

(a) No tale forgot when read.

Not, certainly, the "Last Days of Pompeii." Among such a crowd of productions from the same talented author, it would be difficult to assign a preference; but surely the novel in question is scarcely *inferior* to his best.

(b) Distant amphitheatre.

The house of Diomed and the amphitheatre form the opposite extremities of Pompeii.

(c) In the profound of heaven.

Pliny's famous letter will be quoted hereafter—a letter which leaves little to imagination, clothing description with the beauty of *truth*.

(d) World's last funeral pile.

The Stoics believed the end of the world would be consummated by fire; so, Pliny's letter.

(e) Fiery rain.

The steam sent up by Vesuvius descended in torrents of rain. For the most perfect description of everything connected with the city, the reader is referred to "Pompeii," a work of intense interest, whose only fault is in being anonymous.

(f) The giant-freeman falls crushed on the buried floor.

The rent through the two walls has been closed up, but the marks are shown; the axe was found near the skeleton, supposed to have been that of a priest of Isis.

(g) The warrior stood to die.

After the closest inquiry, I found this a fact. His spear and bronze helmet, dug up by his bones, thickly indented and studded with volcanic matter, are shown at the Museum, and present a most extraordinary appearance. The mountain, from his post, seems fearfully near; and he must have suffered, as in the text, with the full freedom to fly like the rest, had not the pride of discipline prevailed.

(h) A lamp burns dimly there.

The bronze lamp (with horn substituted for glass), the key in the hands of Diomed's wife, and the small, gold, wrought purse, the earrings, bracelets, and necklaces of her daughter, are shown at the Museum. They are roughly wrought; but time and damp have injured them. Her skull is also shown; the forehead occurred to me as being rather low.

(i) By that touch recall.

From many visits to the spot (close by the farther door), I was able to discover the evident marks of heads, and of faces, as having been pressed against the damp wall.

TRITONS AND MEN OF THE SEA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

HAVING treated of sirens, mermaids, and other female phenomena connected with the ocean, we here devote an article to its male gentry—personages for whom, though we may speak of them with a certain familiarity on the strength of old acquaintance, we entertain all the respect due to their ancient renown, and to those sacred places of poetry in which they are still to be found.

And first of the most ancient. The Triton is one of a numerous race begotten by Triton the son of Neptune, whose conch allayed the deluge of Deucaleon. Like his ancestors, he is half a man and half a fish, with a great muscular body, and a tail ending in a crescent. There is a variety which has the fore-feet of a horse. And sometimes he has two thighs like a man, or great, round, divided limbs resembling thighs, and tending to the orbicular, which end in fish-tails instead of legs. He serves Neptune and the sea-nymphs; is employed in calming billows and helping ships out of danger; and blows a conch-shell before the car he waits on, the sound of which is heard on the remotest shores, and causes the waves there to ripple. You may see him in all his jollity in the pictures of the Italians, waiting upon Galatea and sporting about the chariot with her nymphs; for with the strength he has the good humour of the most gambolling of the great fish; and when not employed in his duties, is for ever making love, and tumbling about the weltering waters.

In one of the divine drawings of Raphael, lately exhibited in St. Martin's-lane, (and to be detained, we trust, among us for ever, lest our country be dishonoured for want of taste,) is a Triton with a nymph on his back, whom he is carrying through the water in a style of exquisite grace and affectionateness; for the higher you go in art, the more lovely does love become, and the more raised above the animal passion, even when it most takes it along with it.

Imagine yourself on a promontory in a lone sea, during an autumnal morning, when the heavens retain the gladness of summer-time, and yet there is a note in the wind prophetical of winter, and you shall see Neptune come by with Amphitrite, strenuously drawn through the billows, in which they are half washed, and Triton blowing his conch before them.

> "First came great Neptune with his three-forkt mace
> That rules the seas, and makes them rise and fall;
> *His dewy locks did drop with brine apace*
> *Under his diadem imperiall;*
> And by his side his queene with coronall,
> Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
> Whose ivorie shoulders weren covered all
> *As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,*
> And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her *prepaire.*
>
> *And all the way before them, as they went,*
> *Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,*
> *For goodly triumph and great jollyment,*
> THAT MADE THE ROCKS TO ROARE AS THEY WERE RENT."
>
> *Faerie Queene*, Book iv. Canto 2.

These pearls which Amphitrite wears, were probably got for her by the Tritons, who are great divers. In one of the pictures of Rubens there are some of them thrusting up their great hands out of the sea (the rest of them invisible), and offering pearls to a queen.

Some writers have undertaken to describe these sea-deities more minutely, and as partaking a great deal more of the brute-fish than the man. According to them, the Triton has hair like water-parsley; gills a little under the ears; the nostrils of a man; a wide mouth with panther's teeth; blue eyes; fins under the breast like a dolphin; hands and fingers, as well as nails of a shelly substance; and a body covered with small scales as hard as a file. Be this as it may, he was in great favour with the sea-goddesses, and has to boast even of the condescension of Venus. Hear what a triumphant note he strikes up in the pages of Marino.

Per lo Carpazio mar l'orrida faccia
Del feroce Triton che la seguia,
La ritrosa Cimotoe un dì fuggia
Sicome fera sbigottita in caccia.
Seguiala il rozzo; e con spumose braccia
L'acque battendo e ribattendo gía,
E con lubrico piè l'umida via
Scorreva intento a l'amorosa traccia:

'Qual pro,' dicendo, 'ov' ha più folta e piena
L'alga, fuggir quel Dio ch' ogni procella
Con la torta sua tromba acqueta e frena?
Tra queste squamme, a la scagliosa ombrella
Di questa coda, in questa curva schiena
Vien sovente a seder la Dea più bella.'

A dreadful face in the Carpathian sea
After a sweet one, like a deer in flight,
Came ploughing up a trough of thunderous might—
Triton's—in chace of coy Cymothoe.
Rugged and fierce, and all a froth, came he,
Dashing the billowy buffets left and right;
And on his slippery orbs, with eyes alight
For thirst, stoop'd headlong tow'rds the lovely she;

Crying, 'What boots it to look out for aid
In weedy thicks, and run a race with him
To whom the mastery of the seas is given?
On this rude back, under the scaly shade
Of this huge tail, midst all this fishy trim,
Oft comes to sit the loveliest shape in heaven.'

According to Hesiod, Triton is a highly "respectable" god, in the modern sense of the word, for he lives "in a golden house." To be sure, he does that, as residing with his father and mother; but, moreover, he is a god redoubtable on his own account—*deinos*—a god of "awful might," as Mr. Elton excellently renders it; not "eximius" merely, or egregious, as feeble Natalis Comes interpreteth it; nor simply "vehemens," as the common Latin version saith better, but implying the combination of force and terror.

"From the god of sounding waves,
Shaker of earth, and Amphitrite, sprang
Sea-potent Triton huge;

(excellently rendered, that)

Beneath the deep
He dwells in golden edifice,
(but with his father and mother, quoth Hesiod),
A god
Of awful might.*

Mr. Elton appends a curious note to this passage, from the learned and ingenious, but most gratuitous "Mythology" of Bryant; who, out of a mistaken zeal for identifying everything with Scripture, undoes half the poetry of old fable "at a jerk," and makes stocks and stones of the gods with a vengeance. We are sorry to find that so poetical a translator has allowed himself, out of a like respectable error, to contract his larger instincts into those of a dogmatist so prosaical. According to Mr. Bryant, Triton is no better than an old brick building; and Amphitrite herself "another."

"The Hetrurians," says he, "erected on their shores towers and beacons for the sake of their navigation, which they called Tor-ain; whence they had a still farther denomination of Tor-aini (Tyrrheni). Another name for buildings of this nature was Tirit, or Turit; which signified a tower, or turret. The name of Triton is a contraction of Tirit-on, and signifies the tower of the sun; but a deity was framed from it, who was supposed to have had the appearance of a man upwards, but downwards to have been like a fish. The Hetrurians are thought to have been the inventors of trumpets; and in their towers on the sea-coast there were people appointed to be continually on the watch, both by day and by night, and to give a proper signal if anything happened extraordinary. This was done by a blast from the trumpet. In early times, however, these brazen instruments were but little known; and people were obliged to use what were near at hand, the conchs of the sea: by sounding these they gave signals from the tops of the towers when any ship appeared: and this is the implement with which Triton is more commonly furnished. Amphi-tirit is merely an oracular tower, which, by the poets, has been changed into Amphitrite, and made the wife of Neptune."

Don't believe a word of it; or, if you do, admit the possibility of just enough to enable you to admire how the noble imagination of the Greeks restored their rights to the largeness and loudness of nature, and forced this watchman's tower back again into the ocean which it pretended to compete with. What! Was the sea itself nothing? its roaring nothing? its magnitude, and mystery, and eternal motion nothing, that out of all this a Triton and a Neptune could not be framed, without the help of these restorers of Babel?

Bochart, speaking of the river Triton, (and, by the way, he was an eastern scholar, which Bryant was not,) derives the name from the Phœnician word *tarit*. Mr. Bryant brings his Triton from *tirit*. In fact, you may bring anything from anything by the help of etymology; as Goldsmith has shown in his famous derivation of Fohi from Noah; and Horne Tooke, in his no less learned deduction of "pickled cucumber" from "King Jeremiah."† To pretend to come to any certain conclusion in etymology, is to defy time, place, and vicissitude.

* Elton's Hesiod, p. 194.

† Goldsmith's proof is very simple. "Change Fo into No," says he, "and Hi into *Ah*, and there you have it." The pedigree of the cucumber is as follows:— "King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jerkin, *Girkin*, Pickled Cucumber."

Allegorically, Triton is the *noise*, and tumbling, and savageness of the sea; and therefore may well be represented as looking more brutal than human; but the savageness of the sea, taking it in the gross, and not the particular, is a thing genial and good-natured, serving the healthiest purposes of the world; and therefore the same Triton may be represented as abounding in humanity, and appearing in a nobler shape. Be his shape what it may, Venus (universal love) understands his nature; and with the eye of a goddess sees fair play between him and what is beauteous, difference being only a form, and the elements and essences of things being the same throughout the globe, and secretly harmonizing with one another.

(There is a fine blowing wind, while we are writing this, with a deep tone in its cadences, as if Triton were assenting to what we wrote). Boccaccio, in identifying him with the noise of the sea, finely says that he signifies that especial sound of it which announces a more than ordinary swell of the waters, and the approach of his lord and master in his vehemence, "as trumpeters blow their song before the coming of an emperor."*

But allegories are secondary affairs. Triton is a good fellow on his own account, and puts a merriment and visible humanity in the sea, linking us also with things invisible. On this latter account, a living poet, in a fit of tedium with the common-places of the "workiday world," and their habitual disbelief in anything beyond themselves, has expressed a wish to see him. But surely, being the great poet he is, he *has* seen him, often; and need not have desponded for a moment over the common-places of the world, more than over any other parcel of atoms playing their parts in the vicissitudes and progress of all things. "Great God!" he exclaims, (and beautiful is the effusion,)

> "I'd rather be
> A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
>
> *Wordsworth's Sonnets.*

But what is there more marvellous in Triton than in the lea itself? and what glimpses need we desire to reassure us, greater than the stars above our heads, and the wonders in such a man's own brain and bosom? To see these, if we look for them, in a healthy spirit (for the gods, after all, or rather before all, love health and energy, and insist upon them), is to see "the shapes of gods, ascending and descending," and to know them for what they are—no delusions, nor unbeneficent. All that they require is, that we should help the intellectual and moral world to make progress; and as our poet was not doing this at the moment, we suppose that the gods suspended his gift, and would not allow him to see them. And yet, behold! he did so, in the midst of his very disbelief! so unable to get rid of his divinity is a true poet.

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* *Genealogia Deorum,* 1511, p. 55. "Voluere ex illo sono compræhendi futurum maris majorem solito æstum; ut sono illo adventante majori cum impetu dominum suum ostendat Triton; uti et tibycines imperatorum de proximo advenire designant tibiârum cantu."

In playful reverence, not presumptuous scorn
I speak, nor with my own rebuke, but Jove's,
His teacher mid the stars.

Our old friend Sandys, in the delightful notes to his Ovid, quotes an Italian author to show that a Triton was once seen and felt, as you might handle a lobster. "Pliny," says he, "writes how an ambassador was sent on purpose from the Olissiponensi (the Lisbon people) unto Tiberius Cæsar, to tell him of a Triton, seene and heard in a certaine cave, winding a shell, and in such a form as they are commonly painted. But I cannot omit what is written by Alexander ab Alexandro, who lived in the last century, how he heard one Draconet Boniface of Naples, a souldier of much experience, report in an honourable assembly, that in the wars of Spaine he saw a sea-monster with the face and body like a man, but below the belly like a fish, brought thither from the farthest shores of Mauritania. It had an old countenance; the hairs and beard rough and shaggy; blew of colour; and high of stature; with finnes between the arms and the body. These were held for gods of the sea, and propitious to sailors! ignorance producing admiration, and admiration superstition. However, perhaps they erre not, who conceived them to be *onely Divells*, assuming that form, to nourish a false devotion."*

Mr. Wordsworth's wish, in certain "moods of the mind," is natural and touching; but we believers of the Muses' "train" are startled, when a great poet, even for a moment, seems to lose sight of those final wonders, which it is poetry's high philosophic privilege to be for ever aware of. The deities of past ages are alive still, as much as they ought to be; the divinity that inspires their conception is always alive, and he evinces himself in a thousand shapes of hope, love, and imagination; ay, and of the most common-place materiality too, which, to beings who beheld us from afar, would be quite as good proof of the existence of things beautiful and supernatural, as Galatea, with all her nymphs, would be to one of us. Let the reader fancy a world, which had but one-half the lovely things in it which ours possesses, or but imagination enough to conceive them, and then let him fancy what it would think of *us*, and of our right to hope for other things supernatural, and to be full of a noble security against all nullification.

But to return from these speculations, fit as they are for the remoteness and universality of the seas. We have nothing to do here with Nereus, Proteus, and other watery deities, whose form, though they could change it, was entirely human; neither have we any concern with deities in general, however mixed up with animal natures, unless, like the Triton, they have survived to modern fable, and thus remain tangible. Tritons have been seen in plenty in latter times. Ariosto found them on the shores of romance: they figure in the piscatory dialogues of his countrymen; and our own later poets have beheld them by dozens, whenever they went to the sea-coast, just as other men see fishermen and boats. In the pretty drama entitled "Alceo," written by a promising young poet of the name of Ongaro, who died early, and which the Italians call the *Aminta bagnato* (Amyntas in the water), a Triton performs the part of the Satyr in Tasso.

Our great poet of romance makes express mention of a Sea-Satyr.

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* *Sandys's Ovid*, Fol., p. 19.

It is in that "perilous passage" of the last canto of Book the Second, in the perusal of which our imagination becomes as earnest and child-like as the poet's own look of belief. We should lay the whole of it before our readers, had we quoted it twenty times; in the first place, because it contains a list of sea-monsters, and therefore falls in with our subject; and secondly, because we cannot help it. Sir Guyon, with his friend the Palmer, has just passed a dreadful whirlpool:—

"The heedful boatman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd danger does behind remaine.
Suddene they see, from midst of all the maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

The waves came rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet *for exceeding feare;*
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat were much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspécts,
Such as dame Nature's self mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee;
Spring-headed hydres, and SEA-SHOULDERING WHALES,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright scolopendraes, arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty monoceros with *immeasured* tayles:

The dreadful fish, that hath *deserv'd* the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The *griesly wasserman*, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew;
The horrible Sea-Satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffias, whom mariners eschew
No lesse than rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmarines, with visages deforme:

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters, thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enroll'd,
Which seem'd to fly, for feare them to behold;
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreedfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creetures in the seas entràll.

There is little doubt that Spenser got some of these monsters out of the natural history of Gesner, the Buffon of his time; and that in a plate of one of his old folio volumes (now before us) is to be seen the

identical "fearful face" shown by the poet's "horrible sea-satyr" in "time of greatest storme," the one consequently which the poet himself saw. It is a pity we cannot give it here. The commentators should add it to their notes in the next edition.* With most of Spenser's sea monsters we have nothing further to do in this article; but the "sea-satyr" is directly to our purpose; and so is the "griesly wasserman," *i.e.* waterman, or man of the sea,—a very different personage from your "waterman above-bridge."

Gesner's "sea-satyr," or "Pan," is taken from an account given by Battista Fulgoso, who says that, in the time of Pope Eugenius the Fourth, it was taken on the coast of Illyria, while endeavouring to drag a boy away with it to its native element. It had a humanish kind of head and body, with a skin like an eel's, two horns on its forehead, a finger and thumb only on each hand, a couple of webbed feet, a great fish's tail, and *wings like a bat!* Such, at least, is the figure to be collected from the description and plate together.†

Gesner has two whole chapters upon *Wassermen;* that is, Tritons and Men of the Sea: for, "the Germans call all such creatures *wassermen*, or *seemen*.‡ Of these *watermen* and *seemen*, one, of whom an accommodating figure is given, agreeable to his designation (with a caution on the part of the writer against having too much faith in him), is called the *Monk*. The account of it is taken from the work on fishes by Rondelet; who says that the picture was sent him by Margaret, Queen of Navarre. The head is quite human, and has the clerical tonsure! The rest is a compromise between fish-scales and church vestments. This reverend fish was taken in a drag of herrings, and lived only three days; during which it said nothing, "with the exception of uttering certain sighs, indicative of great sorrow and distress."§

Another writer, quoted in the same place, says that the sea-monk is sometimes visible in the British Channel. "He has a white skin on his cranium, with a black circle round it, like a monk newly shaven. He fawns upon people at sea, and entices them into the water, where he satiates himself with their flesh." This species, we suppose, became extinct at the abolition of the monasteries.

But the monk has also a *Bishop*, of whom a figure is likewise given, very episcopal, and as if in the act of giving a charge to his clergy ‖. He has a scaly mitre, a cloak, and an aquiline nose. If the metempsychosis were believed in, it would be difficult not to suppose him an actual bishop, who had been turned into a fish for eating too much turbot. It was caught in 1531, and sent to the King of Poland, to whom it made signs, "apparently indicative of a vehement desire of being returned to the ocean, into which, without further delay, it was accordingly thrown." "I omit other particulars," says Rondelet, "because I hold them to be feigned; for such is the vanity of mankind, that, not content with truths sufficiently marvellous in themselves, they are for

* *Conradi Gesneri Historia Animalium*, p. 1197. Gesner was evidently Milton's as well as Spenser's authority for his animals. In one of his plates (p. 138) is the whale mistaken for an island, which the former speaks of
"With fixed anchor in his scaly rind."

† *Ibid.*
‡ See Upton's note at p. 192 of the fourth vol. of Spenser. Todd's edition.
§ Gesner, p. 521. ‖ *Id.* p. 520.

adding wonders to them of their own invention. As to the likeness of the monster, I give it as I received it, neither affirming nor denying the truth thereof."

In Bochart's "Hierozoicon" is a very curious and learned chapter on fabulous animals, in which he gives us a variety of those of the sea from Arabian authors. They remind us of eastern tales and of Sindbad. Not that Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea (that admirable fiction, full of verisimilitude) has anything of the sea in him but his name, and his living on the sea-shore; but the wonders are of the same wild and remote cast, linking the extremity of the marvellous with a look of nature and an appeal to our sympathies.

The first is named *Abu-Muzaina*, that is, says Bochart, "*Pater decoræ* (the Father of the seemly). Gentlemen of this species have the form of the sons of Eve, with glutinous skins, and are very well made. They weep and wail when they fall into human hands. They come out of the sea to walk about, and are then taken by hunters, who are so touched by their weeping as to dismiss them unhurt*.

The next is the *Old Jew*, who has a face like a man, a grey beard, a body like a frog's, hair like an ox, and is of the size of a calf. He comes out of the sea on Sabbath nights and walks about till next evening, when he leaps, frog-like, into the sea.

Then comes a proper "Wasserman" by name, the *Homo Aquaticus*, or *Man of the Water;* called likewise *Old Man of the Sea*, from his grey beard. He is just like a man, only he has a tail. His appearance presages great lowness in the price of crops. A king of Damascus married one of them to a female of the country, in order that he might learn what language he spoke, from their offspring! The result was a son, and one remark on the part of the old gentleman, expressing an unaccountable amazement.

Lastly cometh one *Duhlak* (the name is not interpreted), who haunts islands, riding upon an ostrich, and eating people that are shipwrecked. Some say that he will board ships, have a fight with the crew, and cry aloud "with a voice of boasting." Bochart is of opinion that this "voice of boasting" should rather be translated "glad and agreeable voice;" for, says he, the sirens are the creatures intended, who had maidens' faces, were birds in the lower parts of their bodies, and eat human flesh. But for a reason to be noticed presently, this decision appears to be a mistake.

"In these Arabian stories," says our good old author, "there may be some truth; for it has been proved that there are creatures in the sea, possessing, or nearly possessing, the human form. You may read of some that have endeavoured to get into ships by the cables; of others who come upon land to walk about, and who strike fire in the night-time with flints; and of others who behave very ill to women, unless you are quick to prevent them. Some have been taken and lived a long time in human society,—among others, a female one in Pomerania, of the name of Eda, very lively and amorous. And Gassendi, in his life of Peiresc, describes one that had been seen, not long before, on the coast of Brittany. Ancient as well as modern history bears witness that such creatures have been found on the surface as well as in the depth of the

* Bochart, Opera Omnia, fol. vol. ii., part 2, p. 858.

ocean. Hence the origin of Tritons and Nereids. *I regard, however, as plainly fabulous* what is said of their being gifted with speech, and the Arabian stories of *a species which keep the Sabbath;* though a writer of a former age, Lodovicus Vives, who was not at all given to trifling, confidently asserts that they have spoken, and thence concludes that the sea contains a generation of real men. 'There are men,' says he, 'in the sea, as there are on the land;—Pliny tells us so;—entire men;—and I have no doubt of it. One was taken twelve years ago in Holland, and seen by many. He was kept above two years, and was just *beginning to speak,* when being seized a second time with the plague, he was restored to his native element, into which he went *leaping and rejoicing.* But we are to conclude that this marine species of man originated with the land species.' "*

In the "Persian Tales," a genuine oriental production, is a story of a manifest species of *Duhlak,* or ship-invading and boasting man of the sea, which corroborates what appeared to Bochart a misinterpretation of the "voice" above-mentioned. It is drawn in apparent emulation of Sindbad's old man, to which it is very inferior, especially in the conclusion; yet the dramatic surprise of his behaviour after he gets on board the vessel is startling; and though his boasting is overdone, and made of too "knowing" and human a cast, yet when we see that this attribute of bullying was part of the popular faith in such beings, the narrative acquires additional interest, and has a diminished look of impossibility. His impatient stamping, the impenetrability of his skin, and his sticking his claws into the vessel when they tried to throw him overboard, are also striking circumstances. His face is described a good deal after the fashion of the ancient Triton. We shall commence the narrative with a few of those introductory details, *à la Defoe,* which give such a look of nature to these "monstrous lies." The person speaking is "Aboulfaouris, the Great Voyager," whose name one repeats with involuntary respect, for his great beard and truly prodigious experience.

"Having sailed," says this illustrious personage, "almost round the isle of Serendib, we entered the gulf of Bengal, which is the greatest gulf in Asia, at the lower end of which are the kingdoms of Bengal and Golconda. Just as we entered it there rose a violent storm of wind, the like of which had never been seen in those seas. We wanted a south wind, and this was a north-west, quite contrary to our course for Golconda. We lowered our sails, and the seamen did all they could to save the ship, which they were at last forced to let drive at the mercy of the wind and waves. The storm lasted fifteen days, and blew so furiously that we were in that time driven six hundred leagues out of our way. We left the long isles of Sumatra and Java to our larboard, and the ship drove to the strait of the Moluccas, south of the Philippines, into a sea unknown to our mariners. The wind changed at last and turned to an easterly wind; it blew pretty gently, and great was the joy of the ship's company. But their joy did not last long; 'twas disturbed by an adventure which you will hardly believe, it being so very extraordinary. We were beginning merrily to resume our course, and were got to the east point of the island of Java, when, not far off, we spied a man quite naked, struggling with the waves, and in danger of being

* Bochart. Opera Omnia, fol., vol. ii., part 2. p. 860.

swallowed up; he held fast by a plank that kept him up, and made a signal to us to come to his assistance. We sent our boat to him out of compassion, and found, by experience, that if pity be a laudable passion, it must be owned that it is also sometimes very dangerous. The seamen took up the man, and brought him aboard: he looked to be about forty years old, was of a monstrous shape, had a great head, and short, thick, bristly hair. His mouth was excessively wide, his teeth long and sharp, his arms nervous, his hands large, with a long crooked nail on each finger. His eyes, which are not to be forgotten, were like those of a tiger; his nose was flat, and his nostrils wide. We did not at all like his physiognomy; and his mien was such that it soon changed our pity into terror.

"When this man, such as I have described him, appeared before Dehaousch, our master, he thus addressed him:—'My lord, I owe my life to you; I was at the point of destruction when you came to my assistance.' 'Indeed,' replied Dehaousch, 'it would not have been long ere you had gone to the bottom, had you not had the good fortune to have met with us.' 'I am not afraid of the sea,' replied the man, smiling; 'I could have lived whole years in the water without any inconvenience; what tormented me much more is hunger, which has devoured me these twelve hours, for so long it is since I ate anything, and that is a very long while for a man who has so good a stomach as I have. Therefore pray let me have something as soon as possible to repair my spirits almost spent with such a fasting as I have been forced to keep. You need not look for niceties; I am not squeamish; I can eat anything.'

"We looked at one another, very much surprised at his discourse, and doubted not that the peril he had been in had cracked his brain. Our master was of the same mind; and imagining he might want something to eat, he ordered meat enough for six hungry stomachs to be set before him, and clothes to be brought him for his covering. 'As for the clothes,' says the stranger, 'I shall not meddle with them; I always go naked.' 'But,' replied Dehaousch, 'decency will not permit that you should stay with us in that condition.' The man took him up short—'Oh!' says he, 'you will have time enough to accustom yourself to it.'

"This brutal answer confirmed us in the opinion that he had lost his senses. Being sharp-set, he was very impatient that he was not served to his mind. He stamped with his foot upon the deck, ground his teeth, and rolled his eyes so ghastly, that he looked both furious and menacing. At last what he wanted appeared; he fell upon it with a greediness that surprised us; and though there was certainly sufficient for any other six men, he dispatched it in a moment.

"When we had cleared the table which had been spread for him, he, with an air of authority, bade us bring him some more victuals. Dehaousch, being resolved to try how much this devouring monster could really swallow, ordered he should be obeyed. The table was spread as before, and as much victuals again set before him; but this second service lasted him no longer than the first—it was gone in a moment. We thought, however, he would stop there; but we were mistaken; he demanded more meat still. Upon which one of the slaves aboard the ship, going up to this brute, was about to chastise him for his insolence, which the other observing prevented, and laying his two paws upon his

shoulders, fixing his nails in his flesh, and tearing him to pieces. In an instant fifty sabres were drawn to revenge this dreadful murder; every one pressed forward to strike him, and chastise his insolence; but they very soon found to their terror that the skin of their enemy was as impenetrable as adamant; their sabres broke, and their edges turned without so much as raising the skin. Though he received no hurt by their blows, they did not strike him with impunity; he took one of the most forward of his assailants, and with amazing strength tore him to pieces before our eyes.

"When we found our sabres were useless, and that we could not wound him, we threw ourselves upon him to endeavour to fling him into the sea; but we could not stir him. Besides his huge limbs and prodigious nerve, he stuck his crooked nails in the timber of the deck, and stood as immoveable as a rock in the midst of the waves. He was so far from being afraid of us, that he said, with a sullen smile, 'You have taken the wrong course, friends; you will fare much better by obeying me; I have tamed more indocile people than you. I declare if you continue to oppose my will, I will serve you all as your two companions have been served.'

"These words made our blood freeze in our veins. We a third time set a large quantity of provisions before him; he fell aboard it, and one would have thought by his eating that his stomach rather increased than diminished. When he saw we were determined to submit, he grew good-humoured. He said he was sorry we had forced him to do what he did, and kindly assured us he loved us on account of the service we had done him in taking him out of the sea, where he should have been starved if he had stayed there a few hours longer without succour; that he wished, for our sakes, he could meet with some other vessel laden with good provisions, because he would throw himself aboard it and leave us in quiet. He talked thus while he was eating, and laughed and bantered like other men; and we should have thought him diverting enough had we been in a disposition to relish his pleasantry. At the fourth service he gave over, and was two hours without eating anything at all. During this excess of sobriety he was very familiar in his discourse; he asked us one after another what country we were of, what were our customs, and what had been our adventures. We were in hopes that the fumes of his victuals he had eaten would have got up in his head and made him drowsy; we impatiently expected that sleep would seize him, and were resolved to take him napping, and fling him into the sea before he had time to look about him. This hope of ours was our only resource; for though we had great store of provisions aboard, yet, after his rate of eating, he would have devoured them all in a very little while. But, alas! in vain did we flatter ourselves with these false hopes. The cruel wretch, guessing our design, told us he never slept; that the great quantity of victuals he ate repaired the wearisomeness of nature, and supplied the want of sleep.

"To our grief we found what he said was true; we told him long and tedious stories on purpose to lull him asleep, but the monster never shut his eyes. He then deplored our misfortune, and our master despaired of ever seeing Golconda again; when on a sudden a cloud gathered over our heads. We thought at first it was a storm which was gathering,

and we rejoiced at it; for there was more hope of our safety in a tempest than in the state we were in. Our ship might be driven ashore on some island; we might save ourselves by swimming; and by this means be delivered from this monster, who doubtless intended to devour us when he had eaten up all our provisions. We wished, therefore, that a violent storm would overtake us: and, what perhaps never happened before, we prayed to Heaven to be drowned. However we were deceived; what we took for a cloud was the greatest rokh that was ever seen in those seas. The monstrous bird darted himself on our enemy, who was in the middle of our ship's company; and mistrusting nothing, had no time to guard himself against such an attack: the rokh seized him by his claws, and flew up into the air with his prey, before we were aware of it.

"We then were witnesses of a very extraordinary combat. The man recollecting himself, and finding he was hoisted up in the air between the talons of a winged monster, whose strength he made trial of, resolved to defend himself. He struck his crooked nails into the body of the rokh, and setting his teeth to his stomach, began to devour him, flesh, feathers, and all. The bird made the air resound with his cries, so piercing was his pain; and to be revenged tore out his enemy's eyes with his claws. The man, blind as he was, did not give over. He ate the heart of the rokh, who, re-collecting all his force at the last gasp, struck his beak so forcibly into his enemy's head, that they both fell dead into the sea, not many paces from our ship's side*."

In the "Arabian Nights" is an account of a nation who live under the sea, but they differ in nothing from men, except in their power of so doing, and coming to and fro with dry clothes, "as if nothing had happened;" all which is not in the usual fine taste of that work†.

Of men of the sea, in their connexion with the more shadowy nation of the Faeries, we have treated elsewhere, in a separate article on that people, and therefore say nothing of them here; and what we might have had to say on Mermen has been anticipated, as far as the genus are concerned, in the paper on "Sirens and Mermaids;" but as we extracted into that paper Mr. Tennyson's poem on the female of this genus, we cannot but indulge ourselves here with giving his companion-piece.

THE MERMAN.

Who would be
A Merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?
I would be a merman bold.
I would sit and sing the whole of the day:
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;

* Persian Tales; or, the Thousand and One Days. Ed. 1800, vol. ii., p. 133.
† See the story of Prince Beder and the Princess Giauhâra.

And, holding them back by their flowing locks,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again, until they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly.
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale-green sea-groves, straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,—
Call to each other, and whoop and cry
All night merrily, merrily.
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night merrily, merrily.
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis, and agate, and almondine
Then leaping out upon them unseen,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again, until they kiss'd me,
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine,
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea:
We would live merrily, merrily.

The most charming story connected with beings of the sea is that of Acis and Galatea; the most wildly touching, that of the *Neck*, or Scandinavian Water-Spirit, who wept when he was told he would not be "saved" (related in the fairy article above-mentioned); the sublimest is the famous one of the Voice which announced the death of the "Great Pan." Plutarch relates it, in his essay on the "Cessation of Oracles," upon the authority of one Philippus, who said he had it from the hearer's own son, and who was corroborated in his report by several persons present. The original narrator alluded to gave the account as follows.* He said that, during a voyage to Italy, the wind fell in the night-time, as they were nearing the Echinades; and that, while almost all the people on board were on the watch, a great voice was heard from the island of Paxos, calling upon one of them of the name of Thamnus; which voice, for the novelty of the thing, excited them all to great astonishment. This Thamnus was an Egyptian, and master of the vessel. He was twice called, and gave no answer. He was called a third time, and then he acknowledged the call; upon which the Voice, with much greater loudness than before, cried out, "When you come to the Marsh, announce that the Great Pan is dead,"—a command which struck all the listeners with terror. Accordingly, when they arrived off the Marsh, Thamnus, looking out from his rudder towards the land, cried, with a loud voice, "The Great Pan is dead;" upon which there was suddenly heard a mighty groaning, as of many voices—"yea, of voices innumerable, all wonderfully mixed up together." And because there were many people in that ship, as soon as they came to Rome the

* We quote from *Gesner*, as above, p. 1198.

rumour was spread through the whole city, and the Emperor Tiberius sent for Thamnus, and was so struck with his relation, that he applied to the philosophers to know what Pan it could be; and the conjecture was that it must be the Pan who was the son of Mercury and Penelope.

The announcement of the death of Pan was awkward; for Pan signifies *all*, and was the most universal of the gods; but luckily, by the help of the Platonists and others, every god was surrounded with minor intelligences of the same name, after the fashion of a Scottish clan; so that the philosophers found a god convenient for the occasion in this particular Pan, the offspring of Mercury and Penelope. It has been supposed that the story was a trick to frighten the vicious and superstitious Emperor, which is not very likely. There is no authority, beyond Plutarch's report, who lived long after, and was very credulous, for the story itself; and if a voice was actually heard, it does not follow that it said those exact words, or that the subsequent delivery of the message produced anything more than a fancied acknowledgment. A sceptic at court might have resolved it into some common message, perhaps a watch-word: perhaps some smugglers meant to tell their correspondent that "*all* was up with them!" Joking and scepticism apart, however, the story is a fine one; so much so, that it is surprising Milton did not make a more particular allusion to it in his noble juvenile ode on the "Nativity," where he speaks of the voices heard at the cessation of the oracles:—

> "The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament."

A SCENE FROM THE DESERT.

'Tis o'er, and away to the deserts wide the Arabs fly away,
Whilst the blood of their thousand brothers dyed the battle-field that day.
And each plies well the gallant steed that bears him from the foe,
As back, with the rush of the whirlwind's speed, to their homes in the wilds they go.

I marked them well as they passed me by, those warriors fierce and free;
And flash'd each eye, as they heard on high, the foeman's shout of 'victory!'
And some there were who turn'd them round, and laughed, as the well-sped dart
From their own good bow a dark rest found in the fleet pursuer's heart.

But who is he, when the rest have pass'd, that comes from the field afar?
Of all that reckless band the last—'tis he, their chief Zamar—
That stern old man, I know him well by his war-cry loud and clear,
And the blood-red hand that ever fell to slaughter, not to spare,—

No, not worse to the traveller's sight is the withering dread simoom,
Than his voice to the foe when he shouts "to fight," and the wave of his snow-white plume;
Though his hairs are gray, and though age may dim the lightning on his brow,
Yet live there few who will cope with him in the strife of death, e'en now.

Away! but, ah! why pauses he to gaze upon the slain?
Or why, upon his bended knee, now sinks he on the plain?
A slaughtered chief lies weltering there, with dead on either hand:
Away, Zamar, they do not wear the turban of thy band.

Beside a heap of those who died an Arab lay alone;
The father knew his bosom's pride, "his beautiful, his own."—
A sabre's hilt he grasped in death—the hilt, but not the rest—
The blade had found a bloody sheath within a foeman's breast.

No lowering frown profaned his brow, but all was tranquil there—
So calm, I almost questioned how could death such beauty wear;
And, as he lay, a smile as yet upon his features played,
As though he laughed to see the debt of vengeance richly paid.

He gazed upon him steadfastly—the father on his child—
No womanish tear bedimmed his eye, but marked you not that wild
Convulsive throb of agony—of deep, heart-crushing pain?
Through life I would not wish to see the like on man again.

And once he raised his hands on high—methought it was in prayer;
But, ah! that vengeance-flashing eye! no suppliant heart is there.
And then he wiped his burning brow, where fast the blood-drops came:
Oh, God! the grief that thus could bow that old man's iron frame!

That morning, with a father's pride, he had gazed upon his "brave,"
As he saw him stem the battle's tide, as a rock the ocean's wave;
But, ah! at eve 'twas maddening, to see him as he lay
A soulless, lifeless, abject thing—a rotting mass of clay.

And fast and fleet the foe came on,—he marked not, recked not, how—
Through life the warrior loved but *one*—he lay before him now;
They came, as hunters press around the wild beast in his lair;
But of the band not one is found that chieftain's might to dare.

"Enough"—as sternly now he cast his eye on every side—
"Enough to grief, the worst is passed—I live to revenge!" he cried.
One bound, he gains his Arab steed—another, and hurra!
He's off from the foe with the lightning's speed, to the desert, away, away!

O. D. C.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY NO. III.

"A wilderness of Monkeys."—*Merchant of Venice.*

Mazurier, it is said, after a long and patient attendance upon the monkeys domiciled in the *Jardin du Roi*, sowed up in skins, and with a face painted and made up in a concatenation accordingly, raised at last the benevolence of a tender-hearted one to such a pitch that it offered him a bit of the apple it was eating, and drew from him that rapturous exclamation, pregnant with the consciousness of his apparent identity with the monkey-character—"Enfin! enfin, je suis singe!"

Poor Mazurier! when he died, *Polichinelle* was shipwrecked indeed. We can see him now gaily advancing, as if Prometheus had just touched the wood with his torch, in a brilliant cocked hat of gilt and silvered pasteboard, with rosettes to match, gallantly put on athwart ships; that very pasteboard, so dear to recollection as having glittered before our delighted eyes when old nurse unfolded the familiar little books of lang-syne—books which in these philosophical days are shorn of their beams; for "Cock-Robin," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack and his Bean-stalk," "The Children in the Wood," "The Seven Champions," "Valentine and Orson," with the other dearly-beloved legends of our childhood, when permitted to enter the nursery, are more soberly clad: their splendid and many-coloured attractive coats have almost entirely disappeared.

Mazurier was the personification of that invincible Prince of Roués, Punch; but if the comic strength of this elastic, this Indian-rubber man lay in Polichinelle, it was in "The Ape of Brazil" that his tragic power lay—and that power, absurd as it may seem to those who never beheld it, was great. There was but one blot in his inimitable performance. It was perfect as a piece of acting—if that may be called acting which, like Morris Barnett's Monsieur Jacques, is nature itself; but, alas! Mazurier had dressed the character without a tail. The melodrama was admirably got up; but there, to the great distress of zoologists, was the tailless quadrumane in the midst of Brazilian scenery, where no traveller—and travellers are proverbial for seeing strange things—has ever ventured to say that he saw a monkey without that dignifying appendage. How true is it that wisdom—such wisdom as it is—brings sorrow; all the rest of the world were in ecstacies; the zoologists shook their heads, and the scene ceased to affect them.

Be it remembered henceforth by the getters-up of monkey-melodramas that all the monkeys of the New World yet discovered rejoice in tails; the anthropöid apes of the Old World have none.

But, tailed or tailless, this amusing order of mammiferous animals has always been, and ever will be, regarded by the million with feelings of mingled interest and disgust. Every one is irresistibly attracted by the appearance and tricks of a monkey—very few leave the scene without something like mortified pride at the caricature held up to them. The zoologist regards the family with an interest proportioned to their approximation to man; but he knows that their apparent similarity to

the human form vanishes before anatomical investigation; and that, although there may be some points of resemblance, the distance between the bimanous and the quadrumanous types, notwithstanding all the ingenious arguments of those philosophers who support the theory of a gradual development from a monad to man, is great and impassable.

We would treat with respect such names as Lamarck, Bory de Saint Vincent—ay, and others, even unto Monboddo, though the announcement of the last will hardly be received by any naturalist with gravity; but we must beg leave to differ from them *toto cœlo.* Leaving the tail out of the question, there is no doubt that the number and quality of the teeth in some species are identical with the formula belonging to the human subject; and there may be as little, that the peasants of the Landes of Aquitaine, who gain their living by climbing for the resin of the *Pinus Maritima*, have acquired a power of opposing, in a certain degree, the great toe to the others; but these facts are, after all, but traps for the unwary, as those who wish to be informed on the subject will see by turning to Mr. Owen's paper on the Osteology of the Chimpanzee and Orang Utan*.

A modern zoologist † has, not inaptly, applied the term *Cheiropeds* or hand-footed animals to this group; and, indeed, strictly speaking, they can hardly be called quadrumanous or four-handed. Their extremities, admirably fitted for grasping and climbing, as far as their arboreal habits require those actions, fall short—how very far short!—of that wonderful instrument which surrounds a being born one of the most helpless of all creatures, with necessaries, comforts, and luxuries, and enables him to embody his imaginings in works almost divine. We look in vain among the most perfectly-formed of the anthropöid apes for the well-developed opposable thumb of the human hand—that great boon, the ready agent of man's will, by means of which he holds "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

The hands of the monkeys are at best but "half made up," and they are generally more or less well fashioned in proportion to the greater or less prehensile development of the tail. The habits of the race, as we have already hinted, are arboreal, and their favourite haunts are the recesses of those tropical forests where they can either sport in the sunbeams on the topmost boughs, or shelter themselves from its scorching rays under the impervious canopy of a luxuriant vegetation. When their privacy is invaded by man, a restless and constantly recurring curiosity seems to be their prevailing feeling at first, and at last the intruders are frequently pelted with stones, sticks, and fruits heavy and hard, more especially if they make any demonstration of hostility.

Robert Lade thus speaks of their behaviour when he went to hunt some of them near the Cape:—

"I can neither describe all the arts practised by these animals, nor the nimbleness and impudence with which they returned after being pursued by us. Sometimes they allowed us to approach so near them, that I was almost certain of seizing them; but when I made the attempt, they sprung, at a single leap, ten paces from me, and mounted

* Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, vol. i. p. 343.

† Mr. Ogilby.

trees with equal agility, from which they looked with great indifference, and seemed to derive pleasure from our astonishment. Some of them were so large, that if our interpreter had not assured us that they were neither ferocious nor dangerous, our number would not have appeared to be sufficient to protect us from their attacks. As it would serve no purpose to kill them, we did not use our guns" (we respect the good feeling of honest Robert and his companions); "but the captain happened to aim at a very large one which sat on the top of a tree, after having fatigued us a long time in pursuing him. This kind of menace, however, of which the animal perhaps recollected his having sometimes seen the consequences, terrified him to such a degree, that he fell down motionless at our feet, and we had no difficulty in seizing him. But whenever he recovered from his stupor it required all our dexterity and efforts to keep him. We tied his paws together; but he bit so furiously that we were under the necessity of covering his head with our handkerchiefs."

Indeed, those who have only seen these agile creatures in menageries or in a reclaimed state can have no idea of the wild activity of the tribe in their native woods. Swinging and leaping from tree to tree, ever on the hunt for fruits and birds' nests—they are most unconscionable plunderers of eggs—they lead a merry life, which is, however, often cut short by those mighty snakes that frequently lie in ambush near their careless, unsuspecting prey. These serpents are the greatest enemies of the monkeys, with the exception of the common persecutor—man. He, indeed, is sometimes touched by compunctious visitings, when it is too late.

"Seeing me," says a South American traveller, speaking of a monkey, "nearly on the bank of the river in a canoe, the creature made a halt from skipping after his companions, and, being perched on a branch that hung over the water, examined me with attention and the strongest marks of curiosity, no doubt taking me for a giant of his own species, while he chattered prodigiously, and kept dancing and shaking the bough on which he rested with incredible strength and agility. At this time I laid my piece to my shoulder, and brought him down from the tree into the stream; but may I never again be witness to such a scene! The miserable animal was not dead, but mortally wounded. I seized him by the tail, and taking him in both my hands to end his torment, swung him round and hit his head against the side of the canoe; but the poor creature still continuing alive, and looking at me in the most affecting manner that can be conceived, I knew no other means of ending his murder than to hold him under the water till he was drowned, while my heart sickened on his account, for his dying little eyes still continued to follow me with seeming reproach, till their light gradually forsook them, and the wretched animal expired. I felt so much on this occasion that I could neither taste of him nor his companions when they were dressed, though I saw that they afforded to some others a delicious repast."

The repentant writer and his party were driven to the commission of the act for want of fresh provisions; and many of the family are considered most excellent eating—by those who can get over the appearance of the animal and of its bones when cooked. There are not many, however, who can sit down to a dish of monkeys without feeling that it is rather a cannibalish proceeding.

It will be obvious, when the leafy home of this restless race is considered, that it is of the utmost consequence that the infant-monkey should be protected as much as possible from a fall. Accordingly, the prevailing instinct of a young one is, in sailor's language, to hold on. It clings to its mother with the greatest tenacity; and, to enable it to do this, considerable strength is thrown into the extremities, the anterior limbs especially.

Le Vaillant, in his introduction to his first voyage, gives the following curious instance of the exhibition of this instinct under extraordinary circumstances. When living in Dutch Guiana at Paramaribo, where he was born, and where he had already, though very young, formed a collection of insects, the future traveller and his party in one of their excursions had killed a female monkey :—

"As she carried on her back a young one, which had not been wounded, we took them both along with us; and when we returned to the plantation, my ape had not quitted the shoulders of its mother. It clung so closely to them, that I was obliged to have the assistance of a negro to disengage them; but scarcely was it separated from her, when, like a bird, it darted upon a wooden block that stood near covered with my father's peruke, which it embraced with its four paws, nor could it be compelled to quit its position. Deceived by its instinct, it still imagined itself to be on the back of its mother, and under her protection. As it seemed perfectly at ease on the peruke, I resolved to suffer it to remain, and to feed it there with goat's milk. It continued in its error for three weeks, but after that period, emancipating itself from its own authority, it quitted the fostering peruke, and by its amusing tricks became the friend and the favourite of the whole family."

Though it is difficult to suppress a smile at the idea of a monkey clinging to a full-bottom on a wig-block and fancying it its mamma, the story, as it begins mournfully with the slaughter of the poor mother, ends tragically for her unhappy offspring: it died a terrible death,—the result, indeed, of its own mischievous voracity, but in agonies frightful to think of:—

"I had, however," continues Le Vaillant, "without suspecting it, introduced the wolf among my flocks. One morning, on entering my chamber, the door of which I had been so imprudent as to leave open, I beheld my unworthy pupil making a hearty breakfast on my noble collection. In the first transports of my passion I resolved to strangle it in my arms; but rage and fury soon gave place to pity, when I perceived that its voraciousness had exposed it to the most cruel punishment. In eating the beetles it had swallowed some of the pins on which they were fixed, and though it made a thousand efforts to throw them up, all its exertions were in vain. The torture which it suffered made me forget the devastation it had occasioned; I thought only of affording it relief: but neither my tears, nor all the art of my father's slaves, whom I called from all quarters with loud cries, were able to preserve its life."

To return to the instinct exemplified in the first part of this melancholy tale; we remember to have seen a female monkey and her young one in the cage of a menagerie—and a small cage, too. In this case the instinct,—and it was a good example of the wide difference between that quality and reason,—both on the part of the mother and her off-

spring, was just as strong as it could have been in their native forests. The young one clung as tightly, and the mother showed as much anxiety lest it should be dashed to pieces by a fall whilst she was sitting at the bottom of her cage, which rested on the ground, as if she had been swinging with the breeze "upon the tree top."

The form of the skull in some species approaches to that of man, and the theory of the facial angle adopted by Cuvier and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a theory founded on the application of Camper's rule for ascertaining the degree of intelligence and beautiful expression of the human face divine, would at first lead us to conclude that the family which is the subject of our inquiry stood high in the intellectual scale. But, if the facial angle in the young anthropöid apes is equal to 65°, in age that angle frequently sinks below 30°; and, indeed, we shall find that the docility and apparent intelligence which are so strongly marked in the Chimpanzee and Orang, and which have given rise to such exaggerated ideas of their intellect, have been always observed in youthful animals; while untameable ferocity and brutality,—in short, the very reverse of the amiable and interesting qualities which have been so much dwelt on,—have been uniformly the concomitants of age. The old anthropöid apes have "foreheads villanous low."

Accordingly, though there may be exceptions to the general rule—and that there are we shall show—the stories told of our friends, whether by ancients or moderns, are hardly ever in their favour. There may be a certain degree of cunning, and even of accomplishment, in the monkey of whom the tale is told; but, in nine cases out of ten, the laugh is either at his expense, or he is only saved from ridicule by some horrible catastrophe. From the earliest ages down to the time of that wanchancy creature Major Weir, Sir Robert Redgauntlet's great ill-favoured jackanape, the whole tribe have been regarded as unlucky meddling beings: the Major came to an untimely end as every one knows, and where he went, or, at least, was expected, after the breath was out of his body, is pretty plain.

Either, like Ælian's ape, the mimic, in its zeal for imitation, makes the trifling mistake of plunging a child into boiling water instead of cold, or it is taken by the hunter's stratagem of washing his face in its presence, and then leaving, by way of a lotion for the poor animal that has been watching his motions, some of the best bird-lime, with which it belutes its eyes till they are sealed up; or a parcel of shell-snails are placed round it, in the midst of which it sits like a fool, not daring to stir for fear.

The same Ælian, indeed, and others, tell us of the ape that was a most skilful charioteer; of the adriotness of another in escaping from cats, when hunted by them on trees in Egypt, by running to the extremity of a bough too slender to bear the cats, and so, taking advantage of its bending, reaching the ground in safety, leaving the cats *plantés là*, clutching and clinging on as they best might to save themselves from the shock of the recoil; of that renowned and all-accomplished animal, to come to more modern times, the *Prægrandem simiam*, which Paræus saw in *ædibus Ducis Somei*, and which so excelled in many arts, that it was named *Magister Factotum*, but not till after the poor beast's hands had been cut off to keep it out of mischief,—to say nothing of the celebrated *coup*, dear to diplomatists, of the *cat's paw*. Some of

our readers, by the way, may not know that this scene which Edwin Landseer has so admirably represented—painted, we would have said, but painting it may not be called, for the coals are live coals, and the yelling cat is held by the imperturbable monkey to a fire that makes one hot to look at it—that this event, so familiar to every schoolboy, is recorded as having actually taken place in the hall of Pope Julius the Second.

But what are these to the clouds of unfortunate adventurers. An ape may generally be considered to be well off if he only loses an eye, like the Cheiroped king's son in the Arabian story, by magical fire.

It appears that Captain Basil Hall and other gallant captains in his Majesty's royal navy, are not the first who have thought of amusing their ship's company and keeping them in good-humour by adding one of these lively shipmates to their mess; for it was the custom of the ancient mariners to take Melitean dogs or apes with them in *longæ navigationis solamen*, as a solace during the tedious voyage. Well, so it was that "there was a ship" with one of these *solamina* on board,—

> "Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
> As she were dancing home."

When suddenly—take any storm, that in the first book of the "Æneid" will do, or Coleridge's, which is more germane to the matter—

> "In sight of the land
> Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand,
> It bulged on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast."

In plain prose, the crew were all set a swimming, and the monkey struck out manfully among the rest. Now this shipwreck happened off an Attic promontory, and you, reader, who have in your mind's eye Pliny's pretty tale of the dolphin and the youth, know how affectionately disposed were the dolphins of the olden time to men, whether they were Arions or not. On this occasion a whole humane society of dolphins rushed to the rescue, and one of them spying our half-drowned *solamen*, made up to him, and took him reverently on his back, never doubting in the hurry of his benevolence the humanity of the *flotsam*.

Whether, after the first burst of feeling, the dolphin perceived the monkey's tail, or began to discover that he was the lightest weight of a shipwrecked seaman that had ever bestridden him, does not appear; but as the benevolent cetacean made lustily for the Athenian shore, he begged to know of his rider "whether he was a native of Athens?"

"O yes," answered the monkey; "and of a celebrated family."

Still the honest dolphin—

> "Who never in that sort
> Had handled been before,
> What thing upon his back had got,
> Did wonder more and more."

He was puzzled. His misgivings returned with double force.

At last he quietly, and in his best manner, said to the monkey, "Pray, do you know Piræus?"

"Know him!" exclaimed the monkey; "know him, indeed! why, he 's a particular friend of mine!"

This was too much for the dolphin: down he dived, making a *jetsam* of the luckless impostor, and leaving him to find a friend in the port if he could.

It is but fair to add a legend evidently intended to convey an impression of the sapience of our friends; not that we are going to enter into the controversy as to whether the Prince of Darkness chose the similitude of an ape as the most appropriate for the temptation of our common mother Eve; we leave that to the initiated: our tale is much more humble in its pretensions.

In "A New History of Ethiopia, being a full and accurate description of the kingdom of Abessinia, vulgarly, though erroneously, called the Empire of Prester John, by the learned Job Ludolphus, author of the Ethiopic Lexicon Made English by I. P. Gent," (folio, 1682,) there is a grand engraving of apes with this superscription:—

"1. Scrambling about the mountains.

"2. Removeing great huge stones to come at the wormes.

"3. Sitting upon ant-hills and devouring the little creatures.

"4. Throwing sand or dust in the eyes of wild beast that come to sett upon them."

The whole being illustrative of the following edifying piece of information:—

"Of apes there are infinite flocks up and down in the mountains themselves, a thousand and more together: there they leave no stone unturned. If they meet with one that two or three cannot lift, they call for more, and all for the sake of the wormes that lye under; a sort of dyet which they relish exceedingly. They are very greedy after emmets. So that having found an emmet-hill, they presently surround it, and laying their fore-paws with the hollow downward upon the ant-heap, as fast as the emmets creep into their trecherous palmes they lick 'em off with great comfort to their stomachs: and there they will lye till there is not an emmet left. They are also pernicious to fruit and apples, and will destroy whole fields and gardens, unless they be carefully looked after. For they are very cunning, and will never venture in till the return of their spies, which they send always before; who giving information that all things are safe, in they rush with their whole body, and make a quick dispatch. Therefore they go very quiet and silent to their prey; and if their young ones chance to make a noise they chastise them with their fists, but if they find the coast clear, then every one hath a different noise to express his joy. Nor could there be any way to hinder them from further multiplying, but that they fall sometimes into the ruder hands of the wild beasts, which they have no way to avoid, but by a timely flight or creeping into the clefts of the rocks. If they find no safety in flight, they make a virtue of necessity, stand their ground, and filling their paws full of dust or sand, fling it full in the eyes of their assailant, and then to their heels again."

A collection of stories, printed by John Rastell considerably more than a century before the date of the work last quoted, and not long ago discovered by the late lamented Rev. I. I. Conybeare, next attracts our notice. It is no other than "The Hundred Merry Tales," the opprobrium of Benedick, or as it is imprinted "A. C. Mery Talys." This curious and important addition to the stock of Shaksperiana had, as it is stated in the advertisement of the private reprint (Chiswick, 1815,) been converted into the pasteboard which formed the covers of an old book. As far as the wit is concerned generally, we do not wonder at Benedick's wincing under Beatrice's imputation that he got his

wit out of it. But though there is much matter of fact, there are many queer tales, some of which have passed for new,—"Old Simon," for instance,—in the book. One of them, the forty-sixth tale, is instructive, inasmuch as it shows what chief-justices were in those days.

The story is headed "Of the Welcheman that delyuered the letter to the ape."

The first lines are wanting, but there is enough to make it appear that a master sends his Welsh retainer with a letter to the Chief Justice in order to obtain favour for a criminal who had been in the writer's service, with directions to the said Welshman to return with an answer. The tale then proceeds thus:—

"This Welcheman came to the Chefe Justyce place, and at the gate saw an ape syttynge there in a cote made for hym, as they use to apparell apes for disporte. This Welcheman dyd of his cappe and made curtsye to the ape, and sayd—'My mayster recommendeth hym to my lorde youre father, and sendeth him here a letter.' This ape toke this letter and opened it, and lokyd thereon, and after lokyd vpon the man, makynge many mockes and moyes as the propertyes of apes is to do. This Welcheman, because he understood him nat, came agayne to his mayster accordynge to his commandes, and told hym he delyuered the letter unto my lorde chefe iustice sonne, who was at the gate in a furred cote. Anone his mayster asked him what answere he broughte? The man sayd he gaue hym an answere, but it was other Frenche or Laten, for he understode him nat. 'But, syr,' quod he, 'ye nede nat to fere, for I saw in his countenaunce so moche that I warrante you he wyll do your errande to my lorde his father.' This gentylman in truste thereof made not anye further suite. For lacke wherof his seruaunt that had done the felonye within a monthe after was rayned at the kynge's benche, and caste, and afterwarde hanged."

And what does the reader think the moral is? Some reflection, perhaps, upon the impunity of those attached to the great, with a hint at God's judgment against unjust judges? No such thing:—"By this ye may see that every wyse man ought to take hede that he sende nat a folyssche seruaunte vpon a hasty message that is a matter of nede." Not a bad specimen of the morality of the good old times.

Those who would amuse themselves with more monkeyana of ancient date, will find some choice passages in Erasmus, Porta, and others; and may learn how a monkey may occasionally supersede the use of a comb, —what a horror monkeys have of tortoises,—how violent is the antipathy between the cock and the ape,—and how both of these were added to the serpent and introduced into the deadly sack wherein the matricide was inclosed to suffer the frightful punishment awarded to his unnatural act. As some relief to this horror we beg to offer the following trifle, showing how a monkey can behave at a dinner-table.

In a country town, no matter where, there lived the worthiest and most philosophical of old bachelors, with a warm heart and a sound head, from whose well-powdered exterior dangled that most respectable ornament a *queue*. Long did this august appendage, now so rarely seen, linger among the benchers of the inns of court. Two worthies we have yet in our eye,—*Ultimi Caudatorum!* with what veneration do we look up to ye! with what fear and trembling did we regard the progress of the influenza!—the destroying angel has passed by, and the tails still depend from your "frosty pows"—blessings on 'em! Pardon

the digression; and return we to our bachelor, who entertained a monkey of such good breeding and so much discretion, that Jacko was permitted to make one at the dinner-table, where he was seated in a high child's chair next to his master, and took off his glass of perry and water in the same time and measure with his patron, and in as good a style as Dominic Sampson himself could have performed the feat. Now, his master's housekeeper made the best preserved apricots in the county, and when the said apricots were enshrined in a tart, the golden fruit set off by the superincumbent trellis, a more tempting piece of *pâtisserie* could hardly be laid before man or monkey. One of these tarts enriched the board at a small dinner-party, and was placed nearly opposite to Jacko, who occupied his usual station. The host helped one and another to some of this exquisite tart, but he forgot poor Jacko, who had been devouring it with his eyes, and was too well-bred to make any indecorous snatch at the attraction, as most monkeys would have done. At last Jacko could stand it no longer, so looking to the right and left, and finally fixing his eyes on the guests opposite, he quietly lifted up his hand behind his master's back, and gave his tail such a tug as made the powder fly, withdrew his hand in an instant, and sat with a vacant expression of the greatest innocence. People don't like to have their tails pulled. His master gave him a look, and Jacko gave him another, but even the eloquent expression of Hogarth's monkey on the offending bear's back fell short of it. It said as plainly as look could speak—"Don't be angry—don't thrash me—they did not see it—I beg your pardon, but I *must* have a bit of that apricot tart:"—he was forgiven and helped.

Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action.

One that in his zeal for imitation had swallowed the entire contents of a pill-box—the cathartics, fortunately, were not Morisonian—suffered so much, that ever afterwards the production of such a box sent him to his hiding-place in a twinkling.

Another that was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate.

The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a smug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day: he came down a carbonadoed nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The *à plomb* with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare-up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden

elevation and fall, but became a *sadder* if not a *wiser* monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

Le Vaillant, in his African travels, was accompanied by an ape, which lived on very good terms with the cock and hens, showing, in defiance of the legend, no antipathy to the former, and a strong penchant for the latter, for whose cacklings he listened, and whose eggs he stole. But this and other peccadillos were amply atoned for, by the *bonhommie* and other good qualities of *Kees*, for that was the name of the traveller's ape, which seems to have almost realized the virtues of Philip Quarl's monkey.

"An animal," says Le Vaillant in his first voyage, just after speaking of the benefits that he derived from his gallant chanticleer, "that rendered me more essential services; which, by its useful presence, suspended and even dissipated certain bitter and disagreeable reflexions that occurred to my mind, which, by its simple and striking instinct, seemed to anticipate my efforts, and which comforted me in my languor —was an ape, of that kind so common at the Cape, under the name of *Bawians*. As it was extremely familiar, and attached itself to me in a particular manner, I made it my taster. When we found any fruit or roots unknown to my Hottentots, we never touched them until my dear Kees had first tasted them; if it refused them, we judged them to be either disagreeable or dangerous, and threw them away.

"An ape has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from all other animals, and brings it very near to man. It has received from nature an equal share of greediness and curiosity: though destitute of appetite it tastes without necessity every kind of food that is offered to it; and always lays its paw upon everything that it finds within its reach.

"There was another quality in Kees which I valued still more. He was my best guardian; and whether by night or by day, he instantly awoke on the least sign of danger. By his cries, and other expressions of fear, we were always informed of the approach of an enemy before my dogs could discover it: they were so accustomed to his voice, that they slept in perfect security, and never went the rounds; on which account I was extremely angry, fearing that I should no longer find that indispensable assistance which I had a right to expect, if any disorder or fatal accident should deprive me of my faithful guardian. However, when he had once given the alarm, they all stopped to watch the signal; and on the least motion of his eyes or shaking of his head, I have seen them all rush forward, and scamper away in the quarter to which they observed his looks directed.

"I often carried him along with me in my hunting excursions, during which he would amuse himself in climbing up trees, in order to search for gum, of which he was remarkably fond. Sometimes he discovered honey in the crevices of rocks, or in hollow trees; but when he found nothing, when fatigue and exercise had whetted his appetite, and when he began to be seriously oppressed by hunger, a scene took place which to me appeared extremely comic. When he could not find gum and honey he searched for roots, and ate them with much relish; especially one of a particular species, which, unfortunately for me, I found excellent and very refreshing, and which I greatly wished to partake of. But Kees was very cunning: when he found any of this root, if I was not

near him to claim my part, he made great haste to devour it, having his eyes all the time directed towards me. By the distance I had to go before I could approach him, he judged of the time that he had to eat it alone; and I, indeed, arrived too late. Sometimes, however, when he was deceived in his calculation, and when I came upon him sooner than he expected, he instantly endeavoured to conceal the morsels from me: but by means of a blow well applied, I compelled him to restore the theft; and in my turn becoming master of the envied prey, he was obliged to receive laws from the stronger party. Kees entertained no hatred or rancour; and I easily made him comprehend how detestable that base selfishness was of which he had set me an example."

This is all very fine, but we confess that we think poor Kees hardly used in this matter; nor are we aware of any law, written or unwritten, human or Simian, by which the conversion of the root, which he had sagaciously found, to his own use could be made a theft, or by which the prize could be ravished from him, except indeed by the "good old law" that "sufficeth" people in such cases—

"the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

But to return to Le Vaillant's entertaining narrative.

"To tear up these roots, Kees pursued a very ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth; and pressing his fore-paws firmly against the earth, and drawing his head backwards, the root generally followed: when this method, which required considerable force, did not succeed, he seized the tuft as before, as close to the earth as he could; then throwing his heels over his head, the root always yielded to the jerk which he gave it. In our marches, when he found himself tired, he got upon the back of one of my dogs, which had the complaisance to carry him for whole hours together: one only, which was larger and stronger than the rest, ought to have served him for this purpose; but the cunning animal well knew how to avoid this drudgery. The moment he perceived Kees on his shoulders, he remained motionless, and suffered the caravan to pass on, without ever stirring from the spot. The timorous Kees still persisted; but as soon as he began to lose sight of us, he was obliged to dismount, and both he and the dog ran with all their might to overtake us. For fear of being surprised, the dog dexterously suffered him to get before him, and watched him with great attention. In short, he had acquired an ascendancy over my whole pack, for which he was perhaps indebted to the superiority of his instinct; for among animals as among men, address often gets the better of strength. While at his meals, Kees could not endure guests; if any of the dogs approached too near him at that time, he gave them a hearty blow, which these poltroons never returned, but scampered away as fast as they could.

"It appeared to me extremely singular, and I could not account for it, that, next to the serpent, the animal which he most dreaded was one of his own species: whether it was that he was sensible that his being tamed had deprived him of great part of his faculties, and that fear had got possession of his senses, or that he was jealous, and dreaded a rivalry in my friendship. It would have been very easy for me to catch wild ones, and tame them; but I never thought of it. I had given Kees a place in my heart, which no other after him could occupy; and

I sufficiently testified how far he might depend on my constancy. Sometimes he heard others of the same species making a noise in the mountains; and, notwithstanding his terror, he thought proper, I know not for what reason, to reply to them. When they heard his voice they approached: but as soon as he perceived any of them he fled with horrible cries; and, running between our legs, implored the protection of everybody, while his limbs quivered through fear. We found it no easy matter to calm him; but he gradually resumed, after some time, his natural tranquillity. He was very much addicted to thieving, a fault common to almost all domestic animals; but in Kees it became a talent, the ingenious efforts of which I admired. Notwithstanding all the correction bestowed upon him by my people, who took the matter seriously, he was never amended. He knew perfectly well how to untie the ropes of a basket, to take provisions from it; and, above all, milk, of which he was remarkably fond: more than once he has made me go without any. I often beat him pretty severely myself; but, when he escaped from me, he did not appear at my tent till towards night."

"Milk in baskets!" why, truly, the term "basket" as applied to a vessel for holding milk appears to require some explanation; but it was really carried in baskets woven by the Gonaquas, of reeds so delicate and so close in texture that they might be employed in carrying water or any liquid. The abstraction of the milk, &c. we consider as a kind of set-off against the appropriation of Kees's favourite root by his master.

The pertinacious way in which Kees bestrode Le Vaillant's dogs will recal to the remembrance of some a monkey that was, and perhaps still is, riding about London, in hat and feather, with garments to match, upon a great dog, with the usual accompaniments of hand-organ and Pan's pipe. Upon these occasions the monkey evidently felt proud of his commanding position; but ever and anon we have seen him suffer from one of those sad reverses of fortune to which the greatest among us are subject. In the midst of the performance, while the organ and pipe are playing, and the monkey has it all his own way, and, elevated with the grandeur that surrounds him, is looking rather aristocratically at the admiring crowd, some good-natured but unlucky boy throws the dog a bit of cake, in his zeal to pick up which the latter lowers his head and shoulders so suddenly as infallibly to pitch his rider over his head. We have thought more than once that there was a sly look about the dog as he regarded the unseated monkey, utterly confounded by his downfal and the accompanying shouts of laughter from the bystanders.

We must now, for the present, bid our readers adieu; but, if they like such reading, we promise them at some future period a sketch of the most remarkable species of monkeys in the Old World as well as in the New; merely observing, *en passant*, that though zoologists declare that there is but one European species,* another, at least, is to be met with in our quarter of the globe. The *Demopithecus* of Aristophanes, "qui vel fraudatione vel adulatione erga populum simiam se exhibet," is, assuredly, not yet extinct; on the contrary, it still is, and seems at all times to have been, common in Ireland; nor is it by any means of rare occurrence in Great Britain, especially about the period of a general election.

* Macacus sylvanus, Lacépède—the Barbary Ape which has established itself on the rock of Gibraltar.

MEMOIR OF B. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

BY A CORRESPONDENT. (WITH A PORTRAIT.)

Mr. B. D'Israeli is the eldest son of the celebrated author of the "Curiosities of Literature," a work which has called more thought out of gratification than almost any that we know. We are not however among those who believe in the influence of circumstance over mind, and are not therefore about to dwell on any probability of the father's pursuits having biassed those of the son. We hold that the writer of "Vivian Grey" would have written anywhere that he could have found pen, ink, and paper; or that if he had been native of an Indian forest, he would, with agitated face, and eloquent arms, and appeals that reach the heart, have riveted the attention of the whole dark circle gathered around the red fire-light of the pine-boughs. What are youths in general at the age when "Vivian Grey" was produced? Nonentities, as regards thought or creation. Pleasure has taught them no moral—sorrow has given no strength—and judgment is an impulse, not an impression. Now the chief characteristic of "Vivian Grey" was insight into motive; it was only the work of a boy in its freshness—a freshness that gave its own excitement to the narrative. The sarcasm was not merely amusing, it was reflective,—the mockery had a purpose, and purpose is that in which the young writer is generally most deficient. Years hence that work will be a literary curiosity,—it will be an interesting subject to investigate by what process a mere boy could look so closely into the springs of action, and paint so true a picture of the shifting sands of society. No young man, with one touch of the eager or ambitious in his career, ever read that work without strong excitement; and the effect it took was what power ever takes,—it made enemies, because it made, envy,—and also because satire, take what shape it will, is always unwelcome. Even while enjoying a laugh at others, people have a little secret fear of the laugh coming home,—their turn may be the next; and we are all cowards at the bottom. Moreover, irony is always misunderstood; and the many would disdain Vivian Grey's velvet slippers, and petted greyhound—to whom his keen sarcasm was a sealed book. There is also an odd feeling about the generality which delights in being ill-used,—complaint has a small temporary consequence, which is just equal to their calibre. When Gay in his exquisite opera said of his caricatures—

"Each cries that was levelled at me,"

he perfectly understood the general feeling. To apply a sneer to ourselves, is a distinction, particularly when there is the right to grumble at it. This was a luxury fully enjoyed on the first appearance of "Vivian Grey." In that work there were one or two characters complete moral investigations;—the Marquis, whose very existence was a ceremony—the Marchioness's, an indolent indulgence—and Cleveland's, one of those secrets which this world can never solve. On the other side of the grave, we may learn why the glorious mind, the noble purpose, the lofty eloquence, are given—and in vain. Here, we know not why the intellectual harvest should spring up—yet no season of reaping ever arrive. "Mrs. Felix Lorraine" was another sketch strange for the conception of youth. Rochefoucauld says truly, *le moindre défaut d'une femme galante est d'être galante;* and here the truth is worked out to its last severity. The succeeding series did, however, the female world full justice. Madeline Trevor is noble as a statue, instinct with spirit; Violet Fane breathes of her name; but the Arch-

duchess is the creation, as new as it is beautiful. The royal slave is brought from her courtly cloister, proud, but what a lovely pride!—ignorant, but only of the actual—with talents that need only the necessity of exertion—and, above all, a heart, feminine in all the poetry and passion of that word.

There is one of those touches in the description of the review, which marks the first-rate conceiver of character. The eye of the daughter of a high-born and martial race flashes at the warlike pageantry. The descendant of Maria Theresa is keenly alive to the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and in truth there is nothing more exciting than a discharge of artillery. The physical effect is wonderful when along the air "leaps the live thunder,"—it brings with it an awe mingled with conscious power, while the spirits are completely carried away by the mighty music.

Another quality of Mr. D'Israeli's mind is his command over the grotesque. Nature has her fantasies that few know how to seize. In the material world, they are shown by strange combinations; rocks, caverns, and trees, are fashioned after the wildest caprices. In the mind of man this wayward fancy is equally evident,—out of it grows the eccentric and the humourist, and a finer sketch of the latter was never flung upon paper than Beckendorf,—the recluse yet powerful minister. After all, it is little marvel that he who has much to do among men, should turn away from them in utter disgust, and find better companionship in the painted tulip and the singing bird.

"Contarini Fleming" was the next, and one of the most remarkable works ever produced. We are not aware of any other attempt in our language to develope the formation of the poetical character—or to trace the effects of "years that bring the inevitable yoke" on that sensitive and impassioned temperament which is inseparable from the poetical. It was written at Grand Cairo, and how much is there in it that bears evidence of the glowing East, with its golden summers—golden as if they did not shine but upon decay and desolation! "The marble wastes of Tadmor" are but an allegory of what a few years inevitably produce in every gifted and ardent mind. Never does it accomplish the object of its early dreams; the lofty arch, the noble column, fall to earth one after the other, and the hopeful spirit is gone that alone could rebuild. The remains of our greatest minds, what are they but wastes?—albeit the wastes are of marble.

Mr. D'Israeli has travelled a great deal, and it is interesting to note the countries in which his various works were produced. The first part of "Vivian Grey" was written in England—the first eager launch of the youth into London society. The second was written in Germany, and there we find the deeper tone that attends on awakening reflection, and the magnificent power of description which is peculiarly Mr. D'Israeli's own. "The Young Duke" was also the result of his leisure—a brilliant collection of epigrams springing up from remembered follies and pleasures. After a brief sojourn in England, Mr. D'Israeli again commenced travelling; he went to the south of Spain, proceeded to the Ionian Isles and Greece at a time of great action; he was at Yanina, the capital of Albania, and in the camp of the Grand Vizier, during the revolt of the Beys; thence he reached Constantinople, and left it to pass through Asia Minor and Syria; he next visited Egypt, and followed the course of the Nile to the Cataracts. The "Tale of Alroy" was planned amid the sepulchres of the kings of Judah, and the

conception breathes of their lofty inspiration. It is a poem full of noble pictures; the vision of the young prince amid the tombs is as grand as the mighty and mysterious temples that yet remain to tell of the glories of architecture, when architecture was the first science of the world. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. D'Israeli has never published his travels in a collected form. We should like to have a journal, his personal adventures as far as possible—told with his own dramatic power. His impressions fresh from the scenes, together with whatever train of thought such impressions might inspire—add to these his descriptions, which give the colours of the painter with the associations of the poet—and these would form one of the most fascinating works ever produced.

Mr. D'Israeli had expressed an intention of remaining some years in Egypt, when the disturbed state of political affairs in England hastened his return. The tumult of reform had reached even to the Pyramids. At that time the House of Commons was the arena to which every young and ambitious man turned his hope. It may now be more than doubted whether such excitement is not among "remembered things." But, towards the end of 1832, Mr. D'Israeli stood for the borough of High Wycombe, near which town his family reside. His successful opponent was the Hon. Colonel Grey, younger son of the then Premier. He was again defeated in 1834 by his influential opponent, though each time by trifling majorities. We have heard much of Mr. D'Israeli's eloquence from those who were present during his addresses to the electors. It is fervid, flowing, and clever, with a vein of fiery sarcasm which suited to its impetuous yet penetrating character.

Since that period our author has produced his "Revolutionary Epic," a poem full of noble thoughts, a fine specimen of versification, but certainly too allegorical, and too much apart from the present day. Still, how well can we comprehend its composition! The abstract is such a relief to the actual.

Mr. D'Israeli's last work was "Henrietta Temple"—one of the most agreeable love-stories ever written. There is nothing which people seem to know so little about as love, and yet it influences all. It matters not what may be the character on which it acts—for that character is utterly changed. Few have ventured to paint love with sufficient simplicity, and in hazarding that truth consists the great charm of "Henrietta Temple." The exquisite personification of the ancients is true. Love is a child. In what does its happiness exist?—in its eager belief,—in its sweet and simple faith in the good and the beautiful,—in narrowing the circle of its hopes, and confiding in their fulfilment. What is love but the childhood of the heart? "Heaven lies around us in our infancy," and the intellect and the affections can alone bring that time back again. It is an error—and worse, a grave fault—among the many writers, to associate love with the darker passions. "From heaven it came, to heaven returneth," and only where it purifies and elevates, is the spiritual and enduring presence of love truly recognised. In the lighter portions of the work we distinguish the "keen artillery" of "Vivian Grey." The "cableless dandy" is a satire in a sentence. If deep observation, passionate eloquence, dramatic power of character, and the picturesque like a rich colour flashing over all, if these give—what they always give—fame, Mr. D'Israeli's place is already taken among the high and imaginative names of our literature.

THE HUMORIST.

THE RULE OF CONTRARIES;

OR, A "SPICE" OF CONTRADICTION.

"HISTORY is philosophy teaching by examples." The history of one short evening in the life of a well known "original," now in contemplation, will richly illustrate the portentous "rule of contraries!" The song calls it "contràries," laying the stress upon the "*a*." But be it short or long,—the long and the short of the matter is—that "contradiction" is the "burthen of the strain." From the motion of a universe, to the motion of a clacking housewife's tongue, all things are governed by its wayward sway. And never were seed-pearls strung more thickly on a silken thread, than were the contradictions of one disastrous evening strung on the thread of our "original's" existence. That evening, though short, was, doubtless, to *him*, long enough.

The subject of our memoir was known by the plain, rough name of Huffkinson, or Ignatius Huffkinson, as he was quite as often called. He lived by himself, without the "burthen of a family," in lieu of which, he not unfrequently found his greatest burthen was—himself.

It appears he had set his mind on spending the evening at the opera; and being a great lover of music, albeit not of too harmonious a disposition, he always delighted in being in time for the overture. It was "his way." Accordingly, he came home, fully expecting dinner to be ready, in order that there might be no delay.

"Well," he said, as he bounced into the dining-room, "what is there for dinner?" When, starting back in dismay, he exclaimed, "What! *nothing* ready? *no* fire lit? *no* cloth laid? And here am I, just come home, expecting to sit down to table!"

"Sir," replied the servant, with a stare of stupid surprise, "I thought you were to dine *out* to-day I understood you Tuesday."

"Tuesday *week*, blockhead!" cried out Mr. Huffkinson. "What business had you to *think?* Dine *out*, indeed! It seems you would drive me out amongst you to do so! This is always the way; when I come in *particularly* hungry, and expect to find everything ready, I am sure to find nothing."

"Very sorry, Sir, quite misunderstood; and so did Mrs. Gilliflower, too," (she was the cook,) muttered the submissive lacquey, confounded, as he well might be, at the disappointed clamours of his master's jejune stomach.

"There, go, make haste," continued Ignatius, "order dinner to be ready as fast as possible; scold Gilliflower for being such a fool as to keep you company in your blunder. Then go down to the cellar, bring up a bottle of hock, draw the cork, and light the fire."

So said, or rather scolded, Mr. Huffkinson, as he retreated to the library, grumbling and snarling the whole way like a bull-dog baffled in

the acquisition of a bone. He drew an arm-chair up to the fireside, and commenced raking the embers impatiently, while he gave vent to his disaffection in sundry exclamations betokening the amiability of his temper, and the goodwill with all mankind, in which his recent disappointment had placed him.

"Nuisance! pest! bore! A man has only to *wish* for a thing, to be sure *not* to obtain it! contradiction in everything! Why, in Heaven's name, was it not ordained things should run a little more smoothly? It matters not *what* it is one desires, there's *sure* to be some obstacle! Why, now, *isn't* it so? Here have I been all day, 'hacking and hoofing' about the town—refused luncheon at that fool S——'s, (what a bore that fellow is!) and now I am come home, and get nothing! and all because a stupid rascal of a servant chooses to '*think*' for me! I'll turn that fellow away,—both him and that woman—that overfed hussey, Gilliflower. I did not want this, to put me out to-day,—I've been *enough* put out. To think, when I had just sat down to talk to the only woman in the world I have any fancy for, Lady B——, that tiresome, dull, long-winded fellow, M——, should intrude himself! a nuisance! But so it always is! I might have called a thousand times, and suffered no interruption from his odious presence; but by some malignant decree of destiny, the fellow is sure to come pestering, on the very day I made my call! I had a *great* many things to say! I wanted to ask how she left our friend, Lady L——, at Nice,—and all about her stay there, —and whom she saw—and a *thousand* things; and just as we were launched in the *agrémens* of conversation, in must come this boring fellow, to drive me away in sheer vexation! Nine hundred and ninety-nine times I might have missed calling; and the thousandth I should be sure to find some plague or another to interrupt the pleasure of the visit. Nuisance, and pest! Well, I had scarce got out into the street, when down came the rain, pouring 'cats and dogs!' *Of course*, there was no such thing as a cab or coach in the way, and I had forgotten my umbrella!"

Here the soliloquy of Mr. Huffkinson was broken off by the welcome announcement that dinner was at length ready; so he adjourned to the dining-room, perhaps to be the sport of fresh "plagues."

Behold him then seated at table, the *angry* impatience of his countenance changed for a *hungry* impatience. He is determined, now, to console himself for the manifold crosses and cares of the day.

"Now for a little nice gravy-soup," he said, as he drew his chair under him, close to the table, "now for a little nice gravy-soup; ahem!"

The tureen-cover was lifted up, when Ignatius started back in consternation. His displeasure mantled in crimson effulgence on his brow. The effect was quite tragical. John, meantime, affrighted John, trembled for his place. Mr. Huffkinson was plainly, most direfully "put out."

"Why, what in Heaven's name, has Gilliflower sent up? I ordered *gravy* soup; and, here, she has sent up turnip soup, or some abominable white-looking stuff, that, for what I know, may be the rinsings of an Irish dairy-woman's milk-pail! Away with it, I say! Yet no: plague on that Gilliflower, I'm so hungry I'm constrained to taste it. Odious stuff! Let her know how annoyed I am," continued Ignatius, helping himself as though it were a dose of poison he was administering suicidally. "I *must* eat something after fasting all day, or I would have

ordered the drench to be tossed into the kennel, or served up to the pigs, for it is fitter for the 'trough' than the 'tureen'" and here he looked about for something to render it more palatable.

"I want the cayenne," he said to John, whose eyes were nearly starting from their sockets in mute amazement and terror, as he surveyed his master thus direfully flabbergastered. John bethought him, too, of a new disaster, and recollected that there was *no* cayenne! He dared not, however, avow the truth; and made a great racket in turning over the things on the sideboard, while his master impatiently exclaimed—

"Well! well! can't you find it? What is the meaning of all this delay?"

At length the poor lacquey was obliged to own the terrible truth!

"Sir," he stammered out, "I'm sorry——but——"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Huffkinson, "what is it? What is the matter? Is there *none?* I suppose *not!*" The monosyllable "not" was uttered with awful emphasis, and seemed big with fate to the luckless domestic. He would have permitted "silence" to speak consent in answer to it, so afraid was he to utter a word; but his master's countenance indicated that he waited for a reply, and he, therefore, delivered the melancholy truth that there was "*no* cayenne;" and consequently that the soup must find its way down Ignatius's throat flavourless!

A storm of growls, and half-articulated strains of "tiresome," and "pest," and "nuisance," rose from Ignatius's lips in the intervals of putting the spoon to his plate and raising it up to them. However, he managed to finish the contents of his plate, exclaiming, with increased waspishness, when he had concluded,—

"Here! take this stuff away! I've *done* with it."

He now sought consolation in a glass of hock. By some mischance, however, he was doomed to be disappointed here. John had placed Sauterne on the table on one side, and mocked his master with Moselle on the other. Mr. Huffkinson's fury knew no bounds.

"Now, if there's one thing above all others I wished to have to-day, it was a glass of the old hock. I particularly fancied it. How provoking,—how detestable this endless contradiction is! I told you to bring up *hock*—not *this!*"

"I'm very sorry, Sir. I thought it was hock."

"*There* again! You *thought*, did you? This comes of your *thinking!* What business have you to *think?* Do just as I tell you. If you *think* you're sure to blunder! Why you *knew* the hock had a green seal on it."

John had nothing more to say for himself, so made his exit with the condemned soup, while his master was feign to put up with a glass of Moselle, as he ejaculated "Stupid rascal!" at the expense of the lacquey. By the way, with respect to the soup, it was really a very praiseworthy specimen of Dame Gilliflower's art, being no vulgar, clumsy concoction of ill-bruised turnips, but that agreeable preparation commonly yclept "*soupe à la crême.*" But the gentleman to whom it was served up was a little testy, and not too ready to look on the *best* side of things; so he managed wonderfully to multiply and aggravate the darker spots on

that " moral drafts-board," where " fair and foul " make up the game of human life.

Well, John returned, and had scarcely placed the " remove " on the table before a loud rap was heard.

" Good heavens! who can this be, come at this time?" exclaimed Ignatius, throwing himself back despairingly in his chair. " People are *sure* to call just at the wrong time! Here have I been worried out of my life and soul, by one bore or another throughout the day, and now, when I have just crept into my ' den ' to gnaw my bone (if I could) in peace, here comes some confounded fellow to spoil my repose! Oh, gracious! oh, mercy on us! who would wish to live any longer in such a state of worry as this? Well, what is it?" he continued, as John came into the room, and explained the circumstances of the intrusion and who the intruder was.

" It is the man from the jeweller's, Sir, come with the topaz cross that you ordered for Miss Lucy, and——"

" Curse the fellow, what does he come *now* for? So my dinner is to get cold whilst I'm fiddling with the bauble of that troublesome brat? What matters it if she *is* my goddaughter? Go tell the fellow to wait, or come some other time. I can't get up from dinner: if I had *fifty* goddaughters, I wouldn't do so! Why didn't he come at the time I ordered?"

" Sir, he *did;* but you were out: and he thought he should find you at home," said the lacquey, as he went to convey the message.

" Catch me standing godfather again to any one," muttered Ignatius to himself. " Troublesome brat! This comes of being civil to people. ' Oh, Mr. Huffkinson,' says one, ' pray come to *this* christening;' and ' *that* wedding,' says another; and ' *this* family-party,' says a third, (I hate all family parties). Hang them; I'll see them all at the——"

Here John entered again.

" Well, have you told the man to wait?"

" Yes, Sir; he is waiting below."

" Stir the fire, and put some more coal on."

And now Mr. Huffkinson fully thought to proceed with dinner, when an unlucky current of wind rushed so furiously down the chimney that the whole room was filled with smoke; and not only this, but every dish was peppered with black flakes of soot, which formed but a sorry substitute for the seasoning of black pepper in the eyes of the persecuted Ignatius.

" Gracious! gracious!" he exclaimed. " Open the window, and try and get rid of this smoke! Everything is spoiled! There is no touching anything! Mind! I dismiss you to-morrow. I shall pay you a quarter's wages, and you may go about your business."

" I'm sure, Sir, I'm very sorry," murmured the dismayed lacquey; " it's not my fault, indeed, Sir."

" I tell you, if you had lit the fire in good time, so as to have admitted of its burning properly up, there would have occurred nothing of this sort."

" Indeed, Sir, there was a very good fire when you sate down——"

" Who, I tell you, can expect, in this windy weather, that a fire will not smoke, unless *much* more time has been given it to burn up than

you have allowed? You leave me to-morrow! Well, why don't you open the window?"

John's efforts to effect this object had been repeated over and over again, but no persuasion of the muscles of his arms could induce the window to move,—it was a fixture.

"Why don't you open the window?" roared his irritated master.

Poor John quickened the pace of his efforts, like a hack that is urged by the lash; he strove with redoubled vehemence, but all in vain.

"Clumsy rascal!" ejaculated Ignatius. "Why can't you get it up?"

In fact, the window having been freshly painted, and shut before the paint was thoroughly dry, adhered so tightly to the frame-work, that there was no such thing as moving it. It was hermetically sealed against the admission of any air. Meantime the smoke poured down in volumes, and the soot-flakes, of course, accumulated on the dishes till they had invested them all over with a deep suit of mourning for the loss of Ignatius's dinner, which lay buried beneath!

"I must leave this room! Vexatious and detestable! *dying* with hunger as I am! Is there any cold meat in the house? Go and fetch it, and take it into the library. I suppose the fire's gone out there?"

John trembled to reply in the affirmative, and so boldly vouched for the fire being *in*.

It luckily *was* in; and so, whilst the lacquey proceeded to order the "frigid apology" for better viands, his master sat and growled before the fire. He had again retreated into the library, and having drawn his *fauteuil* up to the fender, on which he placed his feet, he recommenced his disaffected soliloquy on the fatal "Rule of Contraries," or "Law of Contradictions," whichever people please to designate it.

"Cursed plague, to be sure——"

But here John entered suddenly, and cut him short *in limine*.

"Well, what is the matter? There's nothing in the house, I suppose?"

"*No—o*, Sir!" murmured the lacquey, in a tremulous key.

"Then send out and order a mutton-chop—and, mind, tell Gilliflower to take care and do the potatoes to *my liking*."

Exit John; while his master's growling now pursued its course uninterruptedly.

"Everything goes *wrong* just precisely and in proportion as one would wish it to go *right!* How cursed contradictory and vexatious! I had never such an appetite in my life, and obliged to starve in this manner! That infernal chimney!—I wish the house was knocked down! That rascal John, neglectful fellow, not to look to the window. Ah! so it is. In *little* things *or* in *great*—contradiction, contradiction, has been my lot from the hour I was born! Most men suffer from this persecution, more or less. If a man is rich and wants an heir to his estate, he is sure to be without any family; and he may pray for *ever* to be blessed with one, but to no purpose. If he has not a penny, on the other hand, he is as certain to be *blessed* with a 'numerous offspring!' Does he wish to see his son excel, the lad is sure to turn out a dunce or idle! Does he wish his daughter to make 'an exalted alliance,' she will, ten to one, elope with some mustachioed ape on half-pay, and send the old man with vexation to his grave! Then, as for *less* serious contradictions, to what an endless 'small-shot' of *petty irritation* is a man

subject! Does he design to go out early—and on some *particular* engagement, there is sure to be some unseasonable cause of *delay!* Does he effect getting out—it is next to a certainty the rain comes down in torrents—so delightful when one is riding or walking! One's umbrella twisted inside out with the wind, that buffets one on all sides as if the scene were the cave of Æolus itself! So it was with me to-day. I took refuge at my club. This was little better than falling from Scylla into Charybdis. I encountered a dozen bores, drones, and *he-gossips*, who made me glad to go out into the wet again to escape them! For my part, I can never stir two steps without some odious *contretemps* or another! Thank Heaven for *one* thing, that I never *married*—to be plagued with daughters that I could not find husbands for; or rakes of sons, turning out just the opposite to that I should have wished them to be—studying anything but what I wanted them to apply to! Lord! I've enough to plague me without these matters! They say," continued Ignatius, after a pause, "that all things are for *the best*. I'm glad to hear it—it is so *likely* to be true!" he added, with a sneer—"when the principle of everything is *contradiction!* For *my* part, I find everything go wrong! All's for the *worst*, *I* can say! How can a man say *otherwise* when his *dinner* has been spoiled, like mine? Let me see—what planet was I born under. Oh, under the malignant, pale-visaged, glimmering of Saturn! Ay, *he* it was, peered with his chill, horn-lantern eyes over the shoulder of Dame Lucina, when I first saw the light. One consolation, however, he can*not* rob me of, although it has been his malignant pleasure to thwart me all my life—he can't stop me, I mean, from the pleasure at least of growling over my mishaps, and arraigning the mischances his 'destiny-mongering' has inflicted on me! There is a niggardly solace in venting one's spleen, at any rate! Lord! the man that has not been thwarted, vexed, and disappointed does not know the fund of 'sour satisfaction' that results from the railing occasioned by such trials!—Ay, railing against all the world! There is a diabolical consolation in carping, quizzing, and sneering, that is positively pleasurable to the spirit irritated by contradiction. Verily, there is food for mirth—*he-he-he!*" continued Ignatius, with a rich Sardonic leer and a diabolical giggle—"*he he!*—I cannot but laugh to see the *mistakes*, for example, of mankind! There is a man who is fit for a grazier—*is* he a grazier? No; but, by some strange contradiction, a minister of state! Another, who would make a capital butcher, attorney, or scrivener, is turned into a 'master of the ceremonies,' or a 'lord in waiting,' a 'courtier most *un*courtierlike.' A third, who looks as if he were fitter to keep an old rag-shop, turns out, to be sure, a duke! And a hobbling, dirty old man, you would imagine was a pauper, is not unfrequently the possessor of thousands! There is a redoubted rake, who has outstripped all his rivals in town and on the turf—he takes on him the 'cure of souls!' See another!—a man made up of imagination, and who loathes the name of a 'special plea' as he does the smell of assafœtida! Alack, poor wight, his contradictory fates force him to put on a wig and gown, and to put off—a conscience! Meantime, another is, *vice versâ*, a dunce in everything but the 'narrow quibble' and the 'special plea!' Look at *that* fellow, strutting about on the promenade, with a riding-whip in his hand, and looking such an 'exquisite!' You pass him, and stare in his face, fancying you have seen it before. He turns out to be

your tailor dressed up as 'Captain So-and-so,' and 'figuring' during the season at a fashionable watering-place! You remember his bill due six months ago, and turn down another walk. Why, is not all this enough to make a man turn censor or cynic by turns?—Cato at one time, at another Democritus! Verily, I could find under this 'Chapter of Contradiction' more food for laughter or philosophy than in any other source in the world. The world is a moral *justle*—a very riddle into the bargain; for everything seems to go wrong in itself. And yet, in the long run, all goes *right!* Two huge spheres threaten each other, and try to pull each other from their individual station; and the result is, they keep each other *steady!* I, though but an atom, move on, like my mother earth, between a centrifugal and centripetal force—that is, between my cook and my apothecary, each acting in opposition to the other, and yet between the two I am kept right after all, and despite my vexations, like the world well enough to stay in it! But a truce to philosophy—there's some one tapping at the door. Come in!"

It was John, who now entered with the humble apology for a dinner, presented by the mutton-chops on a tray.

"Did you speak about the potatoes, as I ordered?" asked Mr. Huffkinson.

"Yes, Sir," said John, with all due officiousness, thinking at last he had succeeded in soothing his master's irritation.

Ignatius proceeded to try with the spoon which was the best boiled, most mealy, and altogether most desirable potato in the dish; with what result will be seen.

"Why, they are all as watery as possible!" he exclaimed. "How stupid Gilliflower is, that she never can boil a potato! It is all very well for a cook to be an adept in preparing 'made dishes;' but I always would insist on her being able to boil a *potato* properly, which not half the cooks in England *can*. I'm *very* angry! I would at times (especially with a mutton-chop) rather have a good potato than all the '*matelottes volauvents, fricassees, epigrammes*,' that modern Epicurism can gloat on! I'll dismiss that woman if she can't boil potatoes better. Is the evening paper come in yet?"

"No, Sir!"

"Are the books sent from the circulating library?—Are they sent, I say—*Yes?*"

"No, Sir!" said John, with increased solicitude, as his master's impatience seemed again growing to an awful pitch. In fact, these little contradictions began to ruffle again the spirit that philosophy had but lately been endeavouring to soothe.

"Has the farrier looked at the mare's fetlock?"

"N—o—o, Sir!" ejaculated John.

"*What!*" bellowed Ignatius, in a half-scream, half-roar of desperation. "What *nothing* done that I ordered? This is monstrous! This is intolerable! Did you take the letter to the post?—the letter, I say, which I left on the hall-table when I went out this morning?"

"I—quite—forgot it—Sir."

This appeared quite to overwhelm Mr. Huffkinson. He paused, and said in a calmer tone, as if rage had exhausted him—

"Recollect, you leave this house to-morrow. This is beyond en-

durance. I cannot be thwarted and worried in this way any longer.—What is that on the tray there, upon the sideboard?"

"The to—paz—cross—Sir! The jeweller——"

"Has sent it up for me to look at, I suppose," interrupted Ignatius. Here he took the trinket from its box. "A rascal!" he exclaimed—"it is *not* what I *ordered!* I ordered a *pink* topaz, and the fellow has sent *yellow!* Here, take it away! Oh, good Heavens! Here, give me my hat! Here's a man driven from his own roof to go and seek an asylum from its annoyances where he best may. I'll go to the opera instantly, though before the time. Was ever mortal so worried, so *insulted*, I *may* say, by vexation and contradiction as I am? Monstrous! Quite abominable! I can't even have a mutton-chop and a potato as I would wish! Had I been thwarted in any *arduous* object, I should not so much have been surprised. Had I applied, for example, for a place under government; or looked for sincerity in a friend; or hoped to have gratified some object of high ambition, I should not *then* have wondered at being made the sport of fortune. But to be contradicted in such paltry, petty, *trumpery* matters—so *beneath* the envy of fate, as I should have supposed, is truly mortifying and provoking. No! not even when I desire it, can I get a potato boiled to my liking!—to say *nothing* of a glass of hock—to say *nothing* of a bright fire in a chill dining-room—to say *nothing* of———out on it! I could not, if I were to go on for *ever*, detail *half* the catalogue of provocations the last twenty-four hours—not to mention a whole life—have heaped on me!"

With these ejaculations and complaints, Ignatius Huffkinson sallied forth to endeavour to forget the *discord* of contradiction in the *concords* of such harmonies as Bellini, or some other master of music, afforded at the opera. Fate, however, still looked on him maliciously. On arriving at the door of the "house," an enormous placard, twice as big as the double sheet of a morning journal, announced that Grisi was indisposed and could not sing. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked again at this Doomsday Chronicle. There was no mistaking it. *There* was the announcement in Brobdignagian red letters! Baleful intelligence! The red letters of Draco's law, writ in blood, could not have thrilled Ignatius more than that unhappy "rubric!" To describe the tempest of his vexation would be impossible. It would be attempting to "describe the indescribable." So we shall leave it to the imagination, as Timanthes did the grief of Agamemnon, when he "veiled his head" in the picture. It may be supposed that the exclamations of disappointment we have already heard were reiterated tenfold on the present occasion. To memorialize them, however, is not in our power. They were lost as we came up to the spot; for just as the ill-starred man had stamped his foot on the pavement in despair, and turned from the door of the house to the street, a cab drove up to the colonnade. Its wheel came plunging *harum-scarum* through the gutter, and splashing all the mud into his face, filled his mouth, and drove the imprecations that sought vent, back down his throat!

THE WIDOWER'S WOOING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

It was a bright spring morning, when the air was what the poets call genial, that, in high spirits, and half-mourning, I set out from the metropolis, to seek, in the Isle of Wight, the young lady to whom I had been somewhat prematurely engaged in the lifetime of my lamented Becky. That unfortunate impediment to our union was now removed, and though she had been gone many months I clung to my semi-sables, because, in my singular case, I thought that on my again beholding Anna Maria and her mother, my black gloves and the crape round my white hat, would speak volumes of love, hope, and constancy, and serve as signals for rejoicing.

As the Southampton coach, on the top of which I was seated, flew rapidly along, I gave myself up to blissful anticipations, and though it did occur to me that upwards of two years and a half had elapsed since I had heard of Mrs. Millington and her daughter, and that such a lapse of time brings many changes, still the small cloud turned to me "its silver lining," and the anxious flurry of my feelings made me think my conveyance, though it went at the rate of nine miles an hour, a slow coach. The Cowes steam-packet vividly revived scenes that were past, and I sat upon the deck recalling one by one the events of my first union with Becky, my imaginary widowhood, our reunion, and my second bereavement, about which there could be no mistake: I saw her as she sat for her picture—I saw her sea-sick on board the sinking Duck, and then, dreadful retrospection! I saw her in her private box! But from the *private box* which she now occupied, she could never again come forth to claim me, so I lightly stepped upon *terra firma*, and looked about me at Cowes, with the air of a single man without incumbrances.

My first walk was to the post-office to ascertain the address of Mrs. Millington; I then returned to the hotel, dressed myself with great care, and, having cast a glance at the long mirror in the coffee-room, I drew on my black gloves, and with a palpitating heart proceeded to the house to which I had been directed. It was a very small habitation, quite in the cottage style, standing in an extremely little bit of garden—one of those slim dwellings which indicate the slender means of the proprietor. I had been aware that Anna Maria was dependent on her mother, and that her mother was not rich, when I had been so nearly united to her two years and a half ago. But on very long voyages, when two people are thrown together as we were, they are apt to forget earth and its dross, while fully engrossed by amorous anticipations. Besides, though I should certainly have liked my wife, just for the look of the thing, to have had a little independence of her own, still I could afford to marry whom I pleased; and though I stood for a moment at the door of the exceedingly small cottage, with the knocker in my hand, before I gave the signal which was to summon the servant, I cannot allow it to be supposed that the idea of withdrawing from the pursuit of Anna Maria, on account of her humble abode, entered my imagination.

After twice repeating my knock, a foot*woman* opened the door and

apologized for delay, saying that she was "a-washing;" to the truth of which statement her red hands and arms, lathered and sloppy up to the elbows, bore ample testimony.

"Is Mrs. Millington at home?" I falteringly inquired.

"No, Sir—not at home," replied the maid.

"Is—Miss—Millington within?"

"Both gone out, Sir."

"I should be sorry to disturb them if they are engaged, but I am so old and intimate a friend, that if they *are* at home, and visible to *any one*, I'm sure they would see *me*."

"Oh, they're not inwisible no where to-day to no one *here*," said the maid, shaking her head.

"Pray take my card," said I; and she looked at her wet finger and thumb with some compunction as she took it.

"And here's half-a-crown for yourself," I added, and she took *that* without hesitation or compunction, for half-crowns are not the worse for wetting.

"Thank ye kindly, Sir; Missis shall have your card when she do come back from Lunnun."

"What!" I exclaimed; "gone!"

"Went this morning to meet Missis's maiden sister, Miss Chumps, what is just come from the Injies."

"This morning! and how long will they stay?"

"A week, Missis said, or ten days at longest."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said I; "I shall remain at Cowes till they return. Are they quite well?"

"Why, tollable. Mrs. Millington has had the flenzy, and was so bad Sunday come se'nnight, that Mr. Morbid the potecary gave her epidamic in her gruel; but she be better and stronger now, and means to insult somebody in Lunnun."

"And your young mistress, how is she?"

"Oh! she'd a touch of flenzy, too."

"Not serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no! young folks don't so much mind. Mr. Morbid said her's was little more than a common guitar; but then he told her a cold an't a thing to play with."

"And is she looking as lovely as ever?"

"Oh, charming! such a face! and then her figure's perfect scymitar! You heard of her luck, I suppose?"

"No, what luck?—unless—you mean—*my* arrival."

"I thought everybody knew. My Missis's maiden sister, Miss Chumps, brought home the news from the Injies."

"I've heard nothing."

"Only to think! and an old friend, too! and I to have the telling on't! Why Miss Anny Marier's father's only brother what surwived, had died at some queer place in those parts;—and he's left all his fortune to she!"

"To Miss Millington?"

"Oh, yes!—no end to it!"

"You don't say so! have you their address in London?"

"Oh, yes. The British Hotel, Cockspur-street."

"Very well," said I; "and now, can you tell me where I can find furnished lodgings?"

"How luckily things do turn out!" replied my interesting friend. "There's Mr. Morbid has just the apartments to suit you; there, up the street, he's Missis's potecary, and you see blue and red bottles in his shop-window."

I thanked her, and proceeded to Mr. Morbid, a pale, thin, meek little man, who having walked me about his house, agreed, as the lodgings suited me, to let me have them with cooking and attendance for three guineas a week I dined at the hotel, and had my luggage removed to my apartments, where I drank tea, and then wrote a letter to Mrs. Millington, expressive of my regret at not finding her at Cowes, and my anxiety for their return. Not a word did I say about that which was uppermost in my thoughts, Anna Maria's accession of fortune; but with an assurance of my disinterested attachment for her daughter, I brought my epistle to a close, and directed it to Mrs. Millington, British Hotel, Cockspur-street.

The next morning I ordered a dinner, plain, but good, and then went forth to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. At my dinner hour I returned with a very excellent appetite, and ordered up my roast fowl, oyster sauce, and potatoes. Up they flew, or rather I should say that I wonder my fowl did *not* fly into the apartment, for it had never been trussed, but had been simply suspended by its head before the fire, in a state of unsophistication, with its legs and wings hanging loose; and now it lay sprawling on the dish, more like an expiring frog than a barn-door fowl: the potatoes, though heated, certainly were not boiled; and the oysters, plunged in melted butter, gave evidence that the individual who called herself cook (if there really *was* such a pretender in the house) had no intention of giving me any of her sauce.

This won't do, thought I, so I walked down to Mr. Morbid's back parlour, and requested to speak to him. He entered the apartment, stroking down his hair on his forehead in a forlorn manner.

I began to explain my culinary distresses, and Mr. Morbid listened with a patient countenance, when the door opened, and in came a lady, taller by a head and shoulders than Mr. Morbid, whom he falteringly introduced to me as his wife. I bowed, and then continued my complaint; and Mr. Morbid, perhaps struck with the hungry look which I involuntarily wore, began an apologetic reply; but Mrs. Morbid stopped him with a vehement exclamation.

"Don't listen to Mr. M. Mr. M., don't speak. He knows nothing, Sir—*I* settles it all. *I* means to dress the gentleman's dinner to-morrow."

Now Mrs. Morbid was a strapping dame, in a silk gown, with a muslin cape, a flyaway lace cap with artificial sweet peas, and yellow diaculum shoes.

"*You* dress my dinner, Madam!" said I; "that is out of the question."

But expostulation was vain; and Mrs. Morbid, in the absence of the *real* cook, who, I believe, had the flenzy, was to perform the part as an amateur. Alas! day after day, I grumbled over an ill-dressed dinner. On inquiry, I found that the kitchen grate had been unfairly diminished, by the insertion of iron plates on either side. The fire, in fact, looked as if it had been laced into a tight pair of stays, the ribs seemed compressed, and the vital spark almost extinct. I needed no moralist to

remind me of the littleness of the *grate*. I' soon ascertained that, at the apothecary's lodgings, I had no chance of a dinner unless I could literally make up my mind to live upon *rhubarb tart*.

But what were all these minor anxieties to one who daily looked for a letter from his soul's idol? Could *I* expect to relish food?

At length it came, not precisely the reply I had expected, but still nothing actually to damp my ardour. We had parted suddenly, and in circumstances most painful to all parties. Nearly three years had since elapsed; and it was *something* to find her still unmarried, still disengaged, still willing to meet me at her mother's house. In fact, what more could I expect? I read the letter a second time, kissed it, and sat down to a *medicated* mutton-pie with a very tolerable appetite.

Mrs. and Miss Millington, accompanied by Miss Chumps, in due course of time arrived from London; and I was summoned to their temporary residence, Pigmy Villa.

Again I stood in the very little garden; again I knocked at the door of the very small house; and again it was opened by the handmaid who had already indulged me with an interview. I was admitted, and shown into the very smallest parlour I ever saw in my life. I sat there in great agitation for some time; and then the door opened, and Miss Anna Maria, my *ci-devant* betrothed, stood before me. I was very much agitated, and for the first ten minutes I could talk of nothing but the weather and the "*flenzy*;" but she had more courage than myself, and she soon came to the point.

"It is some time since we met, Mr. Daffodil," said she.

"Nearly three years," I replied, sighing deeply.

"You have experienced strange vicissitudes."

"True," I answered; "wonderful ups-and-downs. But she I once thought *down*, and who suddenly rose *up*, is now, as I suppose your Mamma informed you, at rest."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes; and so I come to you for consolation."

"When I first knew you, Sir," said Anna Maria, with provoking coolness, "you seemed to require little consolation; you thought proper to pay me marked attention during the voyage, and being very young, and very inexperienced, I complied with my mother's wishes, and accepted you."

"I now am free to claim your plighted hand."

"Since that period," she added, "I have become three years older, I have therefore more experience, and, I hope, more sense; *you*, Sir, are also three years older, and you *look it*."

"Ma'am; Miss Millington; Anna Maria—"

"Do not interrupt me. I certainly promised to marry you: when you proposed for me, you were not aware of an impediment to our union; therefore, if your attachment was real, the circumstances which separated us must have given you deep pain. As no obstacle now exists, and as you have again sought me, I do not think I should be justified in retracting the consent which I formerly gave; that is, if you persist in your determination to wed a portionless girl."

"When I came to seek you here, sweet idol of my beating heart," I replied, "I might have been the smallest degree in the world startled at the very little house in which I found your very small establishment."

"That is candid: then, adieu."

"Nay, *I* said not *that*: and you are endeavouring to conceal from me a circumstance which (though nothing could render you more dear) is still, in a worldly point of view, highly gratifying to any individual about to be—that is, I don't mean to say that—in fact, I'm aware of the accession of fortune."

"Oh, you are? Well, isn't she lucky?"

"Who?"

"My aunt."

"What aunt?"

"Miss Chumps."

"Oh! your mother's maiden sister, who brought the news? Yes, yes, *she*, and indeed all in any way connected with you, must rejoice in your good fortune."

"*Mine!*"

"Yes, yours."

"Oh, yes, certainly; anything advantageous to one so near and dear as an aunt, must of course gratify *me*; not that I have any selfish reason to rejoice, for though aunt Chumps is not young, she will of course marry."

"I beg your pardon," said I; "it seems to me that I do not clearly comprehend this matter; and, now I remember, it was but an ignorant girl that spoke to me on the subject."

"If she told you that my aunt, Miss Chumps, had unexpectedly come into a large fortune, she told you the truth."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes; was *that* what you heard?"

"No—yes—that is—I really—I forget."

"Oh, of course, you were thinking of other things. But do you know I never was so surprised as when I heard you had recollected me after such a lapse of time. You must not forget the disparity in our ages; I am many years younger than yourself, and you may by-and-by think me gay and giddy. Visit us, if you please, but speak no more of love until you have very seriously reconsidered the matter."

I retired to my lodgings, startled, disappointed, disorganized; and as prevention is better than cure, I sent down to Mr. Morbid for an anti-bilious pill; but notwithstanding my precaution my slumbers that night were feverish and disturbed.

The next day I was introduced to Miss Chumps, and I really thought her a very interesting woman. A long residence in a tropical climate had tinged her with deep yellow, and the lines under her eyes and round her mouth were peculiarly dark. Her form, tall and erect, was perhaps what critical people would have called meagre, but still there was a certain something about her, far from disagreeable. She had been sent out to India to seek a husband when she was very young (which must have been a long time ago), and the search having been fruitless, she now came back again, possibly to establish a similar look-out in her native land.

I don't know how it happened, but I saw very little of Anna Maria or her mother during my daily visits to Pigmy Villa. Miss Chumps always received me, and now and then we strolled together by the sea-shore. She had left England so early in life, that her notions were all oriental—she certainly must have been a little bit vulgar before she set out; and I am inclined to think that a long residence in India, unless

the individual is naturally elegant, and has been early associated in England with persons of refinement, is not particularly calculated to give ladies what *we* are in the habit of considering ladylike ways and notions.

The Chumpses were persons of low origin. An early marriage with a most gentlemanlike man had made Mrs. Millington presentable in any society; but her spinster-sister, Miss Chumps, looked so odd, and had such odd manners, that one would not have been anxious to incur the responsibility of presenting her anywhere. Still what Anna Maria had told me about the accession of fortune rendered her somewhat interesting in my eyes, and being, as I thought, rather neglected by the niece, I was glad to avail myself of the excuse to try and get into the good graces of the aunt.

"I have been in India myself," said I to her one day.

"So they tell me," she replied. "Oh, India's the place for us women! I remember at Rainandpore the ball that Lord Puffing gave us. He was dressed as a Rajah, and I and five other ladies (the handsomest they could pick out) were his six wives! I wish you could have seen *me* with my shawls, and my tissue-turban, and my beetle-wings!"

"But you like England, I hope?"

"Oh, London's pretty well, if they would but wash it clean. I arrived some days before I was expected, and stayed by myself at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, until sister Millington and my niece joined me."

"Unpleasant for a single lady."

"Yes, especially for one accustomed to the manners of the East. But I recollected that I had a cousin Chumps in trade, one my sister don't wish to hear talked about, and looking in the Directory I found him out, and wrote him a note, and he came and called with his wife, and they asked me to tea, which was civil and obliging; they lodged at a porkshop in the Strand, called Devonshire House."

"I've not the pleasure of knowing it," said I; "but I've seen the advertisement."

"Well," proceeded Miss Chumps, "I was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing a little of London society; so I put on a beautiful bright yellow China-crape dress, with a handsome scarlet India shawl, my beetle-wing turban, and my bangles, and ordering a hackney-coach at eight o'clock in the evening, I desired the man to drive to Devonshire House."

"Pray go on," said I, beginning to take an interest in her adventure.

"Well, away we went, and arrived at some gates which were thrown open; there seemed to be some demur about admitting the vehicle; but the moment my beetle-wings glittered at the window, the porter allowed us to proceed. We drove up to a magnificent mansion, from every window of which lights were beaming, and we stopped at a splendid portico, the large folding-doors were open, crowds of liveried menials stood ready to receive me, and the interior of the hall blazed with magnificence. Am I in a dream? thought I. People approached; the door of the coach was opened; the steps let down; and I descended. I thought I heard the words 'hackney-coach' whispered by a gentleman in full dress, and another also in a whisper replied, 'Oh, a foreigner of distinction, a stranger no doubt;' and with much ceremony I was escorted to the door of a saloon, and I immediately found myself in a

circle of distinguished individuals, one of whom—really the most gentlemanlike man I ever beheld—came forward to receive me, but started back after he had advanced a few steps, as if overcome by the oriental splendour of my appearance. I could not quite understand all this; I looked round in vain for cousin Chumps, and instead of seeing preparations for tea and smelling buttered toast, I thought I heard 'dinner' mentioned by a gentleman in powder, who walked in at another door and made a graceful bow."

"Good gracious!" said I, "what a sad mistake!"

"So it appeared," replied the spinster; "for the gentlemanlike man spoke to the man in powder, and he spoke to me, and inquired whom he had the honour of addressing; I certainly was agitated, but distinctly articulated 'Miss Chumps, from India,' when a tall handsome man in regimentals said something about deranged intellects, and some of the young people laughed, while others looked on me with an eye of compassion. I fainted dead away, and knew very little what happened until I found myself in my bedchamber at the Golden Cross."

It was evident from Miss Chumps's story that she had appeared in the first circles in London; yet it was with difficulty I could resist laughing at her adventure. To change the conversation, however, I touched on a tender theme; and ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, false to the fair niece, I had breathed vows of unalterable love to the more affluent aunt. She seemed much astonished at my offer.

"You must make my peace with Anna Maria," said I.

"Why, to tell you the truth," she replied, "I do not think she will regret your desertion; I believe, after what passed between you three years ago, she considered herself bound in honour to accept your hand, if you persisted in your suit; though, between ourselves, I think she has been rather attached to a very handsome officer, of her own age, quartered at Newport."

"So much the better," I replied.

"But I must do you the justice to say that your giving her up *now* is a proof of disinterested honourable feeling, which does you credit. You courted her when she was comparatively poor, and there are few who would have voluntarily withdrawn their claims at the very moment when she became rich, and bestowed those affections on one portionless as myself."

I stood aghast. Had the servant-girl then told me truth, and had Anna Maria merely misled me to try the disinterestedness of my motives? So it proved. I had been engaged to dine with Mrs. Millington that day, and at dinner I was placed by Miss Chumps, the antiquated possessor of forty pounds a-year unencumbered property, while Anna Maria, who now possessed five thousand a-year, sat radiant with smiles and beauty by the side of Captain Beaumont of the dragoons.

So much for a Widower's Wooing. There was now no Becky to come forth and claim me, and voluntary apostacy was likely to be rewarded with an action for breach of promise of marriage. Deprived of the smiles of Miss Millington, I found small consolation in the ogles of Miss Chumps; and perhaps I may hereafter make public some more of the *miss*-adventures of a Widower.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Clubs were once the prevailing fashion in England,—I do not allude to those convivial assemblies so pleasantly depicted and described in all their varieties by the periodical called "The Guardian," but to those criniferous appendages to the head worn by the bucks of that period. Pig-tails and "knockers" superseded the ponderous "clubs;" and subsequently, "crops" were, and have, with little variation, continued to be the mode. Strange! but assuredly of all the goddesses worshipped by the moderns, Fashion has the chief place in their pantheon.

Although of the feminine gender, she most resembles our sober and thrifty merchants—for she is continually "on the *change*."

But to return to the clubs. Of all those recorded in modern or ancient times, the club of Hercules stands pre-eminent. The Greeks, the first story-tellers in the world, relate innumerable wonders performed by it, and who can doubt *their* veracity? This club, by the way, was no appendage to any human block as before mentioned, but was in itself a solid wooden block, gnarled and knotted in a most picturesque manner, and used by Hercules as a "tool" or weapon of offence or defence, as occasion required. In fact, it was the gigantic grandfather, the "thumping" Adam of the degenerated race of shilelaghs!

The exploits or labours of Hercules, the King of Clubs, have been frequently related before in simple prose and lofty rhyme. If we for a moment considered that we could not tell the tale more pleasantly, we would at once abandon the theme; but we think we can—and prove too, most indubitably, that our King of Clubs was a trump!

Know then, most erudite reader, that Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. Juno, the haughty and imperious wife of Jupiter, delivered one of her longest "curtain-lectures" on the occasion, and would willingly have sent the interesting illegitimate to the foundling or the workhouse, had such asylums for disowned bantlings existed at that romantic period. Jupiter's thunder was paralysed and silenced by her sweet voice, and

> "He scratched his ear, the infallible resource
> To which embarrassed people have recourse;"

and, we are sorry to add, that the affectionate Juno scratched his face. For the sake of public decency we will, however, draw a veil over these domestic squabbles, which how interesting soever they may be to the parties concerned, are offensive to the delicate eye of decorum. Finding that all her rage fell upon him, like a flash of lightning upon a conductor, she desisted from her loquacious persecution; but, being always attended by her favourite bird the peacock, she, of course, had "all her eyes about her," as they say in the vulgate.

Hercules was still in his cradle—that is, as still as most infants generally are in that situation—and Juno resolved to send him some "playthings." Her first idea was a "rattle"—and, as Jupiter confessed, she certainly possessed an extraordinary one of her own—but upon mature consideration she made an addition to her intended present, and subsequently gave Master Hercules a couple of rattle-snakes.

How injudicious are the gifts of some people! They might have bitten him; and Juno, to whom this same probability had occurred, returned hastily to his apartment to see if they really had; and, to her dismay, beheld the stout little fellow grappling them tightly by the throat and tossing them about his cradle as limp as a pair of list garters! He had strangled them! This was his first *feat* before he could run alone! He soon outgrew his pinafores; and in course of time arrived at manhood. The enmity of Juno, however, still unrelentingly pursued him; and, although a muscular youth, he would willingly have accepted the situation of errand-boy to Jupiter, but the place was already filled by Mercury.

His want of favour at court was a bar to credit, and none of the Stultzes of the day would measure him for a suit; instead, therefore, of splendid clothes, befitting his station and degree, he got into idle habits. His moral character was still unimpeached, and being naturally of an ardent and romantic temperament, he resolved to sally forth as a knight-errant, and, if possible, to knock down tyranny and oppression, and pick up a livelihood. His valour was indomitable—his strength incomparable. Tearing up an oak by the roots, he fashioned it into a formidable club, and throwing it carelessly across his shoulders—with no other burthen than his domestic griefs—he wandered into the forest of Nemea.

Aurora had just drawn the purple curtains of her couch in the east, and looked with a radiant and blushing countenance upon the world, when a roarer—in the shape of a monstrous lion—rushed rampantly through a leafy brake upon the astonished Hercules. He grasped his club and calmly awaited the approach of his voracious enemy. With mane erect, and lashing his swarthy sides with his tasseled tail, he bore down upon our hero. His loud voice rang through the forest, and made the affrighted echoes shrink in terror and dismay. At one tremendous bound he sprang upon his intended victim. The situation of Hercules was awful; but he saluted his antagonist with a firmness and decision that were irresistible. His next spring proved the "winter of his discontent;" for the renowned club fell so *pat* upon his skull, that he rolled over on his back and extended his huge paws in the most tranquil state of peace and insensibility.

"The first and the best hit I ever made in my life," exclaimed Hercules, leaning on his club, and gazing cautiously upon the lion. "He came and—he is gone! And now, most royal beast, having given thee a dressing, thou shalt return the compliment." And stooping down, he undressed poor Leo in a jiffy.

Enveloping himself in the royal robes, which really fitted him to a hair, he surveyed himself, like another Narcissus, in the natural mirror of an adjacent—puddle!

"Really, now," said he, "there is a vast difference between a *bare* skin and a lion's skin! This is truly an enviable acquisition, and my trunk, like a traveller's, is certainly the better for the hairy covering."

Having uttered this self-gratulatory soliloquy, he threw his club over his shoulder again and departed, leaving the dead body to an inquest of the ravens.

Pursuing his journey, he met with few incidents worthy of remark, until he came to the Lake of Lerna. Stooping to slake his thirst, for

habit and necessity had both contributed to make him a temperate man, what was his surprise on beholding the seven-headed Hydra squinting maliciously at him with her fourteen eyes! "Well! this beats rattle-snakes all to nothing!" exclaimed Hercules, his mind recurring to the memorable exploit of his babyhood.

Proudly arching her necks, she extended her jaws. "Ho! ho!" cried Hercules, "I suppose, Madam, by showing your teeth, like a beauty, I am to conclude that you wish to engage me."

Now, as he was indubitably the most "striking" character of his day, this was a very probable conclusion; and he forthwith gallantly saluted the Hydra with such admirable effect that one of her seven heads dropped off. Presto! another sprang up in its place! which so tickled Hercules, that he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why, this is boy's play," said he; "one down the other come on, practically illustrated under seven heads!"

The conflict, however, became beyond a joke, and Hercules retreated up the strand, followed by the Hydra. Bravely he fought, and never had the seven-headed serpent beheld such a display of muscles on that strand before! Finding herself completely out of her element, she turned towards the lake, when Hercules, taking advantage of her position, struck her dexterously on the tip of her tail, and she dropped down stone-dead before she had time to think of her latter end. And so both her tail and her history were appropriately finished with a wood-cut! Her *dyeing*, however, did not cease with her death, for her blood completely crimsoned the Lake of Lerna.

Hercules having dined, "with his club" continued his journey in search of adventures. He had not travelled far before he fell in with the celebrated Erymanthian boar,—an animal of astonishing size and ferocity. His enormous tusks and bristles were alone sufficient to have made tooth-brushes for a whole generation! No sooner did Hercules catch his eye than he uttered a loud and sonorous grunt, and rising from the mire in which he had been taking his *siesta* or afternoon's nap, he trotted unwieldily towards him.

"I 'm not given to pork," said Hercules, "but, i'faith, here is pork given to me. I bear an oak, but my oak bears no acorns for his entertainment. He seems well-fed, however, although, from the muddiness of his hide, I 'm sure a little 'wash' would do him no harm."

He had scarcely pronounced this soliloquy, of which the foolish wild boar understood not a syllable, when he was compelled to act promptly on the defensive, for a thrust from the tusks of his porcine foe threatened to make an awful dent in his legs.

"Egad," exclaimed he, "I must keep my legs at any rate, for I've really such a run of business in the fighting line, that I shall not be able to keep pace with my customers." And he straightwith made such an impression on the grunter's carcass, that he lay kicking in a most unromantic and inelegant attitude at the feet of his victor.

Hercules had heard much talk in the neighbourhood of the quarrelsome conduct of his prostrate foe, and, for the sake of future quiet, was resolved to bind him down to keep the peace. With this charitable intention towards mankind, he proceeded to cord the legs of the boar.

"There now," said he, after completing his operations, "that is what one may call ham-stringing. I have taken especial care, too, not

to tie up his legs with a running knot. But, lest my bristly friend may alarm any wanderers on this track, I think it were better to put him out of the way."

And, prompted by this kindly feeling, he raised the boar in his arms, and carrying him carefully to an adjoining precipice, dropped him gently over!

The whole of the following year our doughty hero recreated himself in hunting with no other pack than that in which he carried his provisions: he pursued on foot a hind consecrated to Diana;—and a most extraordinary animal it was, having feet of brass and horns of gold. By-the-by, horns of gold is rather an Hibernicism; we should have said antlers. He finally came up with the *deer* creature, and brought it down: and never before or since was hind hunted by such a gallant buck!

He next killed or dispersed the Stymphalides (certain birds of the vulture genus—which fed upon human flesh); at least they were never afterwards known to send their bills into any man!

Women were, are, and ever will be, averse to clubs; and, notwithstanding the Amazons were all warlike women, they spoke very slightingly of the club of Hercules. Their contempt naturally provoked him; and single-handed he engaged the whole host of female combatants. Their military tactics and discipline proved unavailing; he effectually put them to the rout, and took prisoner Hyppolita their queen.

"Ah! you coward!" exclaimed the royal and disconsolate Amazon; "would you strike a woman?"

"Nay," said Hercules, bowing most gracefully: "if you will act like men, you must expect to be treated as such. Although your charms certainly declare that you were born to strike all men, it must be after a more amiable mode than that which you have practised. Throw aside these warlike arms, for those delicate hands were intended for other *bows* than those you use so cruelly. Women's eyes and tongues are their natural weapons,—their modesty their best defence."

And having finished this lecture, Hercules, like many other lecturers, led away his hearer.

As in all these exploits Hercules had proved himself a stalwart man, so, in his next achievement, did he indubitably prove himself a *stable* boy, for in one day he perfectly cleansed the stalls of Augeas, which had not been emptied for thirty years, though three thousand oxen were continually lodged in them. The most gigantic broom that ever was made would have been completely stumped in such a proceeding; our hero, therefore, wisely had recourse to a more summary and efficient mode, for he actually turned a river into the stable, and washed it out as cleverly as any scullion would a dirty saucepan. In fine, Hercules, who was *game* to the backbone, overcame the *dung-hills!*

He had no fear, and was the identical man to take the bull by the horns on every occasion, and chance soon gave him an opportunity of exemplifying the truth of this remark. Happening to be in Crete, he heard the lamentations of the people, who were daily harassed by a furious bull. "Show me the beast," he cried, "and if I do not beat him to the tenderest beef in the kingdom, henceforth call me a calf!"

But he had no need of their assistance in pointing out the object of

their terror, for the bull showed himself. On he came, like some knight in a tournament, with a flourish of horns!

"Fly!" exclaimed the people in dismay, at the same time scattering in every direction.

"Fly?" cried Hercules, contemptuously; and raising his club, he took such a correct aim, that he hit the bull's eye, and completely turned him round. Catching him by the tail, he then pursued the bellowing animal over the plain, beating such a tattoo upon his ribs that he would willingly have left his tail behind him (a very natural inclination), to have escaped from the merciless drubbing of Hercules; but the faster he ran the faster he held him, till at last the bull being completely tamed, fell sprawling and helpless at his victor's feet. The grateful Cretans gathered about him, loudly applauding his valour. They declared that they had never witnessed such a sight before.

"No!" said Hercules; "why beef and batter is a common dish in my country. But you have now nothing to apprehend; he'll never run at man, woman, or child again, depend on't; therefore you need neither care nor fear a rush! for he 's completely cowed!"

Still thirsting for adventure he travelled into Thrace, where the cruel tyrant Diomede then swayed the sceptre. There his fame having outstripped his legs, he was graciously invited to a royal banquet. Hercules accepted the polite invitation, and seated himself among the company.

Now he had ascertained from a private quarter on which he could confidently rely, that Diomede was in the habit of feeding his horses with the flesh of his guests. This pleasant prospect would probably have destroyed the appetite of any other man. But Hercules feared nothing, and feasted away and quaffed goblet after goblet with the most perfect *sang froid*. The conviviality having been kept up till a very late hour, the atrocious host arose and signified his pleasure that his gallant company should retire to their apartments for the night.

Hercules was upon his legs in a twinkling. "Gentlemen," said he, smiling, and extending his right hand oratorically, and clutching his club manfully in his left; "gentlemen, what I am about to propose I am sure will meet with general applause and approbation—(Hear, hear!) Although a wayfarer and a stranger in the land, I have not only been greatly honoured, but most graciously received—(Hear!) Those whom I have the honour to address I believe are equally strangers here, and therefore must feel as I feel on this occasion—to me the proudest moment of my mortal existence." (Shouts.) Diomede coughed, and modestly turning away his head to hide his confusion, said, sharply, "Waiters, leave the room." "Gentlemen," continued Hercules, "there are times when the exuberance of a man's feelings overcome his utterance; but neither wine nor gratitude have power to stultify mine. Gentlemen, the individual I am about to name is a man of the most extraordinary taste—(Hear, hear!) Yes, the gentle Diomede is not only delighted to feed his guests, but never fails to feed his horses—(Bravo!)—*with his guests!*"

(A thrill of horror ran through the assembly. Diomede started from his chair as if he had accidentally sat upon a pin.)

"Gentlemen—Draw your swords, and keep fast the doors. Monster!" continued Hercules, "I know you, and have no inclination to be

cut into bits for your horses' mouths (for *race* horses ought to have *coarser* food!) Nay, I have a great disinclination to have even my corn cut for their entertainment. I therefore attach you as my prisoner. Stir not a peg, or I brain you with my club! No! thou cruel anticipator of the Inquisition that will hereafter be! thou shalt not put either me or these innocent gentlemen to the rack!" And then gently tapping the tyrant on the head, he bound him hand and foot, and accompanied by the whole company, threw him into a dungeon in his own castle, to the admiration of all his vassals and the delight of the whole kingdom.

Having got his hand in, Hercules went over to Spain, where Geryon, a cruel giant with three bodies (representing, I suppose, King, Lords, and Commons), wore the royal crown; and our hero, who cared for nobody, unceremoniously "cracked his crown," and was unanimously thanked by the people for the "change."

Cockagee-cider was the favourite "tipple" of our Man of Might, and being informed that the Garden of the Hesperides produced the best apples in the world for the manufacture of the sparkling beverage, he passed the mile-stones like a tandem in order to procure a crop.

He found, however, that his waggish informers had endeavoured to put a trick upon him; for, lo! and behold, the golden fruit was guarded by a scaly dragon.

"This is a poser, however!" exclaimed Hercules, standing on tiptoe and peeping at the monstrous guard, who was quietly munching the windfalls. "No matter! danger is only the hone on which valour sharpens his steel. The adventure is worth at least a trial, especially as the fruit of victory is displayed so temptingly before me."

And striding cautiously into the garden, he gave the dragon such a salute upon the back as almost at once turned the scales in his favour.

The dragon curled up his barbed tail, and spread his wings with a noise that could only be compared to the sudden opening of a thousand umbrellas! while smoke and flames issued from his gaping jaws and distended nostrils.

Hercules meantime was not idle, but laid about him with such vigour and rapidity that he soon brought his enemy to the ground.

The struggle now became desperate; the claws of the battered dragon convulsively ploughed up the earth, and he was evidently suffering from the pain of his bruises. Hercules, naturally tender-hearted and compassionate, was resolved to put him out of his misery as quickly as possible; big with this charitable intention, he leaped upon his back, and at one blow beat his enormous head as flat as a biffin!

Resting from his toil, he regarded the indistinguishable features of the dragon with a smile.

"By the holy poker!" cried he, "I think that last blow has put the creature completely out of countenance! Sure now, his own mother would not recognize him; that is, if he had one, which, by-the-by, is a matter of little importance, as I have at any rate made a *mummy* of him!"

Having accomplished this affair, and refreshed himself for several days in the beautiful gardens of the Hesperides, Hercules took it into his head to pay a visit—that is, he went, as nurses say to little children,

to the "naughty place"—the entrance to which was at that time guarded by Cerberus, the triple-headed dog.

What on earth could possibly induce a man of his rank and acknowledged ability to let himself down so, we cannot imagine; but go he certainly did—and what is more, stole away the watch-dog!

It was a mad freak at best, and tended to effect a material change in the morality of the world; for it unfortunately removed one of the obstacles in the way of mankind, who have a natural inclination to run headlong in that particular direction.

This was almost the last remarkable action performed by this extraordinary man; for being badly off for soap, and too poor to pay a washerwoman, he was compelled to wash his own garments, and one day having put them on before they were perfectly aired, he caught a severe cold, accompanied by shivering and other symptoms of an ague-fit. No other sudorific being within his reach, he kindled a large fire of the dry branches of trees, and seating himself beside it in order to promote perspiration, he unfortunately fell asleep, and rolling into the midst of the flames was completely consumed—and thus one of the greatest heroes that ever existed ended———in smoke!

"MY NAME IS NOVICE;"

A SPEECH, *not* OUT OF "DOUGLAS."

My name is Novice; in St. James's Square
My father lives, and my good mother too,
Whose constant care 's to take her daughters out,
And leave her only son, myself, at home.
But I had heard of parties, and I long'd
To follow through the dance some high-born dame:
'Pa lent the carriage which Mamma denied.
Scarce had I got to Lady Dumbley's ball,
(She'd not yet fill'd her rooms,) when, with a rap,
A band of hot barbarians from the East
Rush'd like a torrent from the hall below,
Shocking our high-bred dames: th' Exclusives fled
For safety *and for supper*; I alone,
With cup of tea and slice of bread-and-butter,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The prettiest girl; then hasted to her side.
Her with a bow and fifty chosen smiles
I met advancing. Now my suit I press'd;—
I fought—I conquer'd—ere the music sounds.
With such a winning smile I pierced her heart,
And in my arms bore through the waltz the fair.

E.

THEATRE-ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

Conflicting Criticisms:—The Little Pedlington Dictator; the Little Pedlington Weekly Observer; the impartial Play-bill.

Tuesday morning, ten o'clock.—Breakfast, the "Little Pedlington Dictator," the "Little Pedlington Weekly Observer," and the play-bill for this evening are all before me. As I concluded last night, so do I begin this morning, by saying—"I shall see how far my statement of facts is borne out by the 'Dictator' and the 'Observer.' As for opinions, theirs will be theirs, as mine are mine*." The play-bill being intended, I presume, as a mere announcement of the performance provided for the entertainment of the public, I cannot expect to be informed by it of any fact beyond that, or to receive from it any opinion at all. As well might I look to the simple advertisements of Mr. Fudgefield (the celebrated auctioneer of this place) to find a broken-down hack, which he may have to sell, invested with all the attributes of a "Flying Childers," or a mud-hovel transformed, by the magic power of description, into an Italian villa.

The first paper before me being the "LITTLE PEDLINGTON DICTATOR," with that I begin. Its motto (adopted, no doubt, for its rigid applicability) is

"I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

"Last night our Dramatic Temple was opened for the season to the votaries of Thalia and Melpomene. Long before the rising of the curtain the house was filled in every part to a degree of compact and impervious density. Nor is this to be wondered at. A new melodrama written by that subtle and deep-searching dramatist, Mr. Dowlas, the principal, or, indeed, the chief and main-sustaining character of which was to be represented by that heart-probing and soul-enthralling actor, Mr. Snoxell, was of itself sufficient to account for the circumstance. But when it is considered that, in addition to this, an Occasional Address from the feminine and graceful pen of Miss Cripps was to be delivered; and, also, that the facetious and mirth-compelling Mr. Tippleton was to appear in two pieces, written expressly for the purpose of displaying his unrivalled and incomparable powers, wonder must altogether subside and cease.

"Having taken our place, our eye rested, with throbbing satisfaction and delight, on the new drop-scene, the joint work of those singularly eminent and gifted artists, Daubson and Smearwell. But we must suggest what would be a grand and obvious improvement, and one that must be made. The neutral tints in the middle distance contrasting abruptly with the bright and sunny radiance of colour in the foreground, whilst a deep and mysterious shadow pervades the back: the consequence is that the *chiaro-scuro* of the aërial perspective is diminished, and the general sentiment and feeling of the whole picture weakened and subdued. Were it otherwise, with what captivating and Claude-like effect would the twenty-four green doors, each with its

* See "*Opening of the Theatre Royal, Little Pedlington,*" N. M. M. for March.

brass-knocker, relieve the solemn and Rembrandt-like tones of the background! whilst the meditative repose and *Titianesque* breadth and stability of the grenadiers at the corner, would present a masterly example of the *Michaelangelesque* sublimity of the pictorial art! This our opinion cannot be disputed—or we have studied our 'Vocabulary of Art' to very little purpose."

"Conclusive criticism, this of Mr. Fiat's!" thought I. "The young gentleman is blest with a *style*, too!" Now, as charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, so may it be said of a style—a style *par excellence* —that it is ample compensation for the absence of sense and meaning. Some there may be who disagree with me to the extent of desiring a modicum of meaning, a small portion of sense: be it so: I—to use the fashionable phrase—" go the whole hog." Give me but a *fine style* —be it the "graphic," the "picturesque," the "spirit-stirring," the "intensely-thrilling," the "widely-grasping," the "deeply-searching," the—the—in short, be it any one of the thousand new-fangled styles, so it be but a *fine* style—and I am satisfied. Any one common-place person may write what any other common-place person may understand. But Mr. Fiat writes like a genius, and is rarely intelligible; and, such is my admiration of *his* style, even upon this short acquaintance with it, that no power upon earth, short of the power of an Act of Parliament, shall compel me to understand it.—But let me continue the perusal of the "Dictator."

"The overture was performed with that chromatic intonation, that wondrous power of harmonic modulation, and that singularly Mozart-like oneness of effect for which Mr. Wagglebow's band is so eminently celebrated. But looking, as is our wont to do, beneath the surface, and penetrating th● innermost soul and under-current of things, we must say that there were passages of that marvellous work (the March in the Battle of Prague) which were not given in accordance with the sublime and astounding intention of the master-spirit which produced it. It is not with a composition of such masterly and wide-sweeping grandeur, such subtlety of depth and refinement as this, as it may be with such works as 'Molly put the Kettle on,' or 'Hey Cockalorum Jig,' which appeal merely to the more obvious sympathies of our nature. This addresses itself as well to the mysterious operations of the finest intellect, as to the more general, but deeply-moving power, of passion and sentiment; and requires, accordingly, a kindred zest, and strong tendency towards the loftiest faculties of appreciation, on the part of the performer. We do not mean to assert that the Wagglebows were totally deficient in these qualities, or that the performer upon the big drum did not occasionally manifest a fine feeling for the remoter and more subtle beauties of the composer; but if they hope to make a closer and more intense approach towards perfection, they must dive into the profundities of the great *Maestro*, with a patient and learned spirit, as we have done. This they must do. And, indeed, upon all musical matters our opinion and advice must be received with implicit acquiescence—or it is to very little purpose that we have been qualifying ourselves for this branch of our high office, by learning to play upon the fiddle for these six months and upwards."

If this be not "diving into the profundities of things," the deuce is in it. But, to the "Dictator" again.

"An Occasional Address, of excelling loveliness, and surpassing purity and grace, was now spoken, or, rather, we should say, attempted to be spoken, by Miss Julia Wriggles. Of this fine production, the work of our highly-gifted and singularly-accomplished poetess, Miss Cripps, we shall give two or three specimens; and if those do not bear us out in pronouncing it to be the emanation of a mind of powerful, yet subtle and feminine tenderness, as well as vigorous and searching grasp, we have studied the writings of our illustrious Jubb to very little purpose. How graphic, how full and sweeping, yet how delicately shadowed forth are the opening lines! And, then, what a fine perception of the subtle and imperceptible limits which, in a finely-organized and female intellect, divide dogmatic learning from femininely and gracefully-timid classicality, is conveyed in the 'I think' in the third line:—

'Once more within these glittering walls you're seen,
Sacred to Thălia and to Melpomene;
O'er Comedy (I think) fair Thălia sways,
While Tragedy great Melpomene obeys.'

"Again; how surpassingly forcible and spirit-stirring are the following!—

'If to hear music here you also come,
Here you'll hear fiddles and here hear the *drum*.'

"We have printed the word *drum* in italics, because, according to our appreciation, it is introduced with wondrous power and effect, and moves us like the sound of a trumpet. We are almost tempted to give the whole of this soul-enslaving production, but we can afford space for only one extract more. It is an appeal in favour of the new performers engaged at the theatre, and is touched with a hand of excelling tenderness and delicacy. For exquisitely-graceful simplicity, indeed, we pronounce it to be unrivalled:—

'To-night old favourites will be brought to view:
Be kind to them, but don't forget the new.'

"But why was the delivery of this admirable poem intrusted to Miss Julia Wriggles? Why not to Miss Laura Dobs—a young lady who is made to sing in the chorusses, whilst she possesses (as it is rumoured) talent of the most consummately promising order, which must raise her to the most eminently-elevated rank in her profession. The Address itself, however, was abundantly applauded; and a complimentary wreath was thrown to the fair poetess, who was (as we are informed) discovered in some part of the theatre. Unluckily it fell upon the stage, and was greedily snatched up by Miss Julia Wriggles; who, with surpassing assurance, appropriated the honour to herself."

Now, let me see. "Why not to Miss Laura Dobs?"—"As it is rumoured."—"As we are informed." The wreath "greedily snatched up by Miss Julia Wriggles."—"Surpassing assurance."

I turn to my last night's notes, and find it thus written:—"There!" cried he (Hobbleday); "you see Miss Cripps, our Sappho, in that little box? Well; the two gentlemen who have *just joined her*, are Mr. Dowlas, the author of the 'Hatchet of Horror,' and *Mr. Fiat of the 'Dictator.'*" [*As we are* INFORMED!] "Fiat, by-the-by, great friend of Snoxell's and Tippleton's. *Sweet, they say, upon little Laura Dobs*—ahem!" [who possesses (*as it is* RUMOURED) talents, &c.] Again;

I find that, after speaking the Address, "the lady (Miss Julia Wriggles) made her curtsey and *withdrew*. The instant she disappeared there was a general call for Miss Julia Wriggles; and *after this call had been repeated some dozens of time*, she returned. * * * * and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and cries of *brayvo*, a wreath of flowers was thrown upon the stage. * * * * The lady gracefully, and gratefully, took it up, pressed it to her heart, and again withdrew." [*Surpassing assurance!*]

Now, as I am as positive about the *facts* which I have stated, as I am careless concerning my opinions, the discrepancies between Mr. Fiat's statement and mine astonish me! By no exquisitely subtle and deep-searching process of intellect, as the "Dictator" would say, can I reconcile them. That Mr. Fiat is sweet upon little Laura Dobs (according to Hobbleday), or that he is in the habit of *tea-ing* with Miss Cripps (according to the information of Mr. Yawkins, the library-keeper), are circumstances which can have no weight in the estimation of a critic—at least in Little Pedlington.—So, now to proceed.

"The theatre was now hushed into a deeply intense and concentrated silence, rendered the more awful and profound by the audible respirations of the spell-bound audience, as the curtain rose for the performance of Mr. Dowlas's glorious melodrame, the 'Hatchet of Horror,' in which it was known that Mr. Snoxell was provided with a part of surpassing power and grandeur.

"The opening scene presents us with a creature, called Lord Hardheart, who, in virtue of his hellish office of a magistrate, is waiting the appearance of a fellow-being, whom, doubtless, he has predetermined to consign to the eternal and Erebusean dungeon, or the hungry and life-devouring gibbet. And here, at the very threshold of this noble and deeply-searching drama, Mr. Dowlas evinces the same subtle and philosophic reach of thought which are the rare and mind-embracing characteristics of his other unapproached and truly overwhelming productions, — such as 'Swing; or, the Avenging Rick-burner;'—'Bellingham the Bold; or, a Pattern for Patriots;'—'Turpin the Intrepid; or, the High-minded Highwayman;'—'Laura the Lovely; or, the Accomplished Concubine,' &c. &c. &c. &c., in all of which he advocates, with transcendent depth and originality, and in language glowing with almost palpable form and colour, those glorious and soul-stirring attributes of man—*as man*—at the bare mention of which tyrants shrink into the darkest caverns of mental opacity. The offence—offence, forsooth!—of which the victim upon whom the lordling magistrate is empowered to exercise his vengeance is accused, is, that he had removed some vermin, or (as in the oppressor's tyrannical jargon it is expressed) poached some game. The intended victim is Muzzle. We here take occasion to say that Muzzle was not altogether badly acted by Mr. Stride; but there are passages in his part of a delicacy too fine and subtle, yet of a breadth and boldness of grandeur too terribly impressive, though finely shadowed off into softness and beauty, for the limited, though respectable, capabilities of that artist to do justice to. Those passages ought to have been moulded and wrought into the part of Grumps, allotted to Mr. Snoxell. For instance: with what terrible and soul-appalling effect, yet quiet and concentrated grandeur, blended, at the same time, with dove-like grace and purity, would Mr.

Snoxell have hurled, as it were, at the head of the titled oppressor, these lines, of wondrous and heart-searching truthfulness:—

'Thou art a lord, but let me tell thee this:
Jack Muzzle, though a poacher—IS A MAN.'

"We can imagine the scorching and withering look with which he would have accompanied the word 'lord;' with an attitude of what surpassing dignity and grace he would have uttered the words 'Jack Muzzle, though a poacher;'—and then, after a fine and most artistical pause, with what a tone of excelling thrillingness he would have subsided into the self-supporting and sublime assertion—'Is a man.' We can conceive that thus, and by him, delivered, the passage would have caused the very heart of hearts within us to flush and grow pale. Mr. Stride, on the contrary, produced none of these effects. With the exception of a sneer with which he gave the word 'lord,' he slurred over all the rest of this fine and deeply-conceived passage, with stirringless apathy, till he came to the last three words; when, rushing to the foot-lights, he struck his beast with his right hand, elevated the left above his head, distended his legs like a pair of compasses, and roared, at the top of his voice,—'IS A MAN.' The consequence of this was an expression of loud and very general disapprobation. Indeed, we must inform Mr. Stride that he never can be an actor of subtle and artistical power, unless he will explore the under-current of things, and seek the sources of the terrible and sublime throes of passion and sentiment in the complicated, yet not barren, fields of intellect, and the unerring bosom of Nature herself. We assert that this our opinion is indisputable—or we have studied the 'Cant* of Criticism' to very little purpose."

Now, I must repeat that I have nothing to do with the "Dictator's" *opinions*. All this criticism I admit to be fine, and profound, and deep-searching, and wide-grasping, and subtle, and acutely-metaphysical, and philosophically-analytical:—criticism, indeed, of the highest, deepest, widest, anything-est order; and if there be any who do not clearly understand it, I shall take the liberty to say, on behalf of the "Dictator," that it is no part of his contract with his readers to provide them with understanding. But again I am at issue with him upon a point of fact. He states that Mr. Stride's "IS A MAN," excited "loud and very general disapprobation." Now, I assert that "the house expressed their approbation of his manner of giving 'E'en as I would—game,' and 'a poacher is a man.'" This I do assert upon the authority of my last-night's notes, and this I will maintain to be true—or I have used my ears (to adopt a favourite phrase of the "Dictator's") "to very little purpose." And, further on, the "Dictator" says:—

"Indeed, the whole of this scene was played with an un-energetic tameness which went far to endanger this singularly fine drama; and but for the momentary and intense expectation of the appearance of Mr. Snoxell, which riveted the innermost souls of the audience, the piece would not have been allowed to proceed. No blame for this attaches to the highly-gifted author, for the scene abounds in passages of singular power and beauty. witness the marvellously fine exclamation,

* Cant of Criticism.—Is not this a misprint for KANT (the German metaphysician) *on* Criticism?"—if such a work there be.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

'O Heavens!' which is uttered by Martha Squigs, when, in the person of the accused poacher, she recognizes her lover, Jack Muzzle. This was given by Miss Julia Wriggles in a *suppressed tone!!* Now, Martha Squigs is here represented as in a situation of awfully agonizing, yet self-sustained, terror and suspense; and we have studied to little purpose the subtle and imperceptible (imperceptible to the vulgar apprehension, at least) workings of the under-current of the deep-seated springs of human passion, if this incomparable exclamation ought not to have been fulminated in a singularly wild and soul-piercing scream. We can imagine with what awfully-thrilling power, and volcanic electricity of effect, it would have been given by Mr. Snoxell. Again; what is there in the whole range of dramatic poetry finer than the line spoken by Martha Squigs when her lover is liberated? especially that portion of it which we have printed in italics:—

'*I breathe again!* My Muzzle is set free!'

But it was lost upon the actress, who seemed not to be aware of its excelling truth and power, and was consequently overlooked by the audience. Why was not this, also, intrusted to Mr. Snoxell? who, with that profound and artistical * * * * &c. &c. The fact is that the part ought to have been allotted to Miss Laura Dobs, who (as we are informed), without much experience of the stage, is possessed (as we are informed) in an eminent degree of a deep and subtle feeling for the truth and beauty of things, and would therefore have exhibited the character in all its surpassing loveliness and excelling grace."

Now, here again the "Dictator" has mis-stated, or (to be polite) mis-conceived, a fact. My notes say: "Nor did Miss Julia Wriggle's 'Oh! Heavens!' pass uncomplimented. But, for anything like general and vehement applause, that young lady may be said to have drawn first blood, on giving the words, 'My Muzzle is set free!'"— And, so on, till it records the fact that she was honoured with *twice* three rounds of applause! Here, certainly, is a disagreement between us, which, I suppose, can be accounted for only by "piercing into the under-current of the deep and subtle nature of things." I almost wish my friend Hobbleday would drop in to enlighten me. The "Dictator" proceeds.—But as this exquisite pudding (not meaning, however, to speak irreverently of such an authority, but being merely led away by an enticing metaphor) is too large to be carried off entire, I shall content myself with picking out a few of its plums*.

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* *Apropos* of *plums*. Some years ago, a certain person, A. (if you please) a small hanger-on upon the then government, and who was looking out as a reward for his services (whatever they may have been), for the first place which should become vacant, met an acquaintance, B.; and between them the following conversation occurred:—

A. So; at length there is a place about to become vacant; and, as Government owes me a good turn, I shall apply for it. Gifford, as I know, is too ill to continue the editorship of the "Quarterly.

B. Well! and what then?

A. I shall apply for it. It is in the gift of Government, isn't it?

B. The "Quarterly" is considered to be one of the organs of Government; but I am not aware that Government has anything to do with the appointment of its editor, or that the editorship is considered in the light of a *place*. Besides, if it were, you can't write.

"Grumps (Mr. Snoxell) rushes on. We need hardly say that the appearance of this singularly great and surpassingly endowed actor was the signal for the most deafening burst of applause ever, perhaps, heard within the walls of the theatre. When this tribute to his excelling genius and inexhaustible variety of power had subsided into calmness and repose, Mr. Snoxell proceeded. Still maintaining his attitude, which was one of *Raphaelesque*, and most imaginative grace and beauty; a masterly emblending of the most appalling dignity with the most intense and highly-finished simplicity and delicacy—we say, that, still maintaining this attitude, (upon which the delighted eye might for ages have gloated with ineffable admiration, and evermore returned to it with unsated and inappreciable pleasure,) he exclaims, on beholding Squigs in custody, 'My friend!' This unrivalled and singularly fine exclamation Mr. Snoxell uttered with a rare combination of intellectual subtlety, of truth and force, of masterly insight into the complicated workings of the soul, of deep and solemn sensibility, of excelling purity and grace; and in a tone of pathos singularly touching, fraught with deeply-felt throes of heart, and carried, with infinite and unapproachable skill, through the endless varieties of all the moods and forms of impulse and passion. Nor was he less successful in his delivery of the highly dramatic exclamation which immediately follows—'My Squigs!' And it was in his mode of varying this from the other that the unapproachable genius of this truly great artist manifested itself—at least to the mind of a critic who pierces with a fine and subtle apprehension into those hidden recesses of thought and feeling which are closed against vulgar intrusion. For, whereas he gave the first, 'My friend!' with an antique severity and grandeur, though exquisitely softened into grace and beauty; he spoke this, 'My Squigs!' with a Doric and home-breathing tenderness and purity, and with ravishing simplicity, familiarity, and nature, though nobly elevated by a mighty and self-sustaining dignity. But if anything could exceed these, it was the manner in which this mighty artist uttered the next exclamation—'In chains!' Here, with excelling and surpassing skill, * * * * * and concludes this marvellously fine speech in a wild, volcanic burst, with

'Tell me wherefore—why my Squigs is here?'

To attempt any description of the singular power and effect with which he gave the word 'Why' would be * * * * * and, indeed, intelligible only to those kindred spirits of fine and subtle * * * * *. Growler (Mr. Waddle) now comes forward and declares

'I'm altogether of my friend's opinion.'

As this is the only speech Mr. Waddle is charged with in the first act, we are astonished it was not given to Mr. Snoxell. We can imagine

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A. No; but I understand that Gifford scarcely ever writes an article now: so that I am as fit for the place as anybody else.

B. It may be true that he now seldom writes an article, but he puts in a great many plums.

A. Puts in plums! What do you mean by putting in plums?

B. Why, he looks over an article and puts in a good thing—a strong, telling point, here and there: which points, indeed, sometimes give its chief value to a paper. That is what they call putting in plums.

A. O!—well!—If that is what you mean by putting in plums, and they should expect *me* to put in plums, I must look out for some *other* place.

that, in the hands of that consummate artist * * * * * infinite and unapproachable skill, surpassing excellence, excelling beauty, mastery, and mighty achievement * * * * *. As it was, this singularly fine line was entirely overlooked by the audience."

Again must I bring this super-exquisite critic to the *fact.* My notes say of this very line—" This is all Mr. Waddle has to say or do in the present act; but this he did in a way to extort applause even from the Snoxellites——" This, no doubt, is an oversight on the part of Mr. Fiat. I am coming presently to Mr. Rummins's Paper, and I trust that there I shall find justice done not only to Mr. Waddle, but to all parties.

" * * * * * and the young lovers, Squigs (Mr. E. Strut) and Lavinia Grumps (Miss Warble), meet. We must extract the opening of this exquisite scene for its rare and surpassing purity and beauty:—

Squigs. ' Lavinia, how d'ye do?'
Lavinia. ' Why, pretty well.'
Squigs. ' I'm very glad to hear it. How's your aunt?'
Lavinia. ' She's but so-so: she's got a little cold,
And means to-night to take some water-gruel.'

Now, the Doric and antique simplicity of this may be of a delicacy too fine and subtle for the apprehension of any but a mind deeply imbued with a probing appreciation of the gentlest and truest harmonies of nature. For boldness and breadth of conception, softened and subdued by excelling grace and loveliness of expression, and mingled with a feeling of home-delight and innocence, this surely is a passage of surpassing fascination. And we have read ' Enfield's Speaker' with but little advantage to ourselves if we may not assert that this nobly-simple piece of poetry is unequalled. We know of nothing, even in Jubb, superior to it; nay, we doubt whether Mr. Dowlas himself has ever produced anything of more excelling grace and tenderness."

* * * * * * * *

" This scene (the scene between Grumps and Martha Squigs—I quote my own notes) this scene was well, but not finely acted. Snoxell seemed to be reserving himself for some great effort; &c." The " Dictator," on the contrary, says:—

" This scene was acted by Mr. Snoxell with masterly and singular power and effect. The subtle and evanescent beauties of the poetry which Mr. Dowlas has here put into the mouth of Grumps were shadowed and tinted by the actor with consummate art and skill. His delivery of these exquisite lines,

' So, like the eagle soaring to the skies,
Again I come to press my ardent suit,'

was the most gorgeous example of declamation we ever remember to have witnessed; and the word ' soaring,' in particular, was accompanied with an action of inconceivable sublimity. And, again, in giving the lines,

' Reject me!—I've a wife, thou say'st.—That's true.
Whilst Mrs. Grumps shall live thou can'st not have me.
What's right is right—(*aside*) so she shall be disposed of,'

he presented a fearful specimen of the awful and truly tragic struggle of the great moral principle with the native and overbearing impulses of

the heart, which formed a picture of terrible grandeur and beauty. Had Miss Laura Dobs been intrusted with the part of Martha, this scene might have been one of perfect and unexampled effect; even as it was, such was the transcendent ability, excelling skill, and surpassing power displayed by Mr. Snoxell, that the audience was moved as by the rushing of a mighty tempest."

"* * * * * which brings us to the last scene of this singularly fine drama—the 'fatal cow-house.' This scene is one of unexampled power and beauty; and Mr. Snoxell's acting in it was a fine illustration of the deep and penetrating spirit, the profound and quiet research, the intellectual grandeur, with which he embodies the subtler and less obvious beauties of his author. There is always, indeed, in this gentleman's acting an under-current of purpose almost too fine and evanescent for the understanding of any but a critic of acute and philosophic sensibility. It was for this reason (as we are informed) that that gorgeous burst of poetry commencing 'Rumble, thou hurricaneous wind,' was intrusted to his delivery instead of Mr. Waddle's. Certainly Mr. Waddle could have done nothing with it; and the interruption occasioned by that gentleman's friends, when Mr. Snoxell began to speak it, was resented by the audience in a manner which singularly and abundantly proved that they were satisfied with the change. * * * * * Grumps is slain, the cow-house is fired by a thunderbolt, the ghost of the murdered Mrs. Grumps appears, and the curtain falls upon the solemn and *Michael-angelesque* gloom of this awful and terrible catastrophe. Both author and actor achieved a great and gorgeous triumph, and we are happy to record their surpassing and excelling success. A broad and obvious moral, at which tyrants and oppressors must quail, reigns throughout this singularly fine production, which is destined to maintain a lasting and enduring immortality. At the conclusion of the play Mr. Snoxell was loudly called for, and, on his appearance, a triumphal wreath was thrown to him. Miss Julia Wriggles, however, who had followed him, appropriated it to herself."

Neither does this statement of the affair of the wreath, nor any portion of that which follows, exactly coincide with my notes; but a little inaccuracy concerning facts may be pardoned for so much fine, profound, and acute criticism. The rest of the performances are shortly noticed by the "Dictator."

"Miss Julia Wriggles's broad-sword hornpipe was a miserable affair. Intrusted to Miss Laura Dobs it might have been an exhibition of singular and surpassing excellence. '*All round my Hat*' was dragged through by the inimitable powers of that surpassing comedian Mr. Tippleton. The infinite humour and excelling richness of that singularly fine and racy actor certainly saved this trashy affair, which is said to be the production of Mr. R—mm—ns, Editor of the 'Little Pedlington W—kly Obs—rv—r.' We do not choose to name the author more particularly. This was followed by an admirable piece attributed (as we are informed) to Mr. Dowlas, and called '*Who are You?*' The audience expressed some slight disapprobation at the singular inefficiency of Mr. Gigs, and the surpassing unfitness of Miss Julia Wriggles for her part; but the rich and deeply-discriminative acting of Mr. Tippleton, and the infinite wit and fine under-current of humour of the piece itself, prevailed. '*Who are You?*' cannot fail to become an

enduring favourite. The piece opens with a chorus, in which the fine and organ-like contr'alto voice of Miss Laura Dobs was heard with ravishing effect. Why is not this young lady placed in a situation of more eminent and perceptible prominence? Something or other, written expressly for Miss Julia Wriggles, concluded the entertainments; but as we did not think it worth while to stay to see it, we must take it for granted no one else did."

Bravo! Mr. Fiat of the "Dictator!"

Now for the statements and opinions of the "LITTLE PEDLINGTON WEEKLY OBSERVER." The motto to this paper (from Jubb) is—

" All parties to please and all difference to smother,
What in one line we state we retract in another."

"THE THEATRE.

"Last night our theatre was opened for the season. In this, we think, Mr. Strut, the manager, was wrong. In our opinion it would have been more to his advantage had he delayed the opening till to-morrow evening. And yet, as the extent of his season is limited, it would have been injudicious in him to throw away the advantage of two nights' performances; though, were he playing on them to bad houses, as it is possible he might, it would be of no advantage to him, as in that case he would be a loser by so doing. However, upon the whole, perhaps, it is better as it is. The house was not by any means as full as it might have been expected considering this was the opening night; though that is not to be wondered at, considering that Signor Rumbello del Squeaki displayed his extraordinary feat of performing on the drum and the Pandean pipes, *both at the same time*, at Yawkins's skittle-ground, in the morning. This was hardly fair towards the manager, as those who attended the morning performance would not be much inclined to go to a second entertainment in the evening; though it would not have been just towards the Signor had he been prevented the employment of his talents when and where he pleased. The interests of the theatre ought, however, to be protected; though there is no reason why any man ought not to be allowed to do the best he can for himself. Yet Strut is an enterprising man, and deserves support; and it is clear that if 13*s*. 3*d*. (the sum stated to have been taken at the door of the skittle-ground) had been paid at the theatre, his loss upon the night's performance would have been by so much less than we fear it is. Upon this ground, therefore, we are right in our opinion. If, notwithstanding, he should wind up this season at a profit, he will have nothing to complain of, though we know he lost ninety pounds upon the last; but if, on the contrary, he should be a loser, by the present, of another ninety, it will bring his loss upon the two seasons up to the enormous sum of one hundred and eighty pounds. In this case, of course, he would relinquish the management. But, if the nightly receipts should exceed the nightly expenditure by two pounds, this, upon an average of fifty nights, would leave him a considerable gainer, and there would be no necessity for his taking such a step. Indeed, having netted a hundred pounds, he would not be justified in relinquishing the management; though it would hardly be fair to compel him to retain it if he could get any one to take it off his hands.

"The house has not undergone any alteration, nor has it, indeed, even been fresh painted. This we think an injudicious economy.

However, as it is only two years since it was built, it did not, perhaps, require it; in which case the manager would have been highly blameable for laying out any money upon it. We cannot speak in too high terms of the new drop-scene, which represents our Crescent, guarded by two grenadiers. But why did not Smearwell give us a view of our new pump instead? Daubson might still have introduced his grenadiers. However, they are both clever men and know what they are about; and if, as we have heard, their reason for not doing so was, that the subject of the former drop-scene was the new pump, they have perhaps chosen for the best. They might, however, have given the pump in a different point of view; so that we are right in the main. We stated in our last that the march in 'Blue Beard' would be played as the overture. We find, however, that we ought to have said the march in the 'Battle of Prague;' but as they both are marches we were not altogether wrong. Indeed, we do not know but that the march in 'Blue Beard' would have been better after all, so that we were right upon the whole; not but that the audience seemed very well satisfied with the former, though it is by no means certain they would not have preferred the latter. The orchestra performed the march in a manner that left nothing to be desired; not but that we think it was played at least twice too fast for a slow march; though if, as it is said, this was necessary in consequence of the late hour at which it was expected the performances would terminate, and which rendered it expedient to save as much time as possible, we think Wagglebow did what was proper; though perhaps, upon the whole, he was hardly justified in yielding to such a consideration. Miss Julia Wriggles, a young lady who made her first appearance on any stage, now came forward to speak an Occasional Address. Of the Address, which is the avowed production of Miss Cripps, we cannot speak in any terms of praise. Indeed, but for the excellent manner in which the fair *débutante* delivered it, it would not have been listened to. Why was not Miss Jane Scrubbs applied to to furnish one? Perhaps she was, and declined to enter into the competition. Indeed, considering her great popularity and the imposing attitude she has assumed in consequence of the sensation produced in Little Pedlington by her ingenious riddle which appeared in our last (the answer to which is *a fish*), she ought not to have been expected to compete. The task ought at once to have been intrusted to her hands. The audience testified their approbation of the fair speaker by unanimously presenting her with a wreath, whilst their gallantry induced them to forbear hissing the words of the *fair* writer."

This differs widely from the statement of the "Dictator," and, I must acknowledge, from my own notes also. These say that "the Address and Miss Julia Wriggles were vehemently applauded." Concerning the audience unanimously presenting her with a wreath, the wreath was (according to Hobbleday) apparently thrown to her from the manager's box. But these are trifles. If there were ever to be a perfect agreement, even upon points like these, the world would be too good to live in.

"We stated in our last that the theatre would certainly open with Mr. Dowlas's popular melodrame of '*Swing; or, the Avenging Rick-burner*,' and we still have reason to believe that such was originally Mr. Strut's intention. Why did he not abide by it? We do not think the alteration a judicious one, though, from Strut's experience in these matters,

we have no doubt he has good reasons for it. Probably he thought the 'Hatchet of Horror' would be more attractive; if so, he was right to give that the preference, though the attendance last night did not bear him out in that opinion. However, as the theatre did, in fact, open with a piece of Mr. Dowlas's, as we said it would, (the only difference being, that instead of 'Swing,' it was the 'Hatchet of Horror,') we were right in the main.

"The play-bills say that the piece is entirely new: but as it has been a stock-piece at the Fudgeborough theatre for the last three years, this assertion is incorrect, and we wonder that a man like Strut should lend himself to such an imposition upon the public. It is very disreputable; not but that Strut himself may have been imposed upon; though we have no reason to suppose that Mr. Dowlas would be a party to such a proceeding. If, however, the words are intended to mean merely that the piece is entirely new to a Little Pedlington audience, our worthy manager is perfectly justified in using them: not but that they are in some degree calculated to mislead the public, and therefore not to be defended on any grounds. We are sorry that we cannot speak favourably of the piece as a whole, although it contains passages, and even entire scenes, of great merit; and, indeed, taken altogether, it is perhaps equal to anything Mr. Dowlas has produced. Nevertheless, we think it much inferior to 'Bellingham the Bold,' and not at all to be compared with 'Swing.' It was, however, well received, and is likely to become a favourite. It has, besides, the great merit of inculcating fine principles and excellent morals, in doing which no man is more successful than Dowlas. Still, Dowlas is mainly indebted to the actors for his success in this instance; for, but for the great exertions of Waddle in Growler, and Miss Julia Wriggles in Martha Squigs, we doubt whether the piece would have gone through. Mrs. Biggleswade, too, made the most of a very indifferent part, though upon the whole we do not recollect to have seen this lady to less advantage. But why was Grumps given to Snoxell? He is too short and too stout for such a character; whereas Mr. Waddle (although he, also, is short and stout) is in every respect fitted for it. In the first act Mr. Waddle has but one line to say:—

'I'm altogether of my friend's opinion.'

and his manner of saying it (though we are of opinion he will see the propriety of giving it differently in future) produced an electric effect. This, and Miss Julia Wriggles's

'I breathe again—my Muzzle is set free,'

were, upon the whole, the gems of the evening. Yet after all, little praise is due to the performers; for these lines are so telling in themselves, that any one of common ability might have spoken them with almost equal effect.

"But the great struggle for superiority between the rival tragedians, Mr. Waddle and Snoxell, was in the quarrel scene, in the second act, beginning with

'No more, my Growler! never be it said! &c.

and, in our opinion, Mr. Waddle proved himself altogether the victor; not but that Snoxell played tolerably well. The audience, however, were of our opinion, for at the conclusion of each of his speeches, Mr. Waddle was honoured with deafening applause." [This account does not quite agree with my veracious and impartial notes, and differs altogether

from that of the "Dictator."] "But why was not the scene opened by Mr. Waddle instead of Snoxell? Waddle coming in abruptly with

'Don't talk to me of vultures—stuff and nonsense—'

would have produced greater effect; though, on the other hand, the allusion to vultures might not have been generally understood; and yet, as it would still have been implied, we are perfectly justified in our opinion. We have heard it rumoured that the speech beginning 'Rumble thou hurricaneous wind' was originally in the part of Growler (Mr. Waddle's), and that Mr. Snoxell insisted upon having it put into his." ["Heard it rumoured!" Innocent Mr. Rummins. It is not in the least likely that he received the information from Mr. Waddle himself, though I saw those gentlemen come, arm in arm, into Yawkins's library yesterday morning, and heard Mr. R. say that he was engaged to "dine with Waddle!" "Heard it rumoured!"]

"For our own part we do not credit the report, for certainly Waddle is not the man to be treated in such a way; nevertheless, there can be no doubt of the correctness of our information, for the instant Snoxell attempted to speak the speech he was interrupted by a universal shout of disapprobation; whilst Mr. Waddle, who presently afterwards appeared, was received with deafening applause. Mr. Snoxell stammered a few words in explanation, which we could not distinctly hear; and Mr. Waddle, having addressed the audience in a manly and elegant speech (a correct report of which we hope to be enabled to lay before our readers in our next) the performance was allowed to proceed." [Again a slight difference between us.] "We trust, however, that, at the next performance, the speech will be restored to the part of Growler. Indeed, as an act of justice, it ought to be. And why not, at the same time, give Mr. Waddle the line from the character of Muzzle—

'Jack Muzzle, though a poacher—is a man!'

For although it was not badly delivered by Stride, still it would produce a greater effect in the hands of such a man as Waddle; and although it may be impossible to make the transposition, nevertheless our opinion is correct in the main. * * * * * and thus the piece concludes. The chief fault of the 'Hatchet of Horror' is its extreme length. It must be compressed into one act, or at least considerably curtailed, particularly in the part of Grumps (Snoxell); though, upon the whole, we do not see where a line could be advantageously omitted. Why did not Dowlas (and no man understands these things better) introduce a comic character for Gigs? By so doing he might have made three acts instead of two, which is always better when it can be done; though, in the present instance, we think, nevertheless, that two acts are quite sufficient. Dowlas's great merit is that his pieces are always original. We are uncertain, however, whether or not there be a French piece called, '*La Hache d'Horreurs; ou, la Laitière Massacrée.*' If there be, it is not improbable that he has translated a part, if not indeed the whole of it. At the conclusion of the melodrama Waddle and Miss Julia Wriggles were loudly and deservedly called for. A wreath was thrown to the fair *débutante*, which Snoxell (who, we believe, was also called for) was about to appropriate to himself; but the audience apprizing him of his *mistake* he was obliged to relinquish it to its rightful owner.

"Miss Julia Wriggles's broad-sword hornpipe was succeeded by a new burletta called '*All round my Hat!*' Circumstances prevent our saying more of it than that the audience condescended to receive it with unequivocal approbation, though the author, *whoever he may be*, is much indebted for its success to the performers, although Tippleton made but little of his part, which would have produced roars of laughter had it been acted by Gigs. The piece is *not* a translation of a French vaudeville called '*Tout autour de mon chapeau*,' as it has been falsely asserted in a certain upstart newspaper.

"We must not omit to mention a song by Miss Warble. She is a charming singer; though her voice is not pleasant, and she has neither taste nor execution. But why does she pronounce *sky* and *fly*, *skoi* and *floi*, when it is the practice of the best singers to pronounce them *ske-i* and *fle-i*?

"A miserable thing called '*Who are You?*' was deservedly sent to the tomb of all the Capulets, though Gigs and Miss Julia Wriggles did all in their power to save it. Tippleton, of course, did *his* best—such as it is—but all to no purpose. We have been doomed to listen to much trash upon various occasions, but * * * *. The author is Mr. F—t, Ed-t-r of a thing called the 'D-ct-t-r.' A Miss Laura Dobs was thrust into the affair, who annoyed us with her sharp, shrill, croaking voice. Strut is a sensible man, and is wrong to have allowed this; though he may have his motives for it, in which case we must allow he is in the right. The evening's performances concluded with '*She* SHALL *be an Actress*,' in which Miss Julia Wriggles performed eight characters! This was a great task for a young lady on the night of her first appearance on any stage; but if, as it is said, she has been playing with Scrubs, at Fudgeborough, for the last three years, the effort is not very extraordinary. Notwithstanding this, it is a very extraordinary effort under any circumstances; so that we are right in our opinion, after all. Though the performances were not over till nearly eleven o'clock, not a soul quitted the theatre till their termination. The manager ought to drop his curtain at twenty-five minutes past ten, or half-past, at the latest. This he must do; though that would hardly be fair towards those who come in at half-price; and as he could but seldom possibly bring his performances within that time, we think he would not be justified in making the experiment."

A few extracts from another corner of the paper: and, then, to peep at the play-bill.

"THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"We stated, in our last, that Bellowmore had entered into an engagement with Strut for three years, at a weekly salary of two pounds five and sixpence (higher terms than had ever been paid before), with a benefit, upon which he was to be secured ten pounds, and permission to go and play at Fudgeborough the first and third Thursdays in every month. Upon inquiring, however, we find this statement was not exactly correct; indeed, we doubted it at the time. According to Bellowmore's letter to Mr. Strut, which we have since seen, it was for a twelve nights' engagement he applied (not three years), at eight-tenths of the clear receipts nightly (not a weekly salary of 2*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*), and a

free benefit (not a sum of ten pounds secured); and that no stipulation at all was proposed about playing occasionally at Fudgeborough. In fact he has *not* entered into an engagement, which, we think, is to be regretted; though, with Waddle to lead the tragic business, supported by Snoxell, we are of opinion he would have been useless. Indeed, he did not, strictly speaking, even apply for an engagement. However, as it is certain he wrote to Strut concerning theatrical matters, we were right in the main."

"*To the Editor of the 'Little Pedlington Observer.'*

"SIR—In your last there appeared the following paragraph:—'We understand that the nightly expenses of the theatre amount to fifteen pounds, whilst the house will contain no more than nine pounds eighteen, at the utmost. This will leave a nightly loss of five pounds two! But if the house should not be crammed full (and it is not to be expected that it will), and the average receipts should be no more than five pounds, the loss per night will amount to the enormous sum of ten pounds! We suppose, therefore, Strut will close the theatre after a night or two, as he cannot fairly be expected to keep it open with ruin staring him in the face; though in so doing he will not be justified towards the parties concerned with him.'—Now, Sir, the direct reverse of your statement is the fact (the nightly *expenses* being nine pounds eighteen, and the possible *receipts* fifteen pounds); and the paragraph being calculated to do the manager considerable injury, I am desired by him to request that you will give it a full and immediate contradiction.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"T. R. L. P. "THOMAS DUMPS, *Treasurer.*
"*Monday morning.*

"We willingly give insertion to the above, which the worthy writer is perfectly justified in demanding, although we think his complaint somewhat captious; as, even admitting that we were in error, we have merely put the cart before the horse. *According to his own showing*, we have stated the *sums correctly*; and if, as we said, the receipts should never exceed five pounds (and we do not see how it can be expected that they should), the loss, even then, will be four pounds eighteen nightly; and this, spread over a season of one hundred nights, would amount to nearly five hundred pounds: though, were he to curtail his season to fifty nights, the loss would be but half that sum; yet, on the other hand, were he to play the whole year round (which, fortunately for him, he is not allowed to do), the loss would be about treble; and no man could pay his way under such adverse circumstances. As we should be sorry that any statement made by us should go to injure the credit of our worthy manager, we have given this explanation; though as our calculations cannot be disputed, they prove that we were right in the main."

"SIR,—You say in your last, 'We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Croaks, the once eminent vocalist, has irrecoverably lost her voice, owing to a slip in stepping out of the Poppleton-End coach.' It is true, Sir, as I did slip in stepping out of the coach, but as my voice an't by no man-

ner of means injured by it, what you say will ruin me in my profession if you don't contradict it, being in treaty with several managers for an engagement.

"And am, Sir, yours truly,
"JULIANA CROAKS.

"We insert the above, though, as the fair writer admits that she did slip in stepping out of the coach, which we take to be the main point, we were not altogether wrong. We should be glad to hear that Strut has engaged her, and, indeed, this he ought to do. She is, or, rather, was, a woman of extraordinary talent, and ought to be before the public; but, as her voice cannot be as good as it formerly was, she ought to be moderate in her demands. No doubt she will be; though we have reason to believe she requires the same salary she had nine years ago. This, of course, the manager will not accede to; for with Miss Warble in his company, who has youth and beauty in her favour, we do not see that Mrs. Croaks can be of much, if of any, use to him."

These extracts will sufficiently show the tact and propriety with which the editor of this paper has selected his motto. Well informed upon all points which he discusses, learned, profound, argumentative, convincing, with truth may he say—

"What in one line we state we retract in the other."

And as Mr. Dangle says, in the "Critic," "The interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two," so may it be said of Mr. Rummins's explanations, and corrections of mistakes and mis-statements, that they invariably make the matter worse than it would have been without them; thus fulfilling, with admirable ingenuity, the intention expressed in the first line of the quotation:—

"All parties to please and all difference to smother."

I turn to the play-bill for the mere purpose of learning what are to be the performances this evening. Play-bills being intended as simple advertisements, it is not to be expected that their inditers should take upon themselves the office of critics or reviewers. If, therefore, at any time those good-natured and impartial persons should choose to encumber themselves with that additional task, we ought to be the more obliged to them. But, alas! this worldly world is every day becoming more worldly; so it were vain to look to them for any such disinterested sacrifice of time and trouble.

The body of this day's play-bill is precisely the same as that of yesterday. Every piece performed last night is to be repeated this evening —even "*Who are You?*" which, according to the evidence of my ears and eyes, was "unequivocally damned;" or (in the more elegant language adopted by Mr. Rummins) "sent to the tomb of all the Capulets." This is *odd;* and only to be accounted for on the supposition that the management intends to request for it another and a more indulgent hearing.

The heading of the bill is different. It is expressed in terms few and simple, yet (as Mr. Fiat might say) of excelling force, and mighty, yet subtle, comprehensiveness—

UNPRECEDENTED COMBINED JUNCTION OF UNITED ATTRACTION!

SEE THE HATCHET OF HORROR!

MISS JULIA WRIGGLES EVERY NIGHT!

GREATEST AND MOST UNHEARD-OF SUCCESS EVER KNOWN!*

But the most important additions are made to what (I believe) is technically called the *underlining.* In addition to the information that "*On this occasion* Mr. SNOXELL *will perform*;" "*On this occasion* Miss JULIA WRIGGLES will perform," &c. &c., which, as it has been stated in not more than a dozen other parts of the bill, it is indispensably necessary to repeat, we are told:—

⁂ "The HATCHET OF HORROR," the finest and most affecting melo-drame ever produced, having been received with the most enthusiastic and tremendous bursts of applause, by the most crowded and suffocating overflow ever collected within the walls of *this* theatre, and unanimously declared, by the most fashionable and judicious audience ever collected within *any* theatre, to be the most heart-rending and splendid spectacle ever produced on the stage of *any theatre whatever*, it will be performed every evening till further notice.

⁂ MISS JULIA WRIGGLES having last night, on *the occasion of her first appearance on any stage*, been received with more enthusiastic and tremendous applause than ever before shook the walls of any theatre to their very foundation; and having been acknowledged by the most competent judges to be the most perfect and paramount actress that ever appeared on the British stage; Mr. Strut, regardless of expense, is happy to say that he has thought it his duty to the inhabitants of Little Pedlington to prevail upon that versatile and incomparable *artiste* to consent to enter into an engagement with him, at an enormous salary, *for the whole of the present season.*

⁂ "ALL ROUND MY HAT" having been received with still more enthusiastic, &c.

⁂ The fashionable interlude called "WHO ARE YOU?" was received throughout with the most tremendous applause, and accompanied all through, from beginning to end, with the most unceasing laughter ever heard within the walls of a theatre, and was given out, at its conclusion, for performance every evening till further notice, with the most enthusiastic cheering and without one single dissentient voice. (! ! !)

⁂ If possible, still more tremendous applause having accompanied the performance of "SHE SHALL BE AN ACTRESS," and Miss Julia Wriggles having been received with, if possible, still more, &c. &c.

⁂ In order to accommodate the hundreds who could not obtain admission last night at the doors, this evening the windows also will be thrown open.

⁂ To-morrow, being the anniversary of the death of the late emi-

* I was informed, in the course of the morning, that seven lines more, of a similar character, had been sent to the printer's; but that, owing to the untoward circumstance of a great quantity of large letters being in use for the advertisements of Gloss's Patent Self-renovating Blacking, and Dr. Drench's Patent Pro-anti-omni-preventi-curative Pills, the Theatre Royal, Little Pedlington, could not be accommodated with them to a further extent. This is, indeed, a pity.

nent antiquary, Simcox Rummins, Esq., F.S.A., this theatre will, by order of the magistrate, be closed. And as, on this solemn occasion, there will be no performance, a variety of most laughable entertainments will be given, as will be expressed in the bills of the day."

Herein do I find much to astonish me; but this concluding paragraph is utterly perplexing! Would my friend Hobbleday were here to explain it to me! But, for the present, at least, I must, as Grumps expresses it, "in ten-fold ignorance abide." The coach, which is to take me to Guttlebury Abbey, is at the door. Of the worthy proprietor of that place, Sir Swaggerton Shuffle, whom I am about to visit, I shall say nothing till I am somewhat better acquainted with him.

P*.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

> "These pencil'd figures are
> Even such as they give out."
>
> *Timon of Athens.*

In communicating intelligence of a very painful or of an extremely joyful nature—such, for instance, as the birth of a tenth child to the hearer, or the elopement of his wife—it is necessary to proceed with caution, lest the sudden intimation of the fact should operate fatally on a too susceptible temperament. On beholding the title which gave birth to the ensuing speculations, the first apprehension of the reader will naturally be that these pages are intended as a vehicle for political discussion, with reference either to the nation at large or a certain well-known morning newspaper in particular. We beg to disclaim both inferences, and venture to insinuate as carefully and circuitously as we can, that, hating politics as cordially as any one, we have not the most remote idea of venturing on that forbidden fruit—

> "Whose mortal taste—as everybody knows—
> Brought death into the world and all our woes."

Having thus "cleansed the stuffed bosom" of that which weighed so heavily upon it, and having, we trust not rashly, removed all dread of any sinister designs, *nous entrons en matière.*

"The Signs of the Times" in which we take most interest are those exterior embellishments which promise to the thirsty or convivial soul the proximate fruition of its desires; the signs, which—

> "Taking all shapes and bearing many names,"

are symbolical but of one meaning,—accommodation in every particular to him who can afford to pay for it. The "fatal necessity" of being obliged to write a note to a long-suffering individual, compelled us a few days since to turn over the leaves of that ample volume, the "London Directory,"—the modern Domesday-book in which the town is parcelled out to tradesmen, as the whole country was of yore to the knights of William the Conqueror. While *searching* for the name of Smith,—at least, the *right* Smith,—we chanced to stumble on the wel-

come array of houses of entertainment which grace this great metropolis, and were struck with the number, the variety, and the singularity of their denominations. It was like journeying through a desert and meeting with an oasis, or eating a "family dinner" with a friend and getting a most unforeseen bottle of Champagne, or holding four honours in the midst of a run of ill luck, or anything, in short, most unexpected. After labouring through the hard, cast-iron nomenclature of bootmakers, hatters, and tailors, it was quite a relief to come to the representation of things, not men. The page literally glowed with the richness of its colouring and the teeming profusion of attractive objects. On one side were Bunches of Grapes, which seemed only to require the pressure of a friendly hand to shed their rosy nectar; on the other, Shoulders of Mutton, ever ready to be spitted for the wayfarer's gratification; here were Rummers, and Punchbowls, and Flowing Cans; there Geese and Gridirons, Pine Apples and Sugar-loaves;—

> "All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
> Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask;"

everything, in fact, to gratify the taste and stimulate the appetite. It was like reading a cookery-book, or Walter Scott's description of Quentin Durward's breakfast, or the Black Knight's supper, or Dugald Dalgetty's attack on the pie; it positively made us hunger and thirst, and incontinently long to "take our ease in our Inn." It struck us that we would do so after a new fashion: by curiously examining the motley assemblage, and speculating on their probable origin, their classification, their past and present attractions, the characters of their presiding genii the hosts, and other matters relevant. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ!"

Sign-painting is the heraldry of the people. It had its origin no doubt in the nobler art of which it was *at first* a humble imitation. The nobleman's retainer who "turned tapster" and set up a hostelry on his own account, assumed his lord's arms or effigy, partly out of compliment to his former master, and partly because the sign was likely to prove attractive in the neighbourhood of the original. The custom still prevails throughout the country and in certain localities of London; hence the frequency of the "Bedford's Head" and "Arms," the "Grosvenor," the "Portman," and those of other great landlords, in the districts where their property lies. Coeval with these, but influenced by a more general motive, were the attributes of the Sovereign, the "Arms," the "Crown," and the "Sceptre" of royalty. But as the necessities arose for satisfying the thirst, or ministering to the gratification of an increased population, the demand for variety in signs extended also; and here again the heralds afforded the effigies required. The Bull's Head on the shield of the knight, the Lion and the Leopard that supported it, and the Eagle or the Peacock that glittered above his casque, now dangled from projecting sign-posts, or were conspicuously emblazoned in front of the respective hostelries.

To these succeeded the more fantastic inventions,—

> "The clip-wing'd griffin and the moulten raven,"

which in process of time were familiarized to the vulgar by the simple denominations of blue, red, and green, in lieu of the azure, the gules, and the synoples of heralds and pursuivants. These noble terms being desecrated, sign-painting and heraldry began to part company.

It is true the former still retained the attributes of the latter, but being now able to walk alone, it disdained tamely to copy, and resolved to be boldly original, inventing combinations and marshalling devices which never were dreamed of even in that Limbo Patrum, the College of Arms. Such, for example, were "The Ship and Bladebone," "The Blue Last and Sugar-loaf," "The Hog and Helmet," "The Magpie and Pewter Platter," and many more (to which we shall refer hereafter) that are to be found recorded in the "Directory."

The classification of signs is the next important particular. They may be arranged in the following order, under many heads, for their name is Legion:—The simple, the compound, the original (which may very frequently be considered a sub-genus of the preceding), the national, the political, the historical, the local, the purely heraldic, the personal, and the heterogeneous.

Simplicity is the characteristic of all inventions in their early stages. The warlike barons of the middle ages were content with a simple cognizance, and the primitive hostelries adopted only simple signs. The earliest we have met with are those mentioned by Chaucer—

> "That hight the Tabarde*, fast by the Belle,"

And the "Chekers" at Canterbury. These owed their origin, the first, to the herald's coat, the second, no doubt, to the church, or convent bell, (an equally well known object,) and the third, to a common heraldic bearing.

If Shakspeare be admitted as historical evidence,—and in this instance we think he may come into court,—we may refer to the "Boar's Head," in Eastcheap, and the "Garter," at Windsor, as similar early emblems; the first, a knightly device, and the last, the type of King Edward's illustrious order. The story of Richard the Third and the "heir to the Crown," is another proof of our original proposition with respect to the derivation of signs; but this we think need not be further dwelt on.

Notwithstanding the lapse of years, and the proneness of mankind to corrupt whatever is pure and unsophisticate, the simple signs yet muster in formidable numbers. To be sure, they are more easily represented, described, and spelt; and these causes may therefore operate with the classes for whose especial edification they are intended; but we have ourselves a kind of predilection for a plain, substantial, honest, integral sign. It seems to say, "Here I stand on my own merits,—come in and drink, or not, just as you please,—I brew good ale, and care not who knows it." There is no false glitter or meretricious lure in signs such as these.

What can be more outspoke than the Cock, boldly significant of his right to crow, and his courage to maintain his claims? What more honest than the "Bull," emblem of the strength of beer, and the fatness of steaks? What more attractive than the "Angel," indicative of the harmony that prevails within? The Anchor invites the traveller to take up his rest at once; the "Sun" shines gladly upon him; the "Frying Pan" reveals the customs of the kitchen; the "Shoulder of Mutton" goes further, and plainly intimates substantial cheer; the "Bottle" is not to be mistaken; and the "Can" is no less unequivocal. There are many of the simple signs which, harmless as doves, are yet

* In Southwark; now the Talbot.

as wise as serpents; they frequently imply a peculiar attraction, and are calculated for particular individuals. For instance: the "Hop-Pole", and the "Cherry-Tree" are irresistible to the men of Kent; the "Horse" has peculiar charms for the natives of Yorkshire; the "Fox" and the "Hare," for the eminently sporting; the "Ship" invites the sailor; and the "Barley-Mow," the farmer. What Welshman would shun the "Goat," the "Leek," the "Raven," or even the "*Cheshire* Cheese?" Where is the Scotchman who would not pause at the "Thistle?" And what Irishman would pass by the "Harp," or the "Potatoe," (or any other sign?)

Field sports, and natural history, are favourite recreations and studies in England; hence, a fondness for animal embellishment; and the wilder the original the better. It is the glory of an Englishman to identify the lion as the emblem of his country; and accordingly we have in sign-painting what Dame Juliana Berners calls in her "Boke of St. Albans," "a pride of Lyons." First comes the Lion *proper;* though their colour is mostly *red:* then the more significant, the Black, the Blue, and the Green, the last mysterious and emblematic Lion of Alchemy. The Bears, and Eagles; the Dolphins, and Spotted Dogs; the Boars, and Antelopes; the "Griffin of a grim stature; and the "Pellicane withouten pride" belong to the same category, together with "divers strange beasts, linxes, porpentines, and such other," all of which combine to inveigle the Briton who thirsts for ale or knowledge. It is quite evident therefore that the simple are not "negative signs," although the world in general are apt to be more foraged by the compound, which, for the most part, seduce by more elaborate artifice.

The compound signs are numerous; here, in a taste of their quality, in which the "concatenation accordingly" is not very distinctly perceptible. In the "Bear and Rummer," we have natural history and human propensities delicately combined; the "Half-Moon and Punch-Bowl" makes a similar appeal to those who delight in astronomy, and, peradventure, in rum; and the "Tippling Philosopher" excuses the frailty by which even wisdom is sometimes beset. The "Crown and Can" is an alliterative incentive to loyalty and mirth; the "Goose and Gridiron" sibillates the joys of supper and nocturnal compotation; and the "Duke's Head and French Horn" recalls the glory of victory and the charm of music; both of which are best enjoyed in the security and comfort of a tavern. The "French Horn," by the way, makes a notable display throughout the metropolis: it is possible that it may convey some covert meaning, or mystical allusion. We have the "Fox and French Horn;" the Green Man and *ditto;* the Rose and *idem;* and many other similar combinations, which prove, at any rate, a fondness for music in this our aspersed country. Another singular and frequent union is that of the Horse-shoe, with objects of very different character, as, for example, the "Sun and Horse-shoe;" the "Black Boy and Horse-shoe;" the "Horse-shoe and Magpie," &c., the solution of which may probably be found in the superstition which at one period so generally affixed a horse-shoe above the doors of the lieges, unless, indeed, it has been affected by the intermarriage of parts of the same sign. Innkeepers are very proud of their nomenclature, which they consider as a species of title. We remember once being very gravely told at Southampton, that the son of the "Dolphin" had married the daughter

of the "Star." In this instance, both hotels were kept up, for both were in good repute; but had the case been otherwise, in all probability, we should have witnessed the conjunction of signs, instead of their "separate maintenance." The compound signs which claim the merit of originality, and periphrastically address themselves to our intelligence, are many and multiform.

The mind of man delights in the mysterious; the obscure allegory possesses for him a powerful attraction. The "Apple Tree and Mitre" is one of these; it bears a shadowy semblance to the fall of man and the power of the church; or, appealing to things temporal, reminds us of the sparkling energy of cider and the sedative strength of "bishop." The "Ham and Windmill" may defy interpretation; but is not on that account neglected. The "Salmon and Compasses" does not very clearly develop a meaning; but the "dark obscure" is no less eagerly patronized. Why should the "Naked Boy and Woolpack," the "Fox and Frying-pan," or the "Mackerel and Bell" be conjoined, except for the sake of singularity, or the desire to induce observation by the difficulty of the enigma, whose solution might possibly be accelerated by the aid of stout, "to be had within."

Our list of singularities might be extended to an indefinite length; but we pass on to the next class—the National. These are chiefly figured forth by the heads of admirals and generals, where shine conspicuously the effigies of "Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis," on one hand, and "Marlborough, Elliot, Wolfe, Granby, Abercrombie, and Wellington," on the other—sometimes plainly set forth under their proper names, at others in allusion to their deeds of arms, as the "Hero of Trafalgar," and "Lion of Maida." Nor are these memorials of Britain's glory confined to the chiefs who have led her navies and armies to victory, the battlers themselves come in for their share of pictorial immortality. That of the Nile figures in many places, but chiefly at the eastern end of the town, in the neighbourhood of the docks and the haunts of seafaring men, while the Battle of Waterloo seek a more kindred feeling in the vicinity of Chelsea College and the barracks of the western extremity. The "Britannia" is scattered far and wide; and the "Heart of Oak," the "Royal Oak," and numerous branches of the parent-tree everywhere abound. The Oak, in fact, is as sacred to drinking at the present day as the ivy which twines around it.

The political signs are closely combined with the national; they had their birth for the most part in the troublous times which closed the last century, or during the fermentations of twenty years ago. Their landlords were partisans to a man—and some even now profess to entertain the principles of the original founders, though the majority personally eschew political feelings, and endeavour to accommodate themselves to all parties. The "British Constitution" was a favourite sign at the first-named period—as were the "Old Anti-Gallican" (still kept by one Thomas Duck), and its rival the "Anti-Gallican and Star," which, professing the same principles, professed also better measure and stronger beer.

Revolutionary signs were also rife; the "Tom Paine's Head," the "Cap of Liberty," and the "Priestley Arms," marked the period of 93; while the "Colonel Wardle," the "Sir Francis Burdett," the "Cobbett's" and "Cartwright's" Heads, and the "Henry Hunt," distin-

guished successive political eras. Some of these have passed away with the momentary excitement which produced them; others still serve as houses of call to stray politicians, or the *habitués* of certain quarters of the town. But politics having now a wider sphere of action than formerly, the sign-posts exhibit less of this demonstrative feeling, and the newspapers more; and, except in the head of a prime minister for the time being, little change is made in these matters at the present day.

The historical signs are choice, but extremely neat; they are rather old-fashioned, but the guest is comfortably served; the charges are uniform and not exorbitant, but the sale of cheap spirits is unknown. Amongst these may be enumerated the "Alfred's Head," an emblem of antiquity, nationality, and learning. The parlour of this house is decorated with a neatly-framed engraving from Goldsmith's History of England, representing Alfred toasting cakes at the cottage fire, and the house prides itself on a reputation which the king had not, of performing that elaborate art to perfection. Mine host of the Alfred is a man of erudition, in a small way—he cares nothing for the march of intellect, but he can tell you when the Danes came to England, and why Lord Nelson went to Copenhagen—facts which none other (in his parlour) can elucidate. The "Friar Bacon's Head" is a rival of nearly equal antiquity, and perhaps of greater pretensions to learning. Over the mantel-piece is, of course, a Brazen Head which bears a strong resemblance to the landlord, and is, by many, supposed to be a plaster bust of that worthy lacquered over to replace a broken original. It is certain that the complacency with which he regards it would seem to justify the supposition. The "Black Prince" appeared at first sight to refer to a glorious epoch of British history, but we have our doubts as to the authenticity of the original, and are more inclined to imagine that Prince Le Boo is the hero more immediately in question, or, haply, one of those princes of Ind anent whose barbaric magnificence wondrous tales are, from time to time, recounted beside the hearths of suburban taverns in the populous districts of Rotherhithe and Bermondsey. The "John of Jerusalem" is a decided relic of the olden time, about whom there can be no mistake, though this sign departs from the purely historical to take refuge in scriptural authority. There are many of this class which we should be disposed to date from the time of the Puritans, had the Puritans permitted themselves the indulgence in that carnal creature called double ale. Such, for instance, are "Simon the Tanner of Joppa," the "Adam and Eve," the "Tobit's Dog," and the "Bell and the Dragon," a sign by no means apocryphal*, whatever may be the history. Your landlords have ever had a strong feeling for poetry, and the legendary heroes of ballad-lore find favour still in their sight. An old ballad is in itself a strong provocative of thirst—it discourses of nut-brown ale, and makes the reader long to realize the description; and who that glanced at a sign like the "Pindar of Wakefield," the "Robin Hood and Little John," or the "Miller of Mansfield," can fail to conjure up the memory of the merry doings of those roisterers, and incontinently desire to emulate them. The "Merlin's Cave," the "Valentine and Orson," and the "Robinson Crusoe," have their attractions too, though, perhaps, they lack the spirit-stirring quality of the others.

* To be found in Worship-street, Finsbury.

That branch of signs which pertains to the classical has also a great many supporters. The art of poculation, if so it may be termed, being of the highest antiquity, and the claims of Bacchus as the *inventor* of the art being unquestioned.* The scholastic host, who duly reverences the mysteries of *propria quæ maribus*, cannot forget the honour due to the jolly god, and accordingly depicts him astride of an appropriate tun, with a legend indicative of the same.

One innkeeper of our acquaintance—the intelligent traveller on the great western road may recollect where at Hammersmith—has so far rendered homage to the deity as to adopt his very name, and "William Bacchus," with no sign of more mark than the "Crown," is himself an impersonation of liquid felicity.

The local signs bespeak attention from local causes. The "British Museum" is one of these, and we have heard of instances in which innocent rustics have mistaken the substitute for the original, and whiled away the hours in the tap as much to their satisfaction as if they had been deluded into the halls of sculpture or galleries of natural history. The "Bombay Grub" is another, where, however, the delusion is less pleasing; situate in the remote region of Bow, it recalls the art of crimping as practised upon men, not fish, though the infliction on each is nearly equal; this "hostelry" has perhaps contained more "victims" than any dozen others (always excepting the clubs) in the metropolis. Thither resort the gentlemen who volunteer wonderful bargains of cigars and silk handkerchiefs, communicated in an under tone, at the corners of dark alleys in crowded thoroughfares, as if they feared lest all the world should hear and profit by the opportunity which they offer to a favoured few. Thither are unwittingly led those wise men of the east, the farmers from Essex, whom casual acquaintances, in a sudden fit of devoted zeal, earnestly conjure to take care of their money, and even assist to secure it in their (*own*) breeches pockets. The fortunate finders of rings, the disinterested sharers of waifs and strays with the nearest person, are patrons also of the "Bombay Grub."

The "Coal Hole" is equally significant of its origin. Bordering the gentle Thames, and approached on either side by flights of steps, its guests are *not* what they *ought* to be—coalheavers; they are merely youths of spirit who emulate the compelled coarseness of the flapped-hat fraternity, and "superadd a few essentials more" of their own native culture. The coalheaver drinks and smokes from the necessity of a hard-working life—his prototype from the choice of a dissolute one.

Some of the local signs are expressive of those parts of the country to which they lead, as the Cities of Oxford, of Bath, and of Canterbury; some appeal with more particular force to local predilections, as the "Essex Serpent," though we confess we think the "Essex Calf" would have been more germane to the matter: others to the more natural productions of the soil or the celebrities of certain counties, as the "Cheshire Cheese," the "Norfolk Dumpling," and the "Ram of Derby." Such signs as the "Basing House," and the "Castle of Warkeworth," form the connecting link between locality and retainership, and imperceptibly lead us to the heraldic signs, a very numerous class, comprising more "Arms" than are to be found on record in all the colleges of Europe. With a license truly commendable, but perhaps not altogether laying claim to strict originality, the first coat is appropriately given to

our first parents, whose blazon, the "Adam's Arms," may thus be read: —"Azure, a tree of knowledge proper, fruited or. on a chief argent, a serpent sable, languid gules." Some arms perhaps would be of more difficult interpretation, the "Mallard's Arms," for example, which the heralds of Lincolnshire can only duly exemplify. But there are a host of others whose claims to coat-armour are very clearly defined, though few would imagine that the "Bricklayers' Arms" means other than the best adapted for carrying a hod, or the "Blacksmiths' Arms" for wielding a hammer and battering an anvil. Yet let the curious reader refer even to so modern a work as "Robson's British Herald," and he will find them regularly entered according to royal patent. We will give one specimen—the Blacksmiths':—"Sable, a chevron or. between three hammers or. handled of the second, ducally crowned of the last. Crest, on a mount vert, a phœnix, with wings endorsed, proper, firing herself with the sunbeams of the last. Motto, 'By hammer and hand all things do stand.' In former times they bore also, 'As God will, so be it.'" These things are probably unknown to the worthy limners who embellish sign-posts in general, and in consequence the bad practice prevails here as elsewhere of writing the title instead of depicting it. It would have been more amusing to have had the emblems of the respective trades fully emblazoned, and would have afforded more scope for genius; but the innovation of writing has caused sad havoc in this as in so many other cases. Could the parish clerk come to life again, whom Jack Cade put to death, he would candidly confess that he merited his fate for "setting of boys' copies." The painters have therefore left us in ignorance of the manner of marshalling the arms of tailors and tanners, shoemakers and sausage-stuffers, yet their signs are multiplied in every quarter. There is one coat which strikes us as not a little ambitious, "The Grundy Arms;" what this may be we cannot divine, and can only ask with the poet, "What does Mrs. Grundy say?"

The signs which are personal involve many circumstantial peculiarities, and are characteristic of great precision in their inventors. What can be more particular than the following?—"The *late* Duke of Cumberland,"—the "Captain of Man-of-War,"—the "Gentleman and Porter,"—the "Crown and *two* Chairmen,"—the "Experienced Fowler,"—the "*Carved* Red Lion," and the "*Painted* Red Lion." Here were hosts who evidently would not content themselves with vague descriptions, but were fully bent on being personal; the two latter in particular, who seemed like Snug anxious to inform the audience that they personated no real lion—not even "a live lion stuffed with straw," according to holiday phrase, but simply the semblance of the beast carved or painted, as the case might be. Conduct like this is judicious, and merits the reward it doubtless meets with.

We had purposed to dilate much more on this subject, but our limits warn us to stop; for the present, therefore, we leave untouched the wide field of heterogeneous signs in which Cocks and Bottles, Goats in Boots, Dun Cows, *Intrepid* Foxes, Merry Carpenters, Jolly Hatters, Green Dragons, and Hogs in Armour, afford much food for philosophic examination. For the present we pause.

D. C.

BALDWIN AND JUDITH;

OR, THE WAY TO WIN HER.

If of this tale the basis you would know
Turn to the tome of rare Boccaccio.

Baldwin, my hero, was by Charles the Bald
(The Gallic king) esteem'd a subject true,
And for his merits by the monarch called
To govern Flanders. There were very few
With claims more stable to be thus installed,
And manage a state-vessel's helm and crew.
Thus Baldwin proved himself, when settled there,
A most superior kind of *Flanders mayor.*

He, ere he took this high Low-Country post,
Had nursed a passion for King Charles's daughter,
Of the French court the beauty and the toast,
But the despair of all who yet had sought her.
Baldwin alone of her fair love might boast;
Yet should I not say boast; for prudence taught her,
And him, precaution. Hidden burned the fire;
Her bald sire knew not Baldwin was her *sigher.*

Now Baldwin was "a very fine young man,"
And prone to finery, as such are commonly,
And had spent much in *suits* since *his* began
To please her (for such taste is also womanly),
Clothing himself and servants on a plan
Of habits gay, though sometimes hardly *too* manly.
The king, who knew a post one's costs enlarges,
Gave him some thousand francs to frank his charges.

But money made him only feel more poor;
For *love* is of young hearts the sole dear wealth;
And to be near his Judith were a cure
For poverty, though love but lived by stealth.
He therefore strove to cheat ambition's lure
By much excuse concerning skill or health;
For he could not—he quite abhorr'd the notion—
Make void his heart, to fill it with promotion.

But nought of this could serve him for excuse,
So he was fain to go, and feign a gratitude
For favour which he wished was at the deuce.
Ah! when *she* saw him going to change his latitude,
Poor Judith! how she played at fast and loose,
With running tears! Had you but seen her at it you'
Have term'd her head a fair-faced headland mountain,
Discharging from its brow a crystal fountain.

They had not dared, 'tis true, to tell their love,
The youth and maiden, but had let it simmer
And seethe within their bosoms; yet to prove
His deep devotion, he had sworn no glimmer
Of flame another in his soul should move;
And she had vow'd that, in the interim, her
Faith should be holy—that is, wholly his;
And so they parted with a "holy kiss!"

Soon as he reach'd, thus loth, the Flemish coast,
  He set about to govern right the state:
Far from phlegmatic at his Flemish post,
  He useful strove abuses to abate.
Ruling each *line* of people, 'twas his boast,
  Like a good schoolmaster, to *rule them straight.*
But ah! not always virtue bliss includeth—
Poor Baldwin never could forget his Judith.

Meanwhile King Ethelwolf of England came
  Perchance to France, in going home from Rome;
And Charles thereon, playing the politic game,
  Gave him *king's mate*, or gave (to speak more home)
His daughter Judith. She indulged no flame,
  Save that of rage, at so perverse a doom.
But ah! what could she do in such a crisis?
So she dragg'd off to England in a trice is.

Not long her spouse of *wolfish* name preserved
  His life and wife—six months of both deprived him.
Thus is fond man, that busy bee, oft served,
  Losing the gather'd sweets where he had hived him!
Judith, at his decease, her spirits nerved
  To tell her father how she had outlived him,
And beg him, since her freedom now was come again,
To send an escort that should fetch her home again.

Oh, home! loved scene of all our earliest joys!
  Nest, where our hopes are fledged ere they take wing!
Halcyon retreat, where never the world's noise
  Can make unheard the affection's gushing spring!
But to our tale.—Judith, I've said, employs
  A courier to her distant sire, the King;
And then (although such case 'tis not what all do in)
She sends another messenger to Baldwin.

Her letter to the latter told him plainly
  Her widow'd case, and how she was about
To cross the sea to France; and how all vainly
  His image from her fond heart to drive out
She had sought.—Her reference to the *sea* was mainly
  (For I will waive all undulating doubt)
To prompt him to a nautical endeavour
  (Which prudes perhaps might naughty call) to have her.

This sea-fraught missive set phosphoric light
  To the embers of his far from embryo passion;
And his reply was with that flame all bright,
  A document emblazon'd in love's fashion.
He told her ardently, betide what might,
  He for so dear a prize through all would dash on.
What reck'd he, though her father were *a king*?
  Love was a much more *constitutional* thing.

What did he next? He arm'd some sharp-built galleys,
  From Genoa to Flanders haply come;
Bribing their crews to any cruise or sallies
  He might command—and bribing to be dumb.

In England, too, he managed to have all his
Spies on the watch, wound up to yield him some
Timely intelligence of Judith's sailing,
With all particulars his views availing.

Matters thus hung, ripe for a falling crisis,
While Charles, in royal ignorance, ne'er dream'd
Of other subject saving in what wise his
Daughter, and relict of a king, beseem'd
To be escorted home;—so, all precise, his
Orders he gave, and fit attendance schemed;
That is, in short, he sent a long *cortège*
Of lord and lady, knight and squire, and page.

This featly set set foot on British shore,
And the young blooming widow brought away,
(Rich freight in little weight!) with a few more
Of gentle dames, and knights that graced the day.
Right from the English coast their course they wore,
And stood for France amid the breezes' play.
Baldwin, inform'd of all, in instant stress sails,
With his bold galleys, and some other vessels.

A rare *knot* he, the *head*, for this weight brought,
All fighting, frighting, smiting men of mettle:
He looked sharp for the point at which he thought
To see the royal squad run; and, to settle
Their tempers to the work soon to be wrought,
He stung them all with touch of gold—that nettle,
Or *nettle rash*, that makes men break out freely
Into the humour that disdains death's "dele."

Just when his game bold Baldwin calculated
To have in sight, they hove in sight straightway;
And soon, becalm'd, they far from calmly waited
Until "brought to" by being made to stay.
Thus by an armèd force on all sides baited,
The two ships' companies felt one dismay;
While Baldwin's roysterers shouted their grim wishes
That they should yield them, or be food for fishes!

Thus hailed, the Frenchmen, asking whence *they* came,
With queer eye look'd, and queried them in turn.
"Baldwin, the Flemish ruler, is my name,"
Bawl'd out our hero sternly from the stern
Of his own vessel; "and, good signors, tame
Your spirits to *civil rule*, or else concern
Your souls with *cannon law*,—for other tissue,
Save one of these, fate weaves not for the issue."

Hereat the Frenchmen plied a quick reply,
Stating the whence and wherefore of the matter
The lady laded with, and reason why,
All *à la mode du pays*, in glib chatter.
"Go to!" said Baldwin, "tremble not, for I
Wish not, save forced, your hulls and skulls to batter:
Know, *Love's* my pilot, captain, and lieutenant,
My chart and compass, weather-gauge, and pennant!

" I come not here to rob, or scalp, or kill :
The prize I seek is simply Mistress Judith.
No shore-shark I, nor sea attorney ;—still,
Woe to whoe'er an obstacle intrudeth
Betwixt my mistress and my master-will !
Whoso to do so thinks, his soul deludeth.
Thus much from me ; and let mine ear now win
Your choice, or to give battle, or give in."

These doughty words the courtiers filled with doubt,
Who knew their vessels in no fighting trim ;
So they took counsel, and took Judith out
Of her cabin, to inquire if this proud whim
Of Baldwin's wins her assent. She with stout
Heart answers, while she fondly looks at him,
" My good friends : lo ! to me his fancy does bend,
And I to him incline for my true husband."

" For, tell my royal father this," she added,
" That, having no regard unto my youth,
He teased my sickening will until I wedded,
In hand, but not in heart and virgin truth,
Old Ethelwolf, fore-wived to one who had gladded
His house with sons *my seniors*, Sirs, forsooth !
He's gone ; 'tis well,—I turn me to another,
Who has loved me long with love no time can smother."

To stem the current of a woman's will,
Who shall presume ? And when she is abetted
By a bold man, the tide runs stronger still.
Thus thought the escort, and no longer fretted
Themselves about the swallowing of the pill :
So Baldwin Judith for his fair prize get did,
And took her to his wife : that is to say,
He took her to himself, in wedded way.

The dames and Britons followed her, with sallies
Of joy reflected from their looks, like prisms :
The *Frenchmen* he takes not into his galleys,
(Haply from latent fear of *galley-schisms,)*
Nor longer with their loyal scruples dallies :
They steer away for France athwart the abysms
Of Neptune. *He* transports his dear to Flanders,
And doubly his by bonds re-fastened renders.

Wroth waxed the soul of Charles at these events,
And war and fury vollied from his throat ;
But foreign troubles banished such intents,
Till Time relentment 'stead of vengeance brought.
Anon the name, through Judith's blandishments,
Of "Count of Flanders" gained her spouse fresh note :
And Baldwin flourished long, and had no gap in his
Enjoyment, in his Judith's arms, of happiness.

G. D.

LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TREMAINE," AND "DE VERE."

Mr. Ward is well known to the public as one of the most attractive and animated novelists of his time. In his volumes the ease and elegance of the best society are joined with the vigour and intelligence of life passed in the most important concerns of public business. Associating for years with the first characters of the state, his delineations of public character possess living distinctness; and now withdrawn to opulent leisure, he gives us the lessons of experience in the tone of a philosopher.

His first work, "Tremaine," was the new and matchless picture of an inquiring mind, unsettled by too much enjoyment, too much wealth, and too much mental superiority to its circle. Reason and religion struggled in him with fastidiousness and satiety. At length beauty taught him that he had a heart, and sensibility that the world was not a wilderness. The sceptic loved, and reasoned; inquired, and was convinced; saw the earth no more a huge sepulchre, nor the sky "a congregation of pestilent vapours;" acknowledged that the duties and pleasures of existence arose out of each other; and casting off his metaphysic mask, showed that he was qualified for the active and honourable services of his station among mankind.

"De Vere" was a work of a more studied order. It sketched the career of English ambition. A man of vivid powers saw before him the honours of a life of statesmanship. He threw himself forward among the labours, difficulties, and anxieties of a struggle pre-eminently made to try every faculty of man. Talent urged him onward—feeling forced him back; finally he triumphed, and found—that all was vanity. But in those memoirs were interspersed episodes of soft and innocent nature, touches of humble life, and scenes of simple elegance, that strikingly varied the forcible and keen originality of the general performance; like the sunny and sheltered spots that we meet with in an Alpine region, enriching the eye with unexpected luxuriance, and giving a new grace even to the stern and bold outline of the hills which cover them from the world.

The present volumes are of a different tone. They are the history of a mind in retirement—but in retirement neither obscure nor inactive; neither indolent nor ascetic. The man of the world is present still, with all his vivid recollections, all his tastes for elegant enjoyment, and all his treasures of accomplished literature: but his views, though not yet withdrawn from human things, are less ardently engrossed by them; instead of Man he thinks of Nature; he abandons the giddy contemplation of the life of courts and senates, to meditate on the lofty wisdom that pities and provides for the whole varied family of man. He who had the *entrée* of levees, now walks alone among a circle whose embroidery was never equalled by the cunning of the human hand, and sees no diamonds more sparkling than the dews upon his flowers. The

* Illustrations of Human Life. By the Author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." 3 vols. London. Colburn.

evening sky is his most "magnificent saloon;" and when he retires from the concert of his nightingales, he lives over again by his fire-side the days of his public existence with the delight of one who has escaped its evils, has passed his ordeal, and has now nothing more to do than enjoy the stillness of the harbour where he has dropped his anchor, and thank Heaven that he encounters the storm no more.

These volumes contain a succession of scenes of this graceful and philosophic order; some of them detailing stories interesting from their singularity; others, giving dialogues expressive of the varying views of the writer's mind; others, sketching the characters of individuals marked by strong peculiarities of nature or fortune—characters evidently drawn from the author's experience, and probably still to be identified without much difficulty among the leading personages of his stirring time. Whether, in the simple but striking observations which open his volumes, Mr. Ward may not be, however unconsciously, alluding to himself, we must leave it to the reader to decide. He tells us that the letters of which his first story is composed depict—"*he* will not say a great man struggling with the storms of fate, but a rational being, who, having acted a fair and important part in the state, has quitted it before he is quite worn out, or, in other words, before it quits him. But he is not without objects. And those are, to think of a better world, and in doing so to take leave of his former pursuits, and cultivate his quieter tastes and the natural and independent disposition of his mind." This individual he names Atticus, and describes him as one who, having honourably filled very honourable employments, and having had the power of obtaining riches as well as rank, abandoned both for his darling moderation. The letters arise out of the circumstance, that some striking political changes taking place, and his services being strongly remembered, a political acquaintance was sent down to him in the country, to ascertain whether he might not be inclined to return to office—for which his experience and character were thought still likely to give strength to any party which he might determine to join.

The diplomatist arrives, and is first startled, by finding that the house of the recluse is really a very handsome and desirable position for any man, however little of a hermit. Like Scipio in "Gil Blas," he looks about him with wonder. "Comment diable, c'est un bijou que cette maison, outre l'air de noblesse que donnent ces quatre pavillons."

But Atticus has more than a handsome house. He has procured for it some of those pretty accompaniments which argue him a judge of the picturesque, not in trees and trout-streams alone. The astonished visitor's ears are saluted by songs and laughs, for which he cannot possibly account; until the path, winding among lilies and roses, introduces him to a view of a whole group of rosy-cheeked straw-plaiters and lace-makers, sitting on their little benches under embowering trees, and "plying with nimble fingers," which the eye could not follow, lace-pillows and straw-plaits, which gave an air almost of elegance to their occupation. "At least," said the observer, "Atticus is no *melancholy* anchorite." We think he would not have gone too far, if he had doubted whether this man of the picturesque were an anchorite at all.

But we have not yet done with his provisions for forgetting the world. Atticus receives him at his door, and leads him into his library. Here the recluse might certainly be entitled to make himself as much

at his ease as possible. Yet we were not prepared for the actual luxuries which he had gathered to make the spot palatable. The library was not merely large and well supplied with the natural appendages of study, but its windows opened on a gay and variegated garden or court of flowers, whose perfume scented the whole air without, and regaled all within. And in the midst of the garden there was a fountain, freshening everything with the dash of its waters. All this is very well for an anchorite. But there is more still. They adjourn from inhaling the scent of a whole world of blushing and breathing flowers to the dining-room. There the new discovery breaks on the guest that Atticus keeps an exquisite table; which cannot be kept, as he and all the world know, without a first-rate cook, and a crowd of other contrivances, of which anchorites might be supposed to know nothing. This small "but perfectly elegant repast, which gave the truest exemplification of the *simplex munditiis*, was followed by a glass" (perhaps a couple of bottles) "of the finest hermitage he ever tasted." They then adjourn to the garden, "a fairy-land of sweets and colours." This Alcina's bower was a simple adjunct to the cell in which the moss-grown man was determined to think himself a denier of luxury. It was a perfect paradise of sweets, in a style between Repton and Le Notre—something between the natural graces of the one and the artificial pomp of the other. It had classical urns, statues, marble balustrades and fountains, giving richness, but without destroying nature. On the whole, it seems to have been a very eligible residence for an epicurean of ten thousand a-year. And, with all respect for the mortification which Atticus exercised on himself in living within its walls, parterres, gardens, and groves, we should think it by no means a severity of fortune to have been exiled to it from the official drudgery of pacing Whitehall, hanging over a desk in Downing Street, or even yawning at debates six nights of the seven under the echoing roof and in the stifling atmosphere of St. Stephen's.

But the conversations are the spirit of the book. The descriptions, graceful as they are, form but the vestures. Sir William Temple's character is justly a favourite with Mr. Ward; and Atticus eloquently panegyrises the employments of that wise and vigorous statesman when he had withdrawn from the tumults of public life. "I could have no better model," is his expression on being reminded of Sir William's solitude. "His literary labours were worth to mankind a thousand times more than his political exertions, which, however splendid, were beneficial only to his employers. In short, he was a real philosopher."

We feel great deference for the authority of Atticus, but we cannot so easily surrender to him Sir William Temple's public life. What! the most memorable of all the foreign ministers of England for a quarter of a century of the most anxious times that Europe ever saw, till the French Revolution!—the negociator of the Triple Alliance of 1668—the ambassador of England at the peace of Aix la Chapelle—the friend and virtually the political instructor of William III. at the Hague—the pacificator of Nimeguen in 1678—the negociator of the still more important alliance of English and Dutch freedom, in the marriage of William and the English princess the year before. With those services, on which turned, in the first instance, the fate of Holland, in the next, probably, that of the French and Spanish monarchies, and lastly, and unquestion-

ably the fate of what was worth them both, and all, the British Constitution—we cannot bring ourselves to measure the triflings of his retirement. His public life presents us with a succession of the loftiest trusts executed with the most vigorous ability. His retirement gives us his amusing "Miscellanies," his curious "Memoirs," and his luckless preference of the "Epistles of Phalaris" to all of modern wit or wisdom—those epistles being actually fabricated, and even the fabrication modern.

But Atticus, after all, has laid the true foundation for a philosopher. His guest, trying his sincerity, asks whether he really thinks that there ought to be *no* ambition in the world?

"Far from it," is the answer; "I think it may often be a duty to engage in its strifes, for the sake of some noble end. But then, what may be a duty in youth, or middle age, would be inconsistent when past the meridian: yet even to the veteran I should not say, that all worldly uses were flat and unprofitable. But it is inconceivable how poor and shapeless the objects most dazzling to the glittering throng appear to him, who is going where he knows they must all sink to nothing, or worse than nothing. Could men carry their pomp and power with them, or women their beauty, when they quit the world, it would be different. But, as pomp, and power, and beauty too, are doomed to "lie in cold obstruction, and to rot," I often think, when I see them in their very zenith, how soon they must be stript of all that they pride themselves on here, and how soon the millions they have despised may be more than their equals elsewhere."

His guest is rather thrown back by this grave creed of the man whom he is tempting to the pursuit of pomp and power once more. Yet he makes the best battle he can, and justly enough contends that, while we remain in this world we must attend to its interests. The answer is curious, as opening a few of the confidences probably once familiar to the man of official life.

"The difficulty," observes Atticus, "is to distinguish between the world's interests and our own. A grandiloquent minister, finding his grandeur in a little danger, cries out, 'Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you.' He assures his audience that he took office against his will, knowing that he was too old for it, *but he must not abandon his King.* He therefore remains a little longer,—that is, as long as he can. Another grandee has also a duty to perform, (of course, to the country,) and cannot refuse to save that country, by refusing to coalesce *with the party that is uppermost.* A third suddenly discovers that he has been in error all his life; but *he has become open to conviction,*—that is, he sacrifices all the principles for which he had fought for years when his friends were in power; but, in consequence of this conviction sides, against them *now that they are out.*"

Those conversations are renewed in all kinds of pleasant places, and under all kinds of lovely skies, from sunny-haired morn to saffron-robed eve. But Atticus is still impregnable, and his tempter seems even on the point of being converted himself. "What I shall hereafter do I know not," is the language of his final letter to the noble lord who had sent him on his embassy,—"for Atticus insists that I shall remain his guest in my private capacity, though not in my ambassadorial:—*perhaps I may stay.*"

We think him perfectly well advised in his *peut-être*, and think too that if Atticus would but promise him the reversion of his "hermit's cell," in exchange for all the courtly captivations of dust, drudgery, and Downing-street, he ought to make his best possible bow for the calamity.

But, forcible and characteristic as the author is in arguments, which remind us more of the fine dialogue *de Senectute*, than of the frivolity of modern times, he is certainly not less attractive in that most attractive of all arts, the talent of telling a story. The second portion of this volume is occupied with some extremely interesting narratives of those most incomprehensible of all things, visions, wraiths, apparitions, impressions on the retina, phantasmata, creatures of the mind; or by whatever name it may please the superstitious to fear, the philosopher to disdain, or the wise to hold them in reverence, as the secrets of a higher state of being.

The location of the chief narrative is in Castle Campbell, a huge mansion hanging over the sea near the Mull of Cantyre, a capital position for the throne of Æolus himself. The time is Christmas, when all the legends of the fireside are afloat; and the night brings on a tempest worthy to be turned into horses and chariots for Hecate and all her goblins. "The wind whistled shrilly, and the rolling of the thunder, so uncommon at this time of the year, rapidly approaching, at last burst over the roof, a part of which was struck, and destroyed." A large party of guests were in the house, and in the full festivity of a Christmas dinner, when the storm was first heard, growling over the waste of waters. As it came on, the general alarm was exhibited in growing silence, and listening to what they thought the rocking of the battlements. After some graphic picturing of the night abroad, and the consternation within, we are told that all the efforts of the hospitable master of the mansion could not prevent the dinner from becoming almost a *Quaker's meeting*. The louder rattling of windows, and clapping of doors, showed that the storm was increasing in violence; and the general anxiety was pushed to its extreme, by the hasty entrance of the chief servant, begging of his master to pacify the servants, "who could not be persuaded that Sawney Bean had not come again over the sea five years before his time."

On his return from an ineffectual attempt to exorcise their fear out of the heads of the yellow-haired tribe of the servants' hall, and on being importuned to tell the party, who and what Sawney Bean was, he gives his tale of horror; for which, however, we must send our readers to the pages in which it is recorded. A conversation of a highly interesting nature follows on the probabilities of those strange sights. The stories of Lord Lyttleton, Andrews, and others, are alluded to; but the one to which we shall now advert has the double value of being told, we presume, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge, and of illustrating the extraordinary chances on which human life is sometimes suffered to depend. The circumstance occurred to the well known Sir Evan Nepean, when in the Home Department. The popular version of the story had been, that he was warned by a vision, to save the lives of three or four men condemned to die, but reprieved; and who, but for the vision, would have perished, through the Under-Secretary's neglect in forwarding the reprieve. On Sir Evan's being subsequently asked how far this story was true, his answer was,—"The narrative romances a little; but what it alludes to was the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts, as told by himself, were these:—One night, during his office as Under-Secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined: he was in perfect health, had

dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still, he found all his attempts to sleep impossible, and, from eleven till two in the morning, had never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in his walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing that he saw appalled him:—"*A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution.*" The execution had been appointed for the *next day*. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes;" he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if *he* knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk "could not remember." "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself: it *must* have been sent."

The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan. "But have you his receipt and certificate that it is *gone*?"

"No!"

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early." It was now four; and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney-coach to be seen; and they almost ran. They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country-house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary of State at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning, just *at the moment when the unhappy men were ascending the cart!*

With Sir Evan Nepean we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we have ever heard. We shall go further even than he acknowledged, and say that, to us, it bears striking evidences of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true that no ghost appears, nor is there any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of what seemed chances, and each of those chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost *compelled* to regard the whole as matter of an influence not to be attributed to man. If the first link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence,—as undoubtedly fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground in the state of either body or mind—still, what could be less in the common course of things than that a man thus waking should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the park at two in the morning? Yet, if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk round his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at his window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have been sacrificed. Or if,

when he took this walk, he had been content with getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken : for, what was more out of the natural course of events, than that, at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go to his office, and sit down in the lonely rooms of his department, for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply from not knowing what to do with himself? Or if, when he had let himself into those solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table; (and this, we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office;) or, if the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the Clerk of the Crown's house, and instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless.—The people would have died at York, for even as it was, there was not a moment to spare; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole is, that the chain might have been snapped at every link, and that every link was equally important. In a calculation of the probability of any one of those occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very high against it; but the calculation would be prodigiously raised against the probability of the whole. If it be asked, whether a sufficient ground for this high interposition is to be discovered in saving the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as is frequent in such cases, probably returned to their wicked trade as soon as they escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity—the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to mete out the value of a human life, however criminal in the eyes of Heaven. But there was another interest concerned, and one of evident value.

If those coiners had been hung, Sir Evan Nepean could scarcely have escaped utter ruin : popular wrath would have blazed out against him from one end of the country to another; he would have been charged with their murder. No man under such circumstances could have retained office a week. We have seen a circumstance of the same nature, but of a much slighter colour, drive a late chief judicial officer of London from his office in a moment. No minister could have ventured to screen him; office in England would have been shut upon him for life. He would probably have been driven to hide his head in some foreign country, even if some angry parliamentary rebuke, or royal mark of displeasure, had not broken his heart. Yet thus, all who knew the subsequent services of Sir Evan Nepean as secretary to the Admiralty, during the long period of our naval glory in the revolutionary war, know that a humane, honest, and intelligent man would have been lost to himself and his country. The actual neglect was the Crown Clerk's, but it would have been thrown back from the inferior on the principal, according to the manner of popular justice. And doubtless, if Sir Evan had made the inquiry the night before, which he made in his waking hour in the morning, the reprieve would not have suffered the hazards of delay. The inadvertence, slight as it was, would have

been his ruin. Here then, at least, the "*dignus vindice nodus*," the sufficient reason, the want of which was pleaded with such effect in the crowd of popular narratives, was fully furnished. We can scarcely conceive a more satisfactory ground for an interference with the course of nature.

The story of the Offley Inheritance, which forms the main portion of the wonders told round the Scottish fireside on this night; when the genius of the winds was abroad, and the hearers were shuddering at once with the roar of the tempest, and the terrors of the world of shades, is a remarkably striking detail of the recovery of a large landed property in England through the agency, not of a dream, a sleepless night, or the coming of Sawney Bean himself, but of something more distinctly sent on its mission from beyond the great barrier. But this tale, which unites philosophy and romance in a remarkable degree, we must leave to be enjoyed, investigated, or trembled over, as the case may be, in the volume itself. The second and third volumes contain "Fielding," a name that revives all the recollections of the novelist; and, what was scarcely to be hoped for in this age of helpless imitators, sustains, in a peculiar degree, the animation, the eccentricity, and the truth of nature, that belonged to the father of the genuine English novel. The later "Fielding" is a humorist, suffering from his sensibility to the follies of man; and as wayward, meditative, and contemptuous of his species, as the "melancholy Jaques" himself. He passes through the world sketching character on all sides; a literary H.B., fathoming the chicane of the hypocrite, exposing the hollowness of the corrupt, and caricaturing the affectation of the vulgar; but, like the pencil of that clever artist, throwing a poetry and a power into his roughest sketches, which bring the whole within the picturesque, and combine severity with humour, and the sternness of truth with the vividness of beauty.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

The author of the "Waverly Novels" obtained so extensive a reputation during his lifetime, that but little is to be added by posterity. This is the natural result of labours which appeal successfully to the imagination. The man of science must, in general, wait for those slow developments of his services to mankind, which belong to future ages. The man of imagination addresses himself wholly to the present sense of delight, and is rewarded by present admiration. But another duty and another indulgence belong to posterity. Curiosity inquires into the habits of the mind which achieved those successes. Diligence is wisely and gracefully employed in discovering the sources from which its vigour was derived; and affection finds a pleasing, even though melancholy, task in illustrating the genius of the author by the memory of the man.

Sir Walter Scott, singularly fortunate in his living celebrity, has been fortunate in the hand to which he has bequeathed its care when the grave should have sealed all his labours. Mr. Lockhart had been not merely chosen for this purpose, but furnished with every material important to its fulfilment,—memoranda by the author himself, his corre-

* Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol i., 8vo. London, Murray.

spondence, and a vast variety of letters from that crowd of the literary world, with whom he kept up an active intercourse for nearly a quarter of a century.

It must be now needless to panegyrise the great novelist. It is enough to say of him, that he restored the novel. He found it sunk into paltry affectations, puling romance, or foreign grossness. He saw where its strength lay, and he gave it to the world, once more the powerful, vivid, and interesting picture of human life. Availing himself of the traditions of his country, still half in the clouds of romance, and half in the sunshine of civilization, he peopled its scenery with forms of wild gallantry and polished elegance, that, fictitious as they alike were, had at once to the English eye the charm of brilliant novelty, and to the Scottish, the charm of old tradition.

A brief autobiography begins the work. Mr. Lockhart justly thinks that the author has the best right to speak for himself, in the first instance, and we shall follow his example.

"Every Scotsman," says Sir Walter, "has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as undeniable as his pride and *his poverty*. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid." His father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the name of *Beardie*. This title had been obtained by the whimsical and inveterate loyalty which determined that neither razor nor scissars should approach his chin from the day when the Stuarts lost the throne. His loyalty however was, unluckily, not limited to the length of his beard; for he engaged in their disastrous quarrel, until he brought himself in sight of the gibbet, and was saved only by the intercession of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Sir Walter's father was a "writer to the Signet," or Scottish solicitor, and is described as a compound of professional intelligence and personal simplicity, a strong Calvinist, yet a friend to the monarchy; and, according to his distinguished son, aptly sketched by the following lines; which, to us, though the work of a female muse, are perfectly incomprehensible. They were given as a toast:—

"To a thing that's uncommon,
A youth of discretion,
Who, though vastly handsome
Despises flirtation,
To the friend in affliction,
The heart of affection,
Who may hear the last trump
Without dread of detection."

It was certainly not in this school that his descendant learned the art of poetry.

Sir Walter's mother was a sister of Dr. Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. The eldest son of the family, Robert, was a sea-officer, and fought in Rodney's battles. The peace of Paris threw him, like others, out of the king's service: he entered the East India Company's, and after several voyages, died. His second brother, John, was a soldier. He rose to the rank of major in the 73rd, retired from the service, and after long ill-health, died in 1816. A third brother, Tom, was originally brought up to his father's profession, but failed, by speculating in farms. He obtained the paymastership of the 70th regiment, and died in Canada. A fourth brother, was Daniel, whom he strongly describes as "having neither the vivacity of intellect

that supplies the want of diligence, nor the pride which renders the most detested labours better than indolence or contempt." After various unsuccessful attempts to establish himself in life, he died on his return from the West Indies, in 1806.

Sir Walter himself was born Aug. 15, 1771, in Edinburgh. His lameness, which he contracted when but eighteen months old, shaped the fate of his first seven or eight years. He was sent from town to country and from country to town to cure it, but in vain. He was educated at the High School in Edinburgh, and there became a favourite of the well-known Dr. Adam, the Rector. Of this venerable and veritable "Domine," Scott, with all his favouritism, gives a few satirical touches—

"Dr. Adam," says he, "never failed to remind me of my obligations, when I had made some figure in the literary world. He was, indeed, deeply imbued with that fortunate vanity which alone could induce a man, who has arms to pare and burn a muir, to submit to the yet more toilsome task of cultivating youth. As Catholics confide in the imputed righteousness of their saints, so did the good old Doctor plume himself upon the success of his scholars in life—all of which he never failed to claim as the creation, or, at least, the fruits, of his early instructions. He remembered the fate of every boy at his school during the fifty years he had superintended it; and always traced their success or misfortunes entirely to their attention or negligence while under his care. His 'noisy mansion,' which to others would have been a melancholy bedlam, was the pride of his heart. And the only fatigues he felt, amid din and tumult, and the necessity of reading themes, hearing lessons, and maintaining some degree of order at the same time, were relieved by comparing himself to Cæsar, who could dictate to three secretaries at once. So ready is vanity to lighten the labours of duty."

The close of the good old pedagogue's career was characteristic. As Napoleon in his final delirium was heard to talk of war, and closed his lips with "*tête de l'armée*," so the Doctor falling delirious a few days before his death, thought that he was still in his school, murmured, "But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss,"—and expired.

Scott was intended by his father for the bar; and, with that intent, began the dry practice of the solicitor's office. But, after some period of this dusty toil he fell into ill health. Scott's illnesses seem to have had a singular share in shaping his fortunes. During the confinement which followed his breaking a blood-vessel, he studied the romance of history, to which he was always addicted, and hit upon the curious yet effective expedient of "arranging shells, seeds, and pebbles to represent encountering armies; diminutive cross-bows were contrived to mimic artillery, and by the assistance of a friendly carpenter, he contrived to model a fortress, which, like those of Uncle Toby, represented whatever place happened to be uppermost in his imagination. He thus fought his way through Vertot's "History of the Knights of Malta," and Orme's "History of Hindostan," whose copious plans, aided by the clear explanations of the author, rendered this instructive amusement peculiarly easy." He was at length called to the bar, July 11, 1792.

The world is fond of paradoxes, and one of them is, that the dullest boy generally makes the brightest man. Scott, at least, was no evidence for the paradox. He was a remarkably bright boy. A letter from a lady, who visited at his father's in 1777, strikingly puts this point at rest:—

"I last night supped at Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extra-

ordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother, when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands—'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they must all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me—'This is too melancholy,' says he; 'I must read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything; that must be the poet's fancy.' But when he was told that he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she.—'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?'—'Don't you know? Why, it is one who wishes and will know everything.' Now, Sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age may you suppose this boy to be? Guess it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing. He is not quite six years old! He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath; and acquired his perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick."

On another occasion, as he was sitting with his attendant at the gate of a house, and the attendant remarking to him, how thankful he ought to be to Providence for being placed above the misery which he saw in a passing beggar. The child remarked, that Homer was a beggar. "How do you know that?" said the attendant.—"Why, don't you remember," said he, "that

'Seven Roman cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread?'

The *Roman* cities, as his biographer observes, might produce a smile; but the happiness of application was already there. In correcting the lady's date of the child's age, (which was then six years and three months,) he alludes to Akenside's lines on the Virtuoso, as curiously appropriate to the author of "Waverly."

"He knew the various modes of ancient times,
  Their arts and fashions of each various guise,
Their weddings, funerals, punishments, and crimes,
  Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities;
Of old habiliment, each sort and size,
  Male, female, high and low, to him were known;
Each gladiator's dress and strange disguise,
  With learned, clerkly phrase he could have shown."

Scott's whole literary education contradicts the theory of the tardy development of the ruling passion. If ever there was a *born* romancer, it was he. From his infancy he exhibited the same love for the oddity, fantastic brilliancy, and quaint recollections of old times and things, which made him the author of the Scottish novels. Even in the more rigid discipline of the High School, his original propensity broke through all its barriers, and a letter of Mr. Irving, then his schoolfellow, and in after life his friend to the last, describes an actual study of romance, which would almost argue a fixed determination for the career into which it has been so often said and supposed that he was thrown by accident. The two boys used to go every Saturday, and oftener during the vacations, to taste the solitary joys of the "Castle of Otranto,"

Spenser, and the "Jerusalem Delivered," among the rocks of Arthur's Seat, &c. Scott read with eager rapidity, and remembered with long delight. After two years of this practice, the pair of enthusiasts prepared to make knight-and-giant stories of their own. They next learned Italian together, to increase their stock of tales, and copied all that told of battles and enchantments. Scott then began to copy old ballads, and went wherever he could find anybody to recite them. He had begun to bind up collections of stories before he was ten years old!

We can give but one notice more; it is of a celebrated quack, of whom we are surprised that the novelist did not make some use in his pictures of human credulity imposed on by human impudence. It was written on the margin of an amusing collection of quack advertisements, by Captain Grose, called, by the humorous compiler, "A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Longevity." "The celebrated Dr. Graham," says Scott, "was an empiric of some genius and great assurance. In fact, he had a dash of madness in his composition. He had a fine electrical apparatus, and used it with skill. I myself, among others, was subjected to a course of electricity under his charge. I remember seeing the old Earl of Hopetoun seated in a large arm-chair, and hung round with a collar, and a belt of magnets, like an Indian chief. After this, growing quite wild, Graham set up his Temple of Health, and lectured on the celestial bed. He attempted a course of those lectures in Edinburgh; and as the magistrates refused to let him do so, he libelled them in a series of advertisements, the flights of which were infinitely more absurd and exalted than those which Grose has collected. In one tirade, he declared that he looked down upon them as the sun in his meridian glory looks down on the poor, feeble, stinking glimmer of an expiring farthing candle; or, as heaven itself may regard the insolent bouncings of a few refractory maggots in a rotten cheese! Graham was a good-looking man; he used to come to the Greyfriars' Church in a suit of white and silver, with a chapeau-bras, and his hair marvellously dressed into a sort of double toupee, which divided on his head like the two tops of Parnassus. Mrs. Macauley, the historian*ess*, married his brother. Lady Hamilton is said to have first enacted his Goddess of Health. The Temple of Health dwindled into a sort of gambling-house. In a quarrel there a poor young man was run into the bowels with a red-hot poker, of which he died. The mob vented their fury on the house, and the magistrates (somewhat of the latest) shut up the exhibition. A quantity of glass and crystal trumpery, the remains of the splendid apparatus, was sold on the South Bridge for next to nothing. Graham's next receipt was the *Earth-bath*, with which he wrought some cures; but this, too, failing, he was, I believe, starved to death.

In this agreeable and miscellaneous work, we have wandered through a "sylva" of anecdotes, gracefully arranged, and each leading into the more finished period at which Scott assumed authorship as the business of his life. The volume closes with the commencement of his intercourse with that accomplished person Ellis,—his first knowledge of poor Hogg,—and the publication of "Sir Tristrem" in 1804. Of this work, such was Constable's dread, that but 150 copies were printed; the price, however, was two guineas. When Scott's reputation rose, Constable became more adventurous, and he printed more copies.

The public will look with pleasure for the volumes that are to come.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The universal voice of enlightened men renders it necessary in the present day to argue upon the value of a due cultivation of the Polite Arts. It is no longer an open question whether they have or have not an influence upon the morals of a nation. It is admitted on all hands, that where they flourish in the greatest perfection, there the ruder elements of human nature are subdued to the limits of cultivated life, and the fiercer passions of men are modified or controlled.

Individual nations have become famous for luxury, splendour, bravery, or policy, but they have ever been considered as merely competing with each other as to the relative value of their respective qualities, and not as having claim to universal admiration. That proud distinction has ever been preserved for, and awarded to, that one nation which—combining with either policy, bravery, splendour, or luxury, or any or all of these attributes, the full and unbounded culture of the Fine Arts—has presented to the contemplation of mankind the spectacle of a people no less admired for bravery in war, than the polished refinements of peace.

One nation, and one alone, do we find recorded in the page of history holding this glorious station. Seek we the land where the warrior vied with the statesman, the orator, the philosopher, the poet, in the noble struggle to elevate their common country—where the study of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, were deemed to ennoble those who cultivated them—where the critic exercised his duty for the encouragement of merit, and the historian beheld his chiefest reward in the recording of the virtues, the heroism, the refinement of his countrymen?—Our eyes are turned at once, and there fixed, as in an eternal gaze, on Greece, and especially on that one state, transcending all its compeers in its galaxy of intellectual splendour—Athens.

Brave without ferocity—polite, yet not effeminate—a Grecian citizen owed his distinctive character to the soothing influence of the Fine Arts. War may afford opportunities for the display of generous actions, and in like manner tranquillity may engender the rancour of hate, and the voluptuousness of sensual delight; but the very nature of the Arts is to incite to bravery, generosity, peace, and love. To a people cemented and bound together by their mysterious power, the orator no longer inveighs for mere gratification of popular applause; nor does the poet celebrate his hero only to depreciate a rival. Under such influence, the aim of each was the moral and intellectual exaltation of the whole community; and the glorious light then displayed has served as the securest beacon to the endeavours of succeeding generations.

Such were the high purposes for which the Arts were created—such was the effect, the unerring effect, of their due and careful cultivation on a Grecian soil. Changeless as the tides, immutable as the stars, the laws of civilization operate now as they have ever done; and, the same causes combining, the same effects will follow in this our native country.

A few cursory remarks upon the Fine Arts in Great Britain appear peculiarly called for at the present time. Ere another year will have half-passed away the Exhibition of the Royal Academy will take place in the new building in Trafalgar Square. The public mind is intent upon this first display, and let us hope, as we have sufficient reason to

believe, that the artists will not disappoint the expectation thus aroused. A mighty effort should be made by the great body of them, that the classes of history and poetry should present numerous specimens of their talents, leaving the subordinate branches, as far as they can possibly do so, to the hands of those who make such their immediate practice.

Nor let us be less sanguine in our trust that such exertions, if made, will meet with a corresponding liberality on the part of those who by habit, wealth, and station, are best able to extend their patronage to Art. Allusion is not made here to merely the money compensation to be paid, but to the real stimulus to exertion—patronage on the part of the affluent, to the several artists, in those branches of art in which they peculiarly excel. Thus would honour form some part of the remuneration, and in that the artist who panted after fame would discover that the indulgence of his native genius had not been in vain.

Hitherto in this country there has been but scanty patronage afforded to the practitioners in painting, sculpture, and architecture; though the latter have reaped by far the greater harvest of the three. Ecclesiastical and other public buildings have, at various periods, called for the exertion of native genius in that art; and sculpture, from the beginning of the present century, has been in some degree fostered by the erection of statues in honour of our naval and military heroes, our poets, our statesmen, and our philosophers. Historic painting, however, has not been so fortunate, for the grave discipline of the Protestant worship sanctions not those pictorial decorations of sacred edifices, which afford such splendid opportunities for the pencil in the Romish Church.

Sculpture has, in another instance, had the advantage over painting, for in several parts of the metropolis statues have been erected to the memory of persons of eminence. The climate of England, however, is not congenial to these exhibitions in the open air, and the vast consumption of coal tends greatly to the defacing of them, by reason of the blackness by which they are so immediately overspread.

The last-named advantage of sculpture over the sister art is in some degree detracted from, because those statues were the result of commissions given to the artists as employment, and not as a matter accompanied by honour, as is the case where such testimonials are erected with the concurring voice of a whole people. In recording the valour or virtue of the heroes, the philanthropists, and philosophers, the sculptor who does the bidding of a nation signalises her own honour as the artist appointed from amongst his fellows, and the marble that transmits to future generations a memorial of the virtues, the achievements, or the intellect of his subject, is the best monument to his own fame.

The propriety at any time of exhibiting the resemblances of prominent characters in the streets of a great city, where they have not been awarded by the national voice, is a matter of grave consideration. The glory of wearing a crown—the merit of great abilities—the honour of a fluent tongue, are little of themselves; and if party-spirit, vanity, or self-interest are called into action, as is but too frequently the case, in the statues now under notice, the art is degraded to a pandering to bad passions, instead of being elevated to its proper sphere. But if a monarch from his throne issue the dictates of prudence and justice—if a states-

man devotedly pursues the good of his country—if the orator advocates the cause of humanity with the eloquence of truth—then let a grateful nation decree the honour of a statue to the memory of its senator, its orator, or its king. Such was the practice in the states of Greece, and its effect tended beneficially in a tenfold manner. Erected as the reward of virtue, of eloquence, or of valour, these statues invited the beholders to the cultivation of similar qualities; whilst they afforded employment, and conferred honourable distinction upon those who studied the softer arts of life. The sculptor embodied the outward form and semblance of a good man, who had already, by his virtues, created an imperishable monument in the hearts of his grateful fellow-countrymen.

It may not be foreign to the purpose to offer a few remarks upon the advantages or disadvantages, to artists, of the two great institutions—the National Gallery and the Royal Academy—existing under the same roof. The point whether such is to be the case is now finally disposed of, and whether it will be a beneficial arrangement or not, is the only remaining question. Many consider that the proximity of the works of the ancient schools will have the effect of stimulating artists to increased exertion; and, at the same time, the public having before them those works, and the latest from the easels of English professors, will be enabled to judge of their relative merits. Doubtless, the candid, the liberal, and the discriminating, may form a just estimate of native talent, by a careful comparison of the works of earlier artists with those of our own. But it must not be forgotten that every one who views a work of art is not in reality a competent judge of its merit; hence arises one of the many difficulties with which artists have to contend in the exercise of their profession. Every man is naturally prone to consider himself as qualified to form a just conclusion on art; nor is he altogether wrong, for if he have his organs of vision unimpaired, he can tell whether an intended representation of a face or a tree actually resembles those objects in nature, and to that extent he is a judge; but, with regard to the expression and character of the one, or the form and effect of the other, it requires more than a commonplace observer to discriminate as to their peculiar excellencies; and thus each man is not capacitated to form a just opinion.

Where, then, the mind and the age are unschooled to discriminate of themselves, they are naturally anxious for a guide to instruct them: thus, the services of the critic are called into exertion. If he be himself incompetent or corrupt, the fate of the artist is soon told. Our hope in the artists' exertions in the forthcoming Exhibition, and our trust in the just extension of patronage to them, must be accompanied by a no less fervent aspiration that the stream of criticism may flow on unpolluted from its source. If the public be taught, as they have but too frequently been, that art is at a low ebb in this country, though the efforts of artists may not be unavailing, their struggles will be against accumulated difficulties. For the honour of the nation, then, let us trust that the press will not be backward in lending its aid to just criticism at this important time. Let us hope that, in paying due homage to the stern exactness of Leonardo da Vinci, the dignity of Michael Angelo, the purity of Raffaelle, or the mellowness of Titian, critics will no longer force invidious comparison with the works of the English

school. Let them point out to the uninstructed the encouragement of art, when those great artists lived, and the difficulties experienced by our own: nor let them forget to name the honours bestowed by princes and potentates in other ages and in other climes, and the feeble support that has hitherto been awarded in a British soil.

If such be the course pursued by those whose task it more particularly is to guide the public taste, we doubt not but that the works of our own artists will bear full competition even with the splendid treasures of the National Gallery. The actual difference in the hues of an ancient and a modern picture is sufficiently apparent even to the most inexperienced eyes; but how far that difference is to be accounted for, on the score of age, is a matter of acquired knowledge or judicious speculation. This point, therefore, should be carefully brought under notice, lest those who view a modern picture should deem every instance wherein it differs from an ancient one as a defect.

With the exercise of caution and candour, a comparison may safely be courted, and those who honour the arts of England may leave the result with calmness to the good sense of persons of taste and judgment —a calmness not founded either upon over-confidence or indifference, but a tranquillity engendered in the mind by a conviction that if justice be rendered to the merits of British artists, whether they be the living or the dead, their works will bear the test of rigid scrutiny, and that this country will have sufficient reason to pride herself that her school of painting, with its almost overwhelming disadvantages, has attained such an exalted rank in the scale of eminence.

With this qualification, or rather with this proviso, the issue of a junction, in one building, of the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, may prove of great advantage to the interests of art. But, were there one other feature in the establishment, namely, a gallery for the reception of the works of the most eminent artists of the English school, then there could be no question of the entire usefulness of the plan. Persons even the most prejudiced in their views against the claim of Great Britain to assume to herself a School of Art, would then have conviction thrust upon them of the fallacy of their views. Proof would then be glaring that native artists, notwithstanding they have experienced rather neglect than encouragement, have exerted themselves beyond even the most extravagant expectation, and succeeded far above the most sanguine hope. The honoured names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Barry, Opie, Moreland, Fuseli, West, and Lawrence, and others who have passed away, are a triumphant body of evidence in support of such a proposition; nor would those of living artists detract from the fame acquired by their deceased brethren.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The Medical Art in China.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Rev. C. Gutzlaff read a paper on the present state of the medical art in China, which furnished a curious illustration of the attachment of that extraordinary people to ancient habits. They aver that the art of healing was invented by one of their ancient emperors, Shing-Nong, who studied the properties of plants, and laid down rules for the treatment of disease. Diseases are said to consist in five elements in a state of disturbance; their equilibrium constituting health; and no physician is permitted to vary from the original mode of treatment. If he should do so, and the patient dies, he is punishable for manslaughter. The practice of surgery is scarcely known in China, except in the use of the moxa and acupuncturation, but great attention is paid to dietetics, by a proper regard to which some of their most distinguished men maintain that all medicine will be rendered unnecessary.

The Poisoned Valley of Java.—At a subsequent meeting of the same Society, Colonel Sykes read some account of the poisoned Upas Valley, in Bettur, in Java, extracted from a letter written by Mr. Loudon, after his visit to the place in July, 1830. According to this gentleman's statement, the valley is twenty miles in extent, and of a considerable width; it presents a most desolate appearance, the surface being sterile and without vegetation. The valley contains numerous skeletons of mammalia and birds. In one case the skeleton of a human being was seen with the head resting upon the right hand. According to tradition, the neighbouring tribes were in the habit of driving their criminals into the valley to expiate their crimes. Mr. Loudon tried the experiment of lowering some dogs and fowls into the valley, and in every case animation became quickly suspended, although life was prolonged, in some instances, for ten minutes. The valley proved to be the crater of an extinguished volcano, in which carbonic-acid gas is generated, as it is in the Grotta del Cane, at Naples. The fabulous influence imputed to the Upas tree is, therefore, without foundation, the mortality being caused solely by the deleterious agency of the gas.

Russian Characters.—It is well known, on the testimony of Arab authors, that the Russians used written characters in the beginning of the tenth century, but the nature of these characters has been hitherto unknown. A M. Frähn, of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, now says that they were carved on wood, and had no analogy whatever with the Sclavonic or Runic; but there is a remarkable resemblance between them and the still unexplained inscriptions on the route between Mount Sinai and Suez, attributed by common report to the early Christians, who, before the sixth century, passed that way on their pilgrimages to the Monastery of the Transfiguration.

Royal Asiatic Society.—At the meeting of this Society held on the 18th ult., the President, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, M.P., very feelingly alluded to the loss it had sustained in the death of the late Lieut.-Col. Colebrook, the founder, and, for many years, the director of the Society. Col. Colebrook had been a meritorious and distinguished officer in India, was much celebrated as an Oriental scholar, and by his subsequent labours and exertions has greatly promoted the cause of Eastern learning and science.

Ancient British Coins.—At the meeting of the Numismatic Society held on the 16th ult., Mr. J. Y. Akerman, the Secretary, read a paper on the coins of the Ancient Britons, in which he showed that the account of Cæsar, who distinctly states that the Britons had no coined or stamped money, is not entitled to implicit credit, since many specimens exist which are obviously of very early fabric, long anterior to the arrival of the Romans in this country. Mr. Akerman contended that the objects represented on British coins have no reference to the habits or customs of the people by whom they were minted, but are, in fact, copied from the coins of the Greeks.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

The Weather and its effects on the Wheats and on general Cultivation—Beans, Peas, and Barley sowing—The Drop of Lambs and Spring feed—Markets and Prices—Politics of Agriculture—The Report of the Cambridgeshire Deputation—Annual Meeting of the Central Association—Mr. Clay's speech on the Corn Laws—Imperial Averages.

The prevalence of north, east, north-east, and north-west winds, during almost the entire month of March, and the effects visible in the snow now covering the earth (March 23) have checked the vegetation, which was beginning to give a reviving appearance to the wheats and layers, from the slight indications of a more genial season towards the latter portion of February and the commencement of its successor in the Calendar. The eye indeed has been so little accustomed to the stunted and dark appearance which a succession of cold frosty weather in the first months of the year had occasioned during the several mild winters preceding the present, that an indefinite apprehension crept over the mind of the farmer on viewing the very delayed and injured appearance of his future crop.

But we have seen the almost instantaneous effects of so very brief an access of warm rains, followed by a little sunshine, in resuscitating the growth, as well as in giving it a most verdant and brilliant aspect, that we reserve our anticipations till nature shall have burst from her torpor. The truth is, the roots of wheat strike so deep, and draw their nourishment from so extended a penetration into the earth, that experience has convinced us it matters little what happens to the blade before the spring growth. We have seen the first green spires eaten off by sheep, and cut down by hares and rabbits in some of the most extensive game preserves in the kingdom, so as to leave little more to view than a faint streak of scarcely visible green along the lines of the drill. We have made this our peculiar subject of remark during the last three years, and yet in July we have found these apparently destroyed fields yielding from eight to ten coombs per acre.

Upon the whole, the month has been favourable to the operations of husbandry. Ploughing has been actively carried on; the bean setting, though perhaps a *little* later than usual, has been generally completed; peas are in a like state; and a good breadth of barley has been got in. The wet soils have been benefited, and brought nearer to a working state by the drying winds; and the light lands are working exceedingly well, for, though it cannot be said to be a dusty March, yet it has been free from wet till this flight of snow came, and its middle character has been more favourable to both species of soil than a more decided drought.

The lambing season on the whole has not been so favourable as the same late seasons, on account of the inevitable reduction of the condition of the ewes. There is however no reason to suppose that the lambs fall short in number. The loss, where there has been any, has been in both ewes and their offspring, from exhaustion. Warm weather is on this account more perhaps to be desired than on any other grounds, for turnips and hay are both fast vanishing, and the stock and flock farmers are the more anxiously looking for their spring feed. The practice of sowing rye for this purpose is very general in some districts, and we believe very successful, as it frequently provides the means of maintaining and varying the pasturage early in the year, in a way not to be otherwise accomplished,—while it extracts without injury a part of a crop from the last year's wheat lands, and which are soon after renovated by the manuring for turnips. How far this practice extends we are not prepared to state, but it is very frequent in the eastern district of the kingdom.

From the culture we turn to the sale of the produce. The phenomena of the markets are nearly the same as during the period of our last Report.

The same or an increased pressure for money—a short supply, and chiefly of an inferior quality—a steadfast, or rather a rising price for the better samples—the lower fallen off (for want of the better) at the same comparative depression—*time wearing on, and the stock thrown upon the farmer*, who holds partly in hope of higher rates, and partly from the occupations of a busier season. We repeat, for the third time, *that we are brought a month nearer to the harvest without any visible inconvenience.*

In the meantime there have occurred two or three circumstances in the politics of agriculture, so to speak, which ought to have a place in our survey. There is a struggle to keep up the notion and the claims of the distress of agriculture, if these symptoms may not rather be esteemed as the "odium in langam jaciens" of this, if not absolutely bygone yet now perfectly useless appeal. Amongst the most active propagators of the complaints of "the currency doctors," were certain Cambridgeshire agriculturists and millers. Their evidence was amongst the most vehement given upon the Committee, and they were consequently amongst those most chagrined at the suppression or evasion of any Report. A dozen of these gentlemen were, it seems, deputed to supply this deficiency by a Report of their own, founded on the evidence taken before the two Parliamentary bodies. They have fulfilled their commission. Not satisfied with the broadly declared, and now, it should seem, established fact, that it is not in the power of legislation to remedy the evils of which they complain, but by a return to a greater and more universal infliction, they take upon them to account in other ways for the silence of the Committees, and in their zeal they even assume that the Lords were so much appalled, they dared not make known to the country the perilous condition to which it was, or is likely to be, reduced! This is really too good.

But the consummation of these wise and just views is to be found in their statement of the farmer's case, and the remedy they propose. "We find," they say, "the condition of the farmers, when accurately investigated, to be infinitely worse than what any one could possibly anticipate, such as shows that, if even they could rely on obtaining permanently the prices of the last three or four years, they are *sure to lose ultimately the whole of their capitals;* this, too, satisfactorily established by the *concurrent* and *universal testimony* of all the witnesses examined before the two Houses of Parliament, in *whose opinions* any *just confidence can be placed* from their *understanding the business of farming.*"

It must in charity be supposed that they arrived at this conclusion before the late rise in the price of wheat; for it can hardly be denied that the prices of barley, wool, and meat were fair and remunerating, and there are few agriculturists who would complain of the times since last harvest. We will venture to affirm that under no ordinary circumstances has any loss been experienced, but on the contrary a better profit than capital generally produces. It is not many weeks since we heard this sentence from the lips of the first agriculturist of this or any country—"What a fine year this has been for agriculture!" Nor is there the slightest appearance of that irremediable distress which this paragraph assumes. These reporters indeed take to themselves the advantage of including "the prices of the last four or five years;" but what then? Grant all they say, and just go to the foundation, to the cause of depressed price—*a supply exceeding the demand, a growth exceeding the consumption.* Now how, we ask, is any act of the Legislature to remedy this over-production ending in a glut, which occasions the fall of price? What hocus-pocus of currency, or anything else, can stop permanently—permanently, observe, for that is the postulate—this disproportion?

Even limiting and bounding the view of the case by the evidence supplied —evidence which they in some instances charge as partial, and which charge meaning no more than that the individual has always his own partial notions, which he puts the most prominently forward—taking only such a view,

we say, the verdict is already pronounced. The Committees admit their incompetency to provide a remedy, and Parliament has confirmed that decision. The matter, too, is practically decided, if not set at rest by subsequent events;- and all men (excepting always, it should appear, the Cambridgeshire reporters) perceive that the true remedy for the tenant lies in increasing his crops and lowering his expenses—that is, in making the most of his own caution, judgment, capital, skill, and industry, and that the disorder of the landlord is to be cured by forgetting war-times, residing at home, and bringing his outgoings within his income. These are the true remedies for agricultural distress, and the only true remedies. The Cambridgeshire reporters have, however, their panacea, and here it is:—

"We," say these doctors, "unanimously come to the conclusion, that the only mode of proceeding, with a view to avert *National Bankruptcy* and *Ruin*, is, to repeal the Act of 1819, and to substitute for a gold monetary standard of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce, one of a much lower denomination; deeming all remedies which would not have the effect of lowering the standard to be perfectly useless. We have likewise come to a conclusion, that a standard, which is not based upon a *foundation* of the *precious metals*, must be necessarily of a fluctuating value, and could not be considered permanent, and we think that *silver* ought to be the foundation, not gold, to make the monetary standard of this country correspond with that of all other nations; and, finally, we have come to a conclusion that the ounce of silver ought to coined into 11*s*., in order to depreciate the standard just 50 per cent. below the rate of the present silver coinage. A depreciation of it to this extent would sustain a largely increased circulation of paper on an undeniably secure footing, and would, as we firmly believe, restore permanent prosperity both to farmers and to the nation, impossible to be restored, in our opinion, by other means."

Two questions, however, remain to be asked of them;—first, how this is to be done? and secondly, how is a standard based upon the precious metals to be secured from fluctuation, the precious metals themselves being liable to the variations of supply and demand?

The Central Association held its annual meeting on the 14th of March, and when we say that it adopted this Report of the Cambridgeshire deputies, we shall sufficiently characterize the transactions of the assembly. Their cry was the currency, and their cure a depreciation, joint-stock banks, the subversion of the control of the Bank of England, and a large paper issue.

A document of great moment both to the agriculturist and the country is the speech of Mr. Clay in the House of Commons on the 16th, when he proposed a fixed duty in lieu of the present corn-laws. Perhaps Mr. Clay has stated nothing new, but the whole subject has never been so ably condensed, so clearly and forcibly stated in or out of Parliament. We have studied the subject long and earnestly, and though he brought no fact or argument not previously known to us, we certainly never were so thoroughly satisfied with an argument on any subject. This speech ought to be in the hands of every man connected with the landed interest, for it is impossible that reasoning so irresistible should long fail to prevail both in and out of doors. The matter was only equalled by the method of his address. The first showed, from the history of the corn-laws, that the only period of steady price was the period when the trade in corn was open.

His next object was to show that Parliament had no right to keep up the price of the staff of life while it declined to interpose for the protection of the wages of labour; and he showed the difference between an impost intended to elevate and an impost intended to protect an article. His exposition of the theory of corn production was the clearest and neatest we ever remember to have seen; and having defined the state of the case, he proceeded to prove by figures that while corn was low revenue flourished, while corn was high there was a proportionate falling off. Hence he decided that a net surplus of income was the means by which an individual could defray the

charges of the revenue, and this surplus was created as much by a diminished outlay for food as by any other cause. Thus he disposed of the argument that high prices were indispensable to the support of taxation. His reasoning was then addressed to show that great fluctuations were the necessary consequence of restrictive laws, which he did thus in a few words. Restrictions produce high price—high price increased quantity—increased quantity a glut—a glut a fall. This, too, is independent of the consequences of open ports—in short, it is the inevitable train of cause and effect. Could a price much higher than that of foreign countries be sustained, the effect would be the migration of capital and industry. One of the strongest parts of his speech was that in which he demonstrated that a steady, not a high, price was the point important to the tenant, and that the protecting duty has been (as we have so often stated) the ruin of the farmer by the delusive idea of high price which it has engendered. His reasoning on the ruin brought on the owner by fluctuation—the inevitable fluctuation attendant on restriction—was not less clear and cogent. His illustration of the effect on manufactures, first by narrowing the market, and, secondly, by raising the cost of the production by elevating the wages of labour, was equally powerful; and he deduced the alarming opinion that our trade was wasting away, and must go on to waste away under these pernicious laws. In estimating the protection due to the agriculturist, he said, "The duty should be in amount an exact equivalent for the burdens which the agricultural capitalist has to sustain beyond what is borne by the rest of his fellow-citizens, and which enhance the cost at which his produce can be brought to market." The amount of those burdens is clearly the exact measure of the protection to which the agricultural interest is entitled. He concluded by stating his conviction that no quantity of corn beyond a fortnight's consumption would be brought into England at a less price than from 40*s*. to 45*s*. per quarter under a duty of 5*s*., which he proposed to be permanently laid. And he professed his belief that the English grower might profitably produce it at such a rate. He expressed his firm belief that little land would go out of cultivation, and that much more corn would be raised.

No answer was attempted to this masterly statement, though the Marquis of Chandos gave it his opposition on general grounds. It is remarkable that during the greater part of Mr. Clay's most momentous address, scarcely more members were present than sufficed to make a house—a sufficient proof of the indifference Parliament feels, but from which it will be aroused with a vengeance should corn rise to any considerable elevation, or fall from a plentiful harvest.

Imperial averages, for the week ending Mar. 10:—Wheat, 56*s*. 7*d*.—barley, 32*s*. 2*d*.—oats, 23*s*. 1*d*.—rye, 34*s*. 5*d*.—beans, 37*s*.—peas, 35*s*. 11*d*.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

There has been a good deal of fluctuation in the state of the money market during the past month; but the pressure has been, upon the whole, somewhat mitigated; partly in consequence of the Bank of England having agreed, early in the month, to advance loans upon the deposit of approved Bills of Exchange of not less than 2000*l*. in value, and not having more than ninety-five days to run, at interest of five per cent. per annum; and partly in consequence of the remittance of a considerable amount of bullion from the United States. We regret to state, however, that there is very little more approach to a state of confidence in business transactions. It is thought by many that the present relief in monetary affairs arises only out of temporary causes; and hence there is great indisposition to push business, and least of all to indulge in mercantile speculations.

The return of the quarterly weekly averages of the liabilities and assets

of the Bank of England, for the three months ending on the 7th ult., recently published in the Gazette, exhibits the following results, compared with the quarter ending on the 7th of February :—

The circulation averaged,	
In the first period	£17,868,000
In the second period	18,178,000
Being an increase of	£310,000
The deposits averaged,	
In the former period	£14,230,000
In the latter period	13,260,000
Being a diminution of	£970,000
The total liabilities averaged,	
In the former period	£32,098,000
In the latter period	31,438,000
Being a diminution of	£660,000
The securities averaged,	
For the former period	£31,085,000
For the latter period	30,579,000
Being a diminution of	£506,000
The bullion averaged,	
For the former period	£4,032,000
For the latter period	4,048,000
Being an increase of	£16,000
The total of the assets averaged,	
For the former period	£35,117,000
For the latter period	34,627,000
Being a decrease of	£490,000
The surplus, or rest, averaged,	
For the former period	£3,019,000
For the latter period	3,189,000
Being an increase of	£170,000

The usual half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of the Bank of England took place on the 17th ult., when a dividend of four per cent. for the half-year was declared. The only thing worth notice was the declaration of the Governor, that the " rest," or balance, had increased 150,000*l.* since the last meeting, and that the Bank had not effected any sale of any portion of" the dead weight."

The annual general meeting of the proprietors of the London and Westminster Bank was held on the 1st ult., and the Report of the Directors was of the most satisfactory description. It appears that the paid-up capital has been augmented to 597,255*l.*, and that the profits have kept pace with the capital. In addition to the capital stock, a sum of 41,998*l.* 10*s.* has been derived from a premium on shares, issued at an advance of 4*l.* 10*s.* The total number of shares is now 29,864, held by 782 proprietors. A dividend of five per cent. upon the paid-up capital was declared; after the payment of which, and of all expenses incurred, there remains a surplus balance of 20,003*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* The branches of the establishment now amount to five, and the directors have the sanction of the proprietors to erect spacious buildings in Lothbury, the site for which they have purchased the freehold of.

OBITUARY.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

This venerable prelate died at his residence in the Polygon, Southampton, on the 19th ult., in the 81st year of his age. Dr. Burgess, whose parents moved in a humble sphere of life, was born at Odiham, Hampshire, in the year 1754-5, and was educated at Oxford. After graduating as B.A., he became a fellow and tutor of Corpus Christi, and subsequently took the degrees of M.A., B.D., and D.D. His attainments in the dead languages, and especially in the Hebrew and cognate tongues were considerable, and while at the university he obtained a prize for an essay on the Study of Antiquities; and published a treatise on the origin and formation of the Greek language. The latter work laid the foundation of his fortune, in obtaining for him the favourable notice of Bishop Barrington, who made him his chaplain, and gave him, first, a prebend of Carlisle, and subsequently a stall, to which a living was attached, in the cathedral of Durham. In 1803, he was consecrated to the see of St. David's, from which he was translated to that of Salisbury in 1826. Dr. Burgess was profoundly versed in biblical criticism, and has published several treatises, chiefly controversial, of great ability, as well as some elementary works on the Hebrew language. The last time he appeared before the public was in a somewhat different character—that of Chaplain to the Grand Orange Lodge of Great Britain.

DAVIDSON, THE TRAVELLER.

The public was startled by an abrupt announcement in the "Times" of the 6th ult. of the death of Mr. Davidson, on his road to Timbúktú. But the statement was contradicted on the following day, by the secretary of the Geographical Society. The melancholy fact of the murder of our countryman has, however, subsequently been placed beyond all doubt, by a letter from the British vice-consul at Mogadore, dated Feb. 14th, 1837, which was read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 13th ult. The most circumstantial account of Mr. Davidson's death is that derived by Mr. Willshire from a Jew trader of the name of Jacob Ben Cohen, who arrived at Mogadore, from Draha, on the 2nd of Feb., and reported that Mr. Davidson had been robbed on the 29th or 30th of Shaban (32 or 33 days after he started from Wednoon), by the tribes of Idowlet and Ait Atta, in the district of Hameda, four days' journey from Tatta, who, after receiving from him eight doubloons, 100 dollars, and a loaded camel, allowed the party, consisting of eighteen persons, to proceed on their route towards Timbúktú. Mr. Willshire's informant further stated, that eight or ten days after, a marauding party of 100 horsemen, of the tribe of El Harib, who were returning from plundering a place called Bousbezah, met Mr. Davidson's party a little to the south of Egueda, whom they immediately robbed, and shot Mr. Davidson, who received eight balls. At El Mehamdi, a town distant six days from Tatta, where the informant was living, he saw in the possession of the Arabs and Jews, various articles which had belonged to Mr. Davidson, which he described, and left no doubt as to his fate. Among the articles which he had seen, he named a silver watch, a pocket-compass, a sword, three books, a box of medicines, a Japan tea-caddy, beads, and cowries, all of which he *must have seen*, or he could not have described them so correctly as he did. Other accounts state that Mr. Davidson and his party were travelling some distance in a parallel route, but rather behind the caravan, which was first met by the party of El Harib, who were disappointed not to find Mr. Davidson, for *whom they inquired*—the caravan was stopped, Mr. Davidson came up, and was instantly shot. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Davidson met his death on the 17th or 18th of December last, at Sheh Reya, near the southern confines of the district of Egueda, twenty-five days distant from Timbúktú, and ten days from Tandeni.

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FIRST PART OF 1837.

END OF THE FIRST PART.